

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1882.

IN AND ABOUT A NORMANDY MARKET-PLACE.



NORMAN PEASANT-WOMEN GATHERING FAGOTS.

THE exceptionally bitter winter, groaned over as a mysteriously severe dispensation of Providence by townspeople and peasants alike,—the terrible winter, in which the first snow had fallen in mid-January full four inches deep upon the last lingering chrysanthemums and Christmas roses, to

rest in ghostly patches on shadowy hill-sides and in unsunned ravines full two weeks, even till the bravest snow-drops and violets peeped forth in the February sunshine,—had been so long gone as to be quite forgotten.

For weeks we had lived between two sunshines, a heavenly and an earthly one, the latter a radiance of buttercups, primroses, marsh-marigolds, kingcups, and "daffadownillies." These last bloomed chiefly in the seaward meadows, and always brought a strangely foreign sentiment into the cool Norman picture for us, as they sprang, like gold-plumed arrows, from their clumps of thick, lustrous leaves. They reminded us, somehow, of low, level lines of architecture resting on pillared strength of marble, of glittering sunshine sweeping from templed heights into asphodel-golden valleys, a vision of far-off days when our old tired earth was young and jocund enough to seem all there was of heaven to a happier race than ours. To this day the daffodil is *asphodette* to the Norman peasant, who has never heard that in gathering *asphodette* on a Nysian plain a heathen maiden was lost to her mother, and that, "when the asphodels were all gathered, Earth lost her Spring."

In its delicacy the Norman spring reminds one of northern New England. In its pale colors and fragile forms one seems to see nature's life-currents flowing more thinly than through the flushed prairies and savannas of our West and South. And it seems, too, here as if nature, as artist, oppressed with mere decorative splendor the simple purity of its ideal sentiment.

It was evident that spring had come into the picturesque market-place; for the brown, mumbling old women who every market-day all winter had cowered ruby-nosed over boxes of hot embers had discarded sabots and *chauf-ferettes* and served tenderer-hued stalls in blither manner, although with noses just as ruby and jewelled as ever. For all seasons are thine, O Snuff!

In the dull, chill shadow of the fish-market, seaward from the market-place,

witch-like creatures, capped in cotton turbans not unlike those of American negroes, assailed each passer-by in worse than Macbethian chorus; for mussels and *crevettes* now bloomed upon ill-smelling *parterres*, and budding young mackerel usurped the places of salt cod and pickled herring. By even other signs than these, when one day I locked the cathedral-like door of our cottage with key huge enough for portal of feudal fortress (the Norman has a feeling, relic perhaps of mediæval habit, that keys smaller than bootjacks lack some essential potency of protection) and dittoed the garden-gate with an even more colossal ditto (the exceeding great multitude of the Norman beggar is no respecter of flower-beds), I knew that spring had come, that all the *calendriers* called this the twentieth day of May. For, as I walked between unhedged patches of dimpling grain, I saw the opposite coast vaguely through a mist, shimmering like the wicked wimpling of absinthe. Red-tiled roofs burned hotly through this mist, and sunny windows pierced it with fiery fleck and flash. Through it hill-set château and abbaye seemed like melting snow-drifts, and forests of masts showed like phantom ships. I watched dreamy columns of smoke and black dots of steamers melting away into a western mystery, beyond which, somewhere in radiant sunset regions, bloomed my native land. Even had all these signs been insufficient or indefinite, when upon reaching the market-place I was cajoled with the wooing flattery of "*ma pauvre petite dame*" (although I am neither squalidly miserable nor abjectly little) and a cunning "*ma fille*" to buy butter for twenty-five sous that erst with much pleading on my part had cost me fifty, the advent of spring was established beyond peradventure.

Perhaps it is remarkable that it was not until we returned to gray-green France from yellow Italy that we felt most strongly the quaint picturesqueness of Normandy. Coming to it fresh from summer-brown and winter-white America and from pea-green England, it would naturally seem that our unspoiled senses

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would have laid their eagerest hold upon every phase of the novel picturesqueness which greeted us at every step. Nevertheless it was only after long experience of much-painted, much-engraved, much-photographed Italy, its artistic aspects so thoroughly conventionalized by over-much of pictured iteration, its contadini,

its Neapolitan fishers, its Abruzzi shepherds and Campagna beggars reminding one with equal pertinacity of the Albums of Sentiment of our mothers, the operatic stage, and the model-stands of familiar art schools, that we felt the most genuine artistic thrills of our lives before nature's landscapes and *genre*



A NORMANDY MARKET-PLACE.

work in France. Probably that sunnier country served us handsomely in quickening the duller sensibility we had brought from America, and therefore the confession is doubly damning that Italy seemed to us sometimes like a vast familiar chromo!

The market this May noon is a low-toned picture. Mellow sunshine, radiance rather than blaze, lies across

the irregular Place, touching quaint, tall *bonnets de coton*, brilliant stalls of fruit, vegetables, and sturdy, northern-looking flowers, faded blue blouses of men and sober brown and gray petticoats and jackets of women. Here and there down-dropping masses of verdure and vivid blossom in wooden boxes light up dark windows of dull, nodding old houses. Soberly dressed housekeepers

move among the stalls, followed by gay-kerchiefed, flashingly-jewelled *bonnes*. Here and there shows the light-blue uniform of a gendarme with cocked hat and frequent silver tassels; now and then comes a flash of scarlet from the trousers of a soldier. Bronzed fishermen in picturesque jerseys, with bushy locks surmounted by tasselled caps, blue, scarlet, or russet, stand side by side with black nuns in stiff head-gear white-winged like a flying frigate. Pretty and unpretty peasant-girls, in the coquettish caps of fluted muslin which cost five sous at each "doing-up" and are frowned upon by *mamans* in starchless *bonnets de coton*, sit before panniers of snowy eggs and piles of fluttering fowls, one girl while we look offering a bunch of green-plumed radishes, as if an exotic bouquet, to a shovel-hatted curé, who pretends to fasten it over his heart with the most rakish air in the world. Seeing which, I am reminded that, as a rule, monastic asceticism throws no gloom over the spontaneous gayety of French priests in the rural districts. Frequently these priests are themselves of the peasantry, sons of well-to-do rustics who consider it an honor to educate a son to serve at the altar rather than the plough. Of this class was one I once met in a lonely *auberge* in a remote region little travelled even by artists. Our talk at the dreary *table-d'hôte* of two persons was chiefly of heaven—and potatoes. Discussing the latter, his reverence informed me that the creatures who consumed them most largely were "hogs and Prussians." Concerning the former, he assured me, with as much certainty as if he had been there to see, that no heretic ever did or ever would slip inside its golden gates.

Of the same class also was a priest whom I met in a Parisian *pension bourgeoise*. He came up from his rural parish wearing the usual clerical robe, but topped off with the rustiest, most battered, most utterly and thoroughly disreputable "stove-pipe" I ever saw in my life on human or inhuman head, one which had served him during twenty years or more for his annual visits to

the capital. During the evening, while the dowagers gathered round the card-table, *mon père* sat by the fire, whispering over his breviary in hot haste, looking wistfully all the time at the games. The instant his *stint* was done he joined the players. The lady next him chanced to be an Athenian Greek,—therefore not a Roman Catholic. Speaking familiarly to the priest, she said, "Give me your blessing, *mon père*, that I may have luck." To which the shepherd of souls replied, "Of what use can be the blessing of a poor devil like me? *Besides, I want all the luck myself.*"

The rakish curé in the market-place is an old acquaintance of ours. A gentle soul, without the least atom of dignity save of spirit, given to books and kindly deeds, he has yet the most ridiculous affectations of Bold Badness in the world. It may be noticed that this particular affectation is the one into which the unsophisticated mind falls most readily. The most awful case of Bold Badness that ever came under my own observation was that of a prairie bumpkin of rudimentary human development, who always hinted in sombre innuendo of the career of black, shuddering villainy he led whenever he took a load of hay to the neighboring metropolis of three hundred souls! Sometimes Monsieur le Curé dines with us, and then our trenchers are forgotten in laughing wonder at the colossal absurdity of the good man's pose. Our manner of living—in an ivy-wreathed cottage of three earthen-floored and timber-walled rooms clustered around a monumental chimney, and so scant of windows that we can never shut the cathedral-door, and usually finish our toilets with a hand-glass on the front steps—is so idyllic and Arcadian that when at dinner the carafe becomes empty the sacerdotal robes flap raven-like out to the spring, returning with the dripping bottle as if it was the most natural thing to have done in the world. Once during dinner the miller's fat wife stood among the swinging rose-globes of the seaward-looking doorway for a moment, and we scarcely waited her back to be turned to comment upon her exceeding ugliness.



"And yet," said Monsieur le Curé, "my oldest parishioners tell me that in her youth she was a *beauté provoquante*. Ah, *mon Dieu!*" he added, trying to look Mephistophelian and succeeding in looking only like a nice, soft old grandmother, "it is well for me that I had not come to the parish then!"

Monsieur le Curé is of gentle blood and private fortune. He chose to cast his lot among stolid peasants and live his life in the church-shadowed parsonage of a rural commune, not so much, it may be surmised, for love of souls as of cul-

seen mariner, with lichen-grown crosses and the rich mould of unnumbered dead at its feet, looks down upon his little breath of days with the same changeless solemnity with which it has watched the passing of eight hundred changeless years. What strange changes indeed has the old church looked down upon since days



A NORMAN CHAPEL.

tivated leisure and bookish solitude. The grim old church, with blank walls strong enough to defy eternity, and stern Norman tower sending at matins and vespers mellow music far out over the sea, and thus the sacred symbol and the benediction of a prayer to many an un-

of feudal rages and recklessness, when clash and clang of mailed men echoed in all these fair valleys and from all these pine-clothed hill-tops!

Not very far distant from the church, between road and shore, stands a tall, weather-beaten cross of granite, outlined to every passer-by, cold, dim, and gray even against the grayest, coldest winter

sea. For over forty years the cross has stood there, and wayworn beggars have rested at its feet, pious wayfarers have paused to whisper there a prayer, and gayer passers-by stopped to speak or think shudderingly of the dark deed which erected this gloomy shadow in the day and called it *la croix d'expiation*. Years ago, in the château near by, a young *femme-de-chambre* became a mother. It was well known that the babe was born, but scarcely had it breathed when it disappeared from human sight. Tongues had begun to wag, and the mystery was in every mouth. Then it was awfully explained. A beating storm arose in the night, crying along the coast, the peasants say, like a soul in pain. In the dim morning, just where the cross now stands, as if the sea had cast its moaning night-time sorrow out of its breast, was found the body of a new-born babe. When the little body was carried to the château, the master was stricken with deadly terror. He disappeared, and for long years no one knew whither he had gone. With the accession of Louis Philippe and powerful influence at court, the crime received royal pardon. Then the murderer returned to his ancestral home. But from the hour of his flight, fifty years ago, his wife has never spoken to him, has looked blankly at him as seeing nothing, even though now nearing death casts its shadow upon them both. We see them often,—she, bowed, weary-looking, going to prayer in the old church, but never to the town; he, also bowed, but rheumy-eyed and hideous, tottering ever to town and the market-place, where pretty peasant-girls shrivel under his leers like rose-leaves in vitriol. One cannot but wonder if in the dreary winter nights, when the sea cries along the coast, sounding in peasant ears like a soul in pain, the sound does not come far more terribly to his ears as the wail of a little child.

The stern old church fails utterly to impress any of its dignity upon the titled worshippers who every summer come from surrounding châteaux. Once the old Princesse — came late to service. Sweeping through the congregation, she

called out in loud, irreverent whisper to the Comte de M——, "What glorious news! Old Thiers is dead!" At the conclusion of the service, the curé approached a buzzing group of patricians, saying, "Silence! I will not permit politics to be discussed in this church." Result,—grand commotion and scandal. So now the old princess, who worships since in a sanctuary younger by three hundred years, drives by the solemn old church, and, sticking out her patrician tongue as far as it will go, cries shrilly, "Look at the church of which the curé is a goose!"

In the market-place that bright May-day, as I stood reading a yellow *affiche* upon a wall, I heard a voice behind me evidently struggling with the foreign depravity of my name. I turned and recognized a *religieuse* of my acquaintance, in the flapping white wings of her order, but without the placid face we associate with her sainted profession. "Madame reads it," she buzzed. "And can madame not see that it is intended to persuade the simple peasants to send their children straight down to hell, to scorch and shrivel, unconsumed, on live coals forever?"

The *affiche* was, in fact, a simple notice that some committee of some board or other had "decided that parents jeopardize the lives of their 'new-born' by taking them out of the house during the first twenty days of their existence."

"It is the radical *conseil*," she continued, "with that arch-radical" (and she hissed these last words exactly as if she meant arch-fiend) "le docteur M—— at their head. He would send all the world unbaptized into eternal fire, if it would help him here. I suppose he means to be emperor some day."

This idea of a petty provincial *maire's* ambition was amusing enough, but significant of the common feeling among illiterate anti-republicans and bigoted Catholics that the republican leaders are all struggling for some sort of kingship and that France meantime is spinning straight on to destruction.

It was easy, however, to understand

*ma sœur's* wrath upon the subject of Monsieur le docteur M——. She belonged to a sisterhood, not cloistered, whose mission it is to nurse the sick, going freely abroad into the world for that purpose. A little while before this I had frequently met her at Madame F——'s, where she served as *garde-malade* to madame and first adorer of the new-born Louis F——. One day she met me, the baby in her arms, her white wings quivering with indignation, her crucifix jingling in sympathy. "*Figurez-vous, madame!*" she cried. "Just imagine that Monsieur le docteur M—— calls this baby 'my little monk'! *Figurez, madame*, that just now, when he saw me kiss Monsieur Bébé, he said, '*Mais, ma sœur, vous baisez ce petit moine comme si vous aviez l'habitude de baiser les moines.*'"\*

*Ma sœur* is about forty years of age, plump and easy-looking, of scarcely different appearance, save for her conventual raiment, from the ordinary monthly nurse in our own country. Unkind as the assertion may seem, it is nevertheless true that she is distinguished for certain peculiarities indelibly photographed with the immortal Mrs. Gamp. She has a fondness for *eau de vie* in her *café noir*, and never fails to impress upon the households she serves that frequent libations of black coffee are necessary to buttress her flagging forces. Likewise does she object to having her rest broken at night, though dynasties totter and "new-borns" scream themselves into young negroes, as well as to taking her slices of roast mutton except of specific thickness, opulent juiciness, and properly close relationship to the sweetening central bone.

"Why did you become a *religieuse, ma sœur?*" I asked her one day, looking again into her fat, coppery face to find perchance some placid lines of a long-dead sorrow which, living and aching, had made her renounce the world.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she answered; "what would you? I had no *dot*, and therefore could never marry myself. I did

\* "My sister, you kiss that little monk as if you were in the habit of kissing monks."

not wish to go out as an ordinary nurse, for then I should be only a sort of servant. As a *religieuse* I am better off. One must be comfortable in this life, you know; and when there is no nursing to be done the convent is bound to support me. What would you?" What, indeed?

Wandering hither and yon in the market, I saw a picturesque figure, which I instantly recognized with emotion. It was a fisher-boy, a youth with rich, tawny skin, soft sculptural lines of face, and matted black hair falling beneath his sea-dimmed scarlet *béret* into his bold black eyes. He looked as if he wore the self-same knitted brown guernsey, open low at his Apollo-like throat, and the same formless russet trousers, which he had worn when I first met him some years before, when the iron of faithlessness in Norman fishers entered my soul. One summer's day, when the sun's rays slanting from the west made the sea golden, I had met this bright fisher on the shore. I was fascinated by his wild beauty at first sight. In those days my eccentric French was with difficulty understood by the *patois*-speaking Normans. I managed, however, to make him understand that in consideration of a silver coin I wished him to carry a note to our cottage. He willingly assented. I wrote the note upon a crumpled envelope, and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing my messenger, looking like a young sea-god whose home was some cool azure grotto, whose coursers the wild sea-waves, disappear through the dusky lane leading from the shore to our house. I was jubilant that thus with labored speech and unseductive manner I had secured what C——, with perfect French and winning ways, had tried so often to gain and failed.

When I reached home, however, my spirits sank a little. No note had come, no beauteous fisher appeared. As the hours wore on, and on, and on, and still no fisher, my heart sank more and more. But, finally, just at bedtime, came a shambling, moon-faced hind, stable-scented and goggling widely at our

armless Venus in the huge fireplace, who handed C—— a note.

Shrieking with laughter, she read it aloud: "Catch this glorious creature and keep him, if you have to chain him to a bed-post. He is just what you want for your *Golden Youth*."

"How much did the fisherman pay you for bringing this note?" I asked, curious to know how much my elusive Golden Youth had saved from out my franc.

"*Rien*. He said that madame would pay me," answered the hind.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

SHE came to me in such a way  
I could but feel she must be Truth;  
And this is what I heard her say,

With voice as sweet as honeyed Youth:  
"I've sought you out to bring you cheer to-day."

Oh, how she in my bosom set  
My heart fast-beating! I forbore  
To think I ever should regret  
Her coming that day to my door  
With words each one sweet as a violet.

Yet, where she said, "There waits Love's rose,"  
I found no flower, bud, or leaf;  
Still on the ground lay winter's snows,  
And moaned the cold winds as in grief,  
While in me grew a sorrow as God knows.

And going back, weeping sad tears,  
Cold Disappointment I beheld,  
The veil of Truth removed, her years—  
Full of deceit and crowned with eld—  
Deep written on the face that never cheers.

In very pain I sobbed, "Oh, why  
Within me bud a bliss so fair  
And then so cruelly let it die?"  
"Man needs no heaven to win his care  
If this world have no ill," was her reply.

And she, who in me lodged the dart  
Of woe, redonned, without delay,  
The veil which did to her impart  
Truth's likelihood, and turned away,  
Seeking new scenes to try her mournful art.

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

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## STEPHEN GUTHRIE.



"I AM GOING TO STAND BY YOU AND SEE YOU THROUGH THIS TROUBLE."—Page 336.

CHAPTER XVI.  
THE GREATEST LOSS.

MR. BATTELLE was a man who had made no strong business friendships, and he stood lonely in his calamity. The warmest of acquaintances will creep away before the chill of poverty. How soon, then, does the man who has no warm acquaintances find himself in drear altitudes, with nothing but the flitting, mystical aurora of his brain for company! At first he was hopeful of finding new openings, and rallied from prostration to feverish activity. He could not resume the real-estate business, for reasons which he did not proclaim; but he told Naomi he would go to Cincinnati and get a consignment of goods and try merchandise again. He made his first start by sell-

ing on commission. She believed in his ability, and he parted with his watch for travelling-funds. John owed him unrecorded sums of money; but the girls were now altogether dependent on John.

He went to Cincinnati, and came back morose. He then went to Chicago, and, on returning, bumped the door against the wall and sat down before the fire, shivering. Naomi unfastened his outer coat and hurried to bring dinner from the kitchen-stove below-stairs. It was something beyond his grasp, that a man who had accumulated hundreds of thousands, in his extremity should be denied all credit in the markets.

He began to haunt the business streets from morning till night; and



all day during his absence Naomi drove her pen. But one evening he came in alert and straight. He had been promised a good position in a wholesale house within two or three weeks, and told his wife he had always felt an inclination toward hardware. There was nobody else to talk to, and he made her his *confidante*, explaining how he had been caught by a treacherous market, but how rapidly he would rise again if he only got a chance.

They were at first not quite forsaken by society. Several ladies stopped their carriages and climbed to the second floor, afterward taking credit to themselves for doing thus: they felt so sorry for poor Mrs. Battelle. Her swift mental grasp gathered this fact, and she silently raged against their pity. Let them pass over her and be sorry for women who coveted sleeking. But on the surface she was bright and said merry things, and the visitors told each other that Mr. Battelle must have prospects of getting up again.

Mr. Battelle's prospects dwindled as the time of fulfilment approached. But he had another chance in view, which loomed a month ahead. Meanwhile, he was desperately active unearthing men with whom he had been associated years before, and attempting all kinds of partnerships, none of which came to anything.

He took to sitting about the rooms with his head on his breast and his hands in his pockets, and skulking away before the approach of any caller.

As long as they had a little money left, his gloom could be lightened. But as their resources dwindled, desperation settled on his face like the stamp of lunacy. He advertised for any kind of work to do, as one promise of employment after another broke up before his eyes like mirage, and the whole world looked suspiciously at him. But there were at that time many men wanting any kind of work, and his advertisement benefited nobody but that composite individual the daily.

Naomi grew to dread hearing the door open. She turned her back on it, like

Hagar, and shut her teeth to hold a scream; for it was continually tearing open the same wound to see him enter with that face.

John and Amy came to spend an evening. Rodney had not been quite well since the crash, and Lucretia, of course, remained at home with her.

Mrs. Battelle had a fine fire and some apples for her guests, knowing she must shiver part of the next day and lack sauce for her husband's supper. John enjoyed the fruit and his surroundings. Consciously or otherwise, he carried himself with superiority toward his brother, and took no offence at Ambrose for cowering nearly silent in a chair all the evening. He felt a fraternal interest in Ambrose's prospects, and was surprised to hear he had no schemes on foot. He thought if Ambrose made proper efforts he would get on all right. The city was still a little panicky, but business in the main appeared good. John had taken some deals in pork and prospered. He explained his successful method, and also the reason why he had no ready money that he could let his brother have. The evening was a very enjoyable one to him.

Amy examined every corner of the apartments, and even went down-stairs to see the stove on which the cooking was done. She looked compassionately at Naomi, saying, "Doesn't it nearly kill you to drag the tray up and down stairs?"

To which Naomi replied that it was no trouble at all.

Amy said she would make that man come down and eat in the kitchen. The Battelles thought they were a little too good, and really needed to be taken under once in a while. Now that John had his slow brains stirred and was in a way to make something, if he didn't lose all he had—Battelle fashion—while he was about it, she had no more chance to enjoy herself than before, with those girls quartered on him. "But I do believe Rodney intends to marry," said Amy. "And, I may say, my prayer and supplication is that she will. She's going to get Guthrie, if she can. He

comes about more than he ever did, and is very attentive to all the family. Does he come here?"

Naomi said she had not seen him since the evening of Mr. Battelle's misfortune.

Returning with the kerosene-lamp in her hand from lighting John and Amy down the stairway at their departure, Mrs. Battelle set it down and put her arm round her husband's bowed shoulders. She knew as well then as she ever did afterward that he had irretrievably lost more than his entire wealth: he had lost all confidence in himself.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### VIRGIL'S CLOTHES.

WHEN Naomi began to work for funds to spend upon her brother, she found she could do little with poetry. It would not sell. In her ignorance she groped at various papers, some of which took her rhymes and published them, telling her afterward it was their rule not to pay for poems: they had basket-loads of them given to them by lyrist's of independent means who wrote for pure love of the performance.

So she cast poetry out of the ship and tried the newspaper-letter. She prospered with one, because it was witty and treated of subjects in which society was interested. This first pay, meant for Virgil, she afterward used on her own straitened household. But her other newspaper-letters were returned upon her hands. She was no longer excited by gayety, and could not go out to see what the world around her was doing. She looked at the pile of rejected manuscript with set teeth. That had been a failure. And the ice was breaking into smaller bits under them all the time. The letters were all read over and their good points extracted. Still groping ignorantly at the public, but with resolute hands,—with hands on which dimples had come only to be chased away again,—she began to write the sketch, to condense her sentences until their crisp meaning would startle her

own ears. Her work was almost as hopeless as that of the woman whom Hood made sing of the Shirt. For, while she sat at her table, overcharged in mind, watching the last cents ebb like sands through an hour-glass, the blood throbbing in her ears and darting needles through her brain, the room growing chill and dusk, making her press closer to the window to save light a little longer, trying, without other help than the secret training of long endeavor, to produce good literary wares, she had competitors in men and women beloved by kind editors in authority, living in merry households, fed by wholesome food, and cheered by accumulated successes. Many a time she put her pen down and walked the floor, telling herself what a fool she was. But the blind and persistent fool within her always returned to effort. It was that fool's distinguishing trait.

There were two bars to her going out of the house to seek employment; and one was her tenderness for Mr. Battelle's pride.

He still went about the streets, hunting what he never received. She replaced his watch with her own, bought by her school-earnings. He did not need to measure the time which trailed so slowly through his hands: somebody bought the watch; and there arrived a day on which they saw the last ten cents of the quarter-price paid for it. Their rent was due; they had eaten a baker's loaf with no accompaniment but water for breakfast.

Naomi went into the bedroom and searched the drawers. The weekly washing, which she ironed herself, was piled in a ghostly heap on the bed. Everything was so horrible, and the common functions of life seemed base.

Some of her sketch-work had been accepted by publishers whose custom it was to pay when the matter appeared in print. The delay might extend over years. All that was hopeless business. What if she had talent and felicity of expression, perseverance and a thousand other excellent qualities, if that man and she had to starve? The talent was as useless as

gold in the quartz to a lost and famished miner.

Mr. Battelle huddled at the sitting-room hearth. Men who are angels in prosperity become currish and unbearable under financial strain. Mr. Battelle had never been more than ordinarily agreeable. He had petulant moods now, in which he was a mere child, taking offence at everything. How horrible he was, she whispered, shuddering, as she opened the drawers of the dressing-bureau which had once been in her cook's chamber. Very few things were left in her drawer. All that was white and soft she had been secretly and swiftly making over. And nothing that could be sold was among Mr. Battelle's belongings. Already he had carried books to the second-hand book-stores until the weeded volumes were dwindling to her dictionary and reference-books.

She looked at her engagement-ring. That was one thing he had refused to sell. It was engraved inside. He could scarcely find a purchaser this evening. While she was thinking about it, the setting caught upon a collar in the drawer, a collar marked with Virgil's name.

For weeks the boy had been only an uneasy ghost on the edge of her world. She started when the front door banged, lest he might come in and find her unable to do the slightest service for him any more. She could even think of him dead and with his mother. He ought to go to his mother if he died, after all her care on his behalf.

Virgil's clothes were packed in her trunk,—the relic of a sacred hope that never was fulfilled. To send them out of the house would be like having the boy driven away again. She got out his best suit and laid it in gentlemanly order. Her head was light on account of long fasting; she put a collar and tie and his round hat in place, and could fancy the boy had thrown himself down on the bed beside the pile of ghostly linen.

Taking the suit on her arm, she went out and offered it, with the ring as an alternative, to Mr. Battelle.

He growled as he seized the fabric.

"They are Virgil's clothes," said Mrs. Battelle. "He did not take even his overcoat with him."

"Get it," said Mr. Battelle.

And she brought it to him.

The linen was all marked. He would not take that.

She brought him a large paper and cord, and they made a bundle. Then, turning her face away, she hid it on her arms against the door.

Her husband threw the bundle down and told her she would rather see him die than sacrifice a notion about that boy. The boy had been set above him in the home, and she had never been and never would be willing to do anything for her husband. He poured out unmanly words, accusing her of his downfall, and, his long-repressed torment seizing on any vent, assailed her for giving expensive entertainments and dressing in a style beyond the means of mortal man to sustain.

Then, gathering up the bundle with a whimper, he put it under his arm and went to the sitting-room door, which stood partly open, and saw Stephen Guthrie in the dusky hall, just lifting a hand to rap.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"I ENDORSE WHATEVER HE DOES."

WITH the door grooving her cheek, Naomi stood hating her husband with the ferocity of the pit. All her efforts crowded into her mind: the hours when she could hardly see the paper, yet dragged ahead inch by inch, putting her blood and brains into every word; the menial labor with which she met their diminishing means; her toil up and down the back stairway with his dinner-tray, and the morning she sat down fainting midway, and the mistress of the house ran to her, exclaiming, "Why, Mrs. Battelle! But I *thought* so."

He was like all his family, greedy and jealous and merciless. As for her, she might die, like an overburdened mule lost on some lonely mountain-road. No

body would ever know her pangs of rage and shame. The aversion which warned her against this marriage rose up like a ghost; her spirit was not created to mate with any kind of failure; she abhorred his injustice and his whining, and lashed like a lioness against a nature too blunt to feel her responsibility to the dead.

This tempest was in a room so silent you could have heard a cinder drop from the grate. Mr. Battelle had run downstairs and shut a door, and the moment seemed a searing fire, long as a lifetime. Then she turned around, threw her arms abroad, crying, "Oh, my God, my God!" and saw that the door was moving and a gentleman coming in.

Mr. Battelle had pushed it wider open for Stephen Guthrie, and hurried away as quickly as possible.

"Mrs. Battelle,—is it?" said the caller.

Naomi caught a shawl and threw it around her and asked Mr. Guthrie to sit down while she lighted the lamp.

It required time to light the lamp, and the work was silent. When it shed its subdued radiance, her chin was still trembling, but she looked straight at Stephen Guthrie.

He had not sat down, but stood, with his fur gloves in his hand, at a distance, freshened by the snowy March wind through all his clear complexion. He looked ill at ease, but full of solicitude. The narrow room, she knew, was brimful of stuffy odors and miserable images to his out-door lungs and eyes.

What made her look him directly in the eyes and speak so? Let him answer who knows the width and depth of woman.

"I have a fearful temper, Mr. Guthrie. I have just been in a rage at Mr. Battelle."

"Possible!" said Stephen Guthrie, smiling faintly.

"Yes. I goaded him until he did not know what he was saying. But it is soon over with me." She laughed out, her lips and chin still trembling. "I am too flighty to be the good, patient wife he ought to have when he is almost sick with anxiety, settling up his busi-

ness. When a man is worried with business cares he shouldn't be treated to scenes."

Stephen Guthrie flushed strangely, and a look came into his eyes which made him turn them away from hers.

She was standing with her hands on a chair-back, her head filled with a cloudy fear of saying too much and yet not enough for Mr. Battelle. She wanted to sit down, and heard Stephen Guthrie saying, in a small voice far away, that he hoped Mr. Battelle was getting his business into good shape again, when a bar of blankness passed over her, and then she was lying back in the only arm-chair, and Guthrie fanning her with his hat. He stood leaning forward, and looked frightened and wan. In reply to his inquiry if she wanted water, she told him she did not. He found a paper with which to fan her, and told her he had called, according to promise, with a bit of good news, but was afraid she could not bear it.

At that Naomi roused herself, and begged to know if it was about Virgil. Guthrie said it was. Virgil was in San Francisco, with those friends who had been on the lookout for him and hunted him up. He had suffered some privations, but was in excellent health, and sent a message to the effect that he would write to his sister and to Guthrie. The interested parties had found an opening for him, and he was in a fair way to do well for himself.

Naomi turned this news over and caressed it. She drew the first happy and hopeful breath she had drawn for three months: "Mr. Guthrie, you have always brought me good."

"I would rather cut off my right hand than bring you ill, Mrs. Battelle."

"And he is safe, and getting on! Mr. Guthrie, can you in a distant way, not taking too much trouble, keep your eye on him? He likes you."

"Gladly. I intend to correspond with Virgil. And is there anything else," he went on in an urgent tone, "that I could do? You know I am interested in the family."

"Yes, I know," said Naomi, think-

ing of Rodney. She felt compassionate toward Stephen Guthrie as she thought.

"If, during Mr. Battelle's temporary troubles,—settling up business is very expensive,—he wanted—I hope he will come to me," fumbled the young man. He inwardly cursed his tongue: it would thicken.

"You are a kind friend," said Mrs. Battelle. He stood at the hearth, holding his hat down in his hand. She felt warmed through and through by human solicitude once more. He was not only another like herself standing there, but he was the interested world, he was the overseeing Providence saying, "You shall not die unnoted by the wayside like a beast. Here we are close to you. We know every struggle you have made, and not one of them has been in vain." "But," she added, with the self-respecting pride which would encase her until death, "Mr. Battelle does not need any such assistance, thank you. It will require time for him to recover himself, but he will come out all right in the end."

Stephen Guthrie said he was sure of it.

"He has had a blow that might have killed some men, and paralyzed others so they could never attempt business again. But Mr. Battelle is a man with a great deal of energy."

Stephen Guthrie said he knew it.

"Of course I endorse everything that my husband does," pursued Naomi; "and he was, as he said, very indulgent to me. If I did not stand by him now,—and stand close by him,—I should not be fit to bear the name of wife: so I am sorry you witnessed my first failure, Mr. Guthrie. Don't judge a harrowed man by what he says when tried beyond endurance."

Stephen Guthrie began to say he knew nothing of any failure. He paused in the middle of these words and turned his shoulder toward her. Then he moved to the door, saying he must be gone.

Naomi crept out with the lamp and lighted him, asking him to come again when Mr. Battelle was at home: Mr. Battelle was usually at home in the even-

ing, but had a very urgent errand to attend to just as Mr. Guthrie came in.

Guthrie went down-stairs, saying he would gladly avail himself of the invitation, and promised to bring her Virgil's first letter. He looked up and saw her standing by the baluster laughing her good-evening. Her courageous eyes shone with a fire which death would not quench. When he got outside under a street-lamp he looked at a bit of shawl-fringe sheltered in his hand and clinched it upon his palm, tightening his lips.

In the course of an hour Mr. Battelle came home without any bundle. His feet hesitated at the door, but it was opened and his wife drew him in. He approached the hearth and asked if the grocer had sent anything: he had left an order, and made a détour to the coal-dealer's. Yes, and he had stopped down-stairs to pay the rent. Naomi said nothing had arrived. He looked sullenly in the fire, put his hand in his breast-pocket, and showed her their first pawn-ticket.

The two poor souls gazed at each other. Naomi lifted her arms and put them around his stooping shoulders.

"I ought to be killed," said Mr. Battelle. "Any man that would bring you to this ought to be," caressing her falling hair.

"It's no fault of yours," said his wife.

"And for what I said," he added.

"Don't speak of it!" she begged, with a start. "Let us drop all extra baggage on this march. Let us not see we are walking beside a precipice, where a tilt one way will send us over. No; all is solid ground under our feet."

The grocer's boy rung. Mr. Battelle brought up the packages himself, and eyed them hungrily.

"The most trivial circumstances make or mar our comfort," said Naomi. "The fire is out in the kitchen-stove. It is not our stove. We dare not make a fire in it. But, if you can scrape a little more coal from the bin, I will cook your supper here."

Mr. Battelle brought the coal, and smeared himself with its rich duskiness while building an extravagant fire. They



drew up the table and spread their meal. Naomi broiled steak over the coals and laughed while she thought how lost they were in smallnesses, and how mean circumstances would hold down the feet of the loftiest-soaring bird.

Her husband sat by, watching the food. She brought her kettle from below-stairs and set it on the glowing grate. The steak dripped over the coals; in a few minutes the teakettle gave first a little squeak like some baby mouse frightened by a tale of cats, then a sigh, then a murmur which grew into steady song. Naomi kneeled on the rug, watching this companion. There was nothing cheerier than a teakettle, and it would sing for you just the same the world over. It never minded whether you banished it to a kitchen or brought it to your familiar hearth and wove thoughts over it as deep and mysterious as Medea's. The teakettle would sing for a gypsy on two sticks in a wilderness, or for a fine lady making tea at an English breakfast-table.

Presently the fragrance of coffee filled the room. She served their supper, and they sat opposite each other at the small table in front of the hearth and ate it. The wind howled outside. Having merely food and shelter on such a night was matter for thanksgiving, and Naomi smiled as she fancied Rodney looking in on such a feast.

When Mr. Battelle had eaten his supper, he inquired about Guthrie's call. Naomi told him the news from Virgil. He was relieved to hear the boy was comfortably situated. "I'm not fit to look after a boy," said Mr. Battelle, sinking his chin on his breast, though supper and fire softened his expression to regret. "Guthrie must have a good opinion of me." His old regard for propriety of conduct compressed his sandy-bearded mouth.

"Why shouldn't he?" said Naomi. "If you mean what you were saying when he came in, I explained that to him. He probably felt no interest in it, anyway. If I endorse what you do, why should it concern outsiders?"

Mr. Battelle looked at her with a

slightly puckering face. Then in an eloquent gesture he stretched his hand across the table to her. It was the grasp of a drowning man who sees through water a determined support offered him.

Naomi ran and sat on the floor beside his knees. In the entire world there was no one who felt a vital interest in him except this woman. He took her head in his hands and smoothed and patted it. Mr. Battelle was not apt at caressing. In his youthful days he had neglected to practise as a lover, and since marriage had not acquired affectionate habits. "You're a good wife," he muttered in his beard.

"That isn't proved yet," said Mrs. Battelle, laughing. "I am a spiteful, flashy-tempered creature. And I never could do my hair or put my clothes on in the very best form. But maybe I have other qualities that will make up. Don't look so."

"Look how?" said Mr. Battelle.

Naomi rose upon her knees and brushed her hand lightly across his face: "Take off that settled look of depression that you have. Let us drop all our memories, all our troubles, right here, and stamp them in the ground. You are going to be successful again. You are going to start from nothing,—just nothing,—and show how invincible a man is, and how much finer it is to come up unaided from an awful downfall than to be backed and boosted. I say boosted,—it sounds like booby: the boobies must be boosted. The men will climb up step by step themselves."

Mr. Battelle very faintly reflected her smile, but said, "If I cannot, now? There's no way."

Naomi flourished her hands: "Oh, I despise 'if you cannot's! There's a song dedicated to them, and supposed to be wonderfully bracing: it begins, 'If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet, rocking on the highest billow, laughing at the storms you meet,'—why, then you can be a sort of roustabout on shore, you know. If you cannot do this, that, and the other, you can always stand around and see somebody

else crowned while you hold up the tail of his robe: you can play second fiddle. Ambrose Battelle, if I make up my mind to be or do anything once, I will be or do it, if the effort breaks me off inch by inch like the leprosy. I will creep over the ground on my breast and mouth, if you cannot. Any man can do impossible things. What should we be more than bits of clay if it were not for this spirit within us? Perhaps for the first time in my existence—for how did I know what was in me before?—I have made up my mind to do a thing and pledged my life upon it."

"And what is that?" asked her husband.

"I am going to stand by you and see you through this trouble."

A look of yearning affection came into his face. He had been very desolate in the street going to the pawnbroker's. Here was a warm, devoted creature, full of youth and martial spirit, stirring the sluggish blood in his veins. His kinsmen stood afar off, but she revealed herself new to him. "I know you will stand by me," said Mr. Battelle, exhilarated. "And I haven't given up. You mustn't think that."

Naomi said she never could think it. And she wandered on in animated fashion to the despair Frederick the Great had to encounter, the hopeless-looking but glorious career of Alexander, the exploits of Greek and Trojan heroes, and the struggles of all sorts of people who had accomplished all sorts of things in the teeth of fate. "The very epicures tell us," she said, tilting her head back on his knee, "that acquiring is pleasanter than enjoying. What we live life with doesn't matter so much as how we live it. And how great we are,—we poor, actual folks! Greater than any heroic story that ever was told."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

"HE IS COPYING PAPERS."

BUT gray morning came. Mr. Battelle turned his face to the streets, and returned home toward evening, and there

was no change. They could feel the wall in front of them pressing their faces. After lamplight, while Naomi wrote, swift and horrible recollections of Edgar Poe's fancies cut through her mind. And another gray morning came, followed by its dull evening,—a whole procession of days, like dirty, sullen elephants, plodding one behind the other, swinging their trunks alike, setting their barrel feet down with the same thud. But of evenings she would sit on the rug before the fire and sing and talk. Once, when their hearts were very heavy, she got Goldsmith's "Sermon in the Prison" and read it aloud, and Mr. Battelle listened with his head in his hands.

Since remittances came so slowly from afar, she goaded herself one desperate day into carrying manuscripts to the one home daily which was known to pay for sketches. She wrapped and veiled herself and walked to the newspaper office, ascended stairs to the inner sanctum, and hid in a dark corner of the corridor until her pulses ceased pounding audibly. Then she entered where several gentlemen were sitting, one of whom she knew. This young journalist came courteously toward the muffled woman and made her ordeal very different from what she had anticipated.

She started home, braced afresh by effort, and saw Mr. Battelle, on the opposite side of the street, crouching along with his hat pulled down on his forehead.

"Yes, that's Battelle," said a man walking in front of her to his companion; and on what good and prosperous terms with the world they appeared to be!

"Lost money, hasn't he?" inquired the other. "I heard somebody say he had."

"Yes, he's squeezed dry as an orange. He's clear down."

"What's he doing now?"

"Nothing, that I know of. Oh, he's gone. He'll never do anything again."

"Oh, won't he?" whispered Naomi behind their complacent backs. "But he shall. People like you shall not

laugh at him in the streets. He has *me* to stand by him!"

She crossed to join Mr. Battelle, but he did not see her, and changed his course, wandering toward the west end. So Naomi reached home long before he did, and in time to accompany Mrs. Camperman up-stairs from her carriage. "I'm glad I didn't miss you," said the portly lady: "I should have hated to climb for nothing. You poor child, why don't I see any more of you?" She sat down while Naomi replenished the fire, and prepared her wide bosom for confidences. Mrs. Battelle took a seat beside her and chatted. "But you are looking well," said the elder lady. "Rodney seems to feel the change more than you do. She was always used to being petted, though. I begin to think Lucretia is nothing but a slave to that girl. Rodney gets a great deal of sympathy from her friends now."

"She is welcome to it," said Naomi, laughing. "It must be very tiresome to be poor-pussy-ed all the time. How is Tудie?"

Mrs. Camperman said Tудie and Simon were both well. And she then inquired what Mr. Battelle was doing.

Naomi felt her face flush scarlet. She took the poker and beat a lump of coal in the grate, looking up from her exertion to reply that he was settling his business.

Mrs. Camperman had been told his business was quite settled, and she supposed he would be going into something else. Naomi said he was going into something else soon, but a man must have time to look about him. She mentioned with spirit Mr. Battelle's former achievements, and sat looking in the fire with a light of quiet assurance on her face.

"I am coming to see you often," said Mrs. Camperman on departing, "and I want you to come and cheer a lonely woman whenever you can."

How happy were people who had loneliness or trouble which could be spoken of and turned into a claim on human kindness! She held on to Mrs. Camperman's hand after the creaking

carriage-springs had received their burden. But when the carriage drove away, she returned to the sitting-room, pressing her head between her hands.

Mr. Battelle was plainly suspected by his friends of the great American crime,—idleness. If the idleness was enforced, his crime was so much the greater: it proved his general inefficiency. She herself sneered at men who became mere floating straws in a seething community. But Mr. Battelle was broken. He had got a wound nobody else saw, and every day tore it deeper. Oh, they were all after him with their inquiries, like hounds. Not one showed him what to do or gave him employment.

"I must be growing very morbid," said Naomi aloud. "All the people who have ever known him appear to me like a pack of wolves which I must fight back, standing between him and them. It won't do to say again he is settling up his business: they will suspect he is hanging on me."

So, during the evening she was very busy at her writing-table. Mr. Battelle took a reference-book and sat by, eying her when he thought she did not observe.

"My thoughts go faster than my hand," said Naomi, "and that's the kind of manuscript I make. Now, if I wrote a nice, neat, small hand like you, plain as copperplate, my stuff would probably find a market where it is rejected now."

Mr. Battelle straightened himself and asked with suppressed eagerness if she wanted him to copy for her.

Naomi was delighted at the thought. If he would, the favor would be highly appreciated. She had a great deal to do: her journey to the newspaper office was described.

Mr. Battelle at first flushed, but finally laughed as she told him how she clung like a bat to the wall in the darkest corner, palpitating, before she could venture among the alien species with teeth and horns in the sanctum.

"And you must be very careful," she urged with animation, "to paragraph it right and get in the punctuation. I

have heard somebody say business-men never descend to such small details as periods and semicolons."

Mr. Battelle insisted that this was a misrepresentation.

"You may have that side of the writing-table," said Naomi. "If we were going to have supper now, we'd call it supper-table. How many titles an exact person can bestow on one piece of furniture!"

The next day was an eventful one. After Mr. Battelle had crept aimlessly from the house, the postman brought her a registered letter, thick with the velvety feeling of bills. She acknowledged its reception, took it up-stairs, and shut the doors.

There were twenty-five dollars enclosed,—five green notes on the national treasury. Naomi spread them upon the table and clapped her hands. They paid her for two sketches and made her brain teem like a hot-bed. Twenty-five dollars stood before her like the guide Great-Heart, promising to carry her over difficulties.

"Oh, dear, kind money!" said Naomi. "What can man do without you, after all? You protect him from his friends." Then she piled one bill upon another, folded them together, and strapped them in her porte-monnaie. When Mr. Battelle came home she would spring them suddenly upon his startled gaze.

Her elastic nature rose to giddy heights. She sat down to her work, but took up a pencil to calculate how many sketches at from ten to fifteen dollars each she must write before she could buy a little home,—a little home at the edge of the city's limits, with a tree and a few mounds of flowers. Mr. Battelle's house had not seemed home, elegant though it was in all its appointments. Now she hungered for a place of her own, which Rodney, perhaps, would not find desirable, but where Mr. Battelle could be quiet and comfortable when he came home from the business he would surely find soon. "The baby will want a lawn to play on," said Naomi in a whisper. Her eyes glowed: "Poor little thing! desired as

an heir, coming to such an inheritance! But it shall have a hearty welcome; and in time it shall have an own home. If I could make twenty-five dollars every month and save every cent of it,—after Mr. Battelle is settled,—how many years would it take to buy a home?"

The blessed place rose up before her. No grass was ever as green as that surrounding it. Mr. Battelle was planting trees, and she insisting on a few catalpas,—they had such blossoms and such broad, tropical leaves. There was a veranda all around the house: what is home without a veranda? A baby's swing hung in the veranda, and the baby itself was climbing down the steps in short clothes. The time was nearly sunset. They were so far out of the city that the whole panorama of the west was theirs unobstructed. Oh, blessed vision! Inside the house were cosy corners, stuffed chairs, a few pictures one would love, perhaps matted floors,—*"matting is cheap,"* whispered Naomi,—cases of books, a desk by a window which had sweet-brier outside, a revolving chair for the desk, a dining-room decorated by herself, a pine side-board ebonized (who would regret the loss of that monster of carving in the shadow of which she used to disagree with Rodney Battelle?), screens here and there, a curtain or two swung from brass rods, one open fire, where the family could gather in winter; Virgil back from San Francisco, a prosperous young man, visiting his sister and realizing all her love for him,—but not the struggles she had made: no, she never wanted him to dream of them.

This future home enclosed her, shutting out the shabby rented walls and cracked mantel. Her cheeks burned with excitement, and if a door-bell anywhere in the street was rung, she had not noticed it. But Rodney Battelle rapped at her sitting-room door and broke that cottage near the city's limits all to pieces.

"Oh!" said Naomi, opening the door. "Come in, Rodney."

The room became desperately shabby. There never was a cracked mantel that

intruded itself more, or walls more determined to show their teeth between fissures.

Rodney let herself be put in the arm-chair before the fire. There was not a great deal of fire, but Naomi hastened to remedy that. Conscious of twenty-five dollars in her pocket, she piled reckless chunks of coal upon the blaze.

Rodney was very prettily dressed, and quite warm in her seal sacque. She had a becoming pallor, and told Naomi she had not been herself since the crash. All her friends were just as sweet and kind to her, though, as if it had not happened. She had been going out a little. Lucretia was well. They had been here before, but found nobody in. Julia Russell set her down from the carriage this time. How was Ambrose?

Naomi said he was well. Sitting down, with a shawl trailed half around her, Mrs. Battelle regarded with new interest this darling of circumstances, this Cleopatra attended by Cupids and rowed by her own sex down the Cydnus of life. There are women who absorb all the presents, all the pleasures, all the *bonbons*, of existence, and other women who seem to attract cares, sacrifices, hopeless tasks.

"Ambrose treated me unkindly," said Rodney; "but he used to be my favorite brother, and I decided to pay no attention to it." She spoke as if her partiality for Ambrose was decidedly a thing of the past.

"You would be very foolish to pay any attention to it," said Naomi indignantly. "You know he was beside himself when he spoke so."

"They say he is much altered in appearance now," said Rodney.

"He isn't," replied Mrs. Battelle bluntly. "I don't see such a change in him."

"You wouldn't, of course, being with him constantly. Why doesn't he come to John's?"

Naomi said he would probably come soon.

"He oughtn't to let himself be prejudiced against his own people," insinuated

ated Rodney. "I am sure we feel for Ambrose. I cannot forget that he is my brother."

"I thought you could," said Naomi, with a swiftness and disregard of Rodney Battelle's presence lately developed in her. "I thought you could easily forget that, when he once ceased to be useful to you. But you needn't imagine Ambrose is a wreck. He will come up and surprise you all yet."

Rodney took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. She never descended to bickering. "You can say very cruel things, Naomi."

"I know I can. I have a ferocious heart." Naomi laughed.

"Circumstances don't seem to affect you. But, then, you were used to very little before you married."

"Yes," said Naomi, still with a jocund countenance, "Providence kindly prepared me for the supreme effort of my life."

"I don't see that you can make any effort," said Rodney, "except to endure with as good a grace as you can. I want to ask you, while I think of it, to let me take your diamond ring. You will not have occasion to wear it again soon."

Naomi seized the poker and bent to the fire. "Mr. Battelle has it," she replied.

"What does he want with it now? He can't be having it reset?"

"I think he is having it reset," said Mrs. Battelle. And, going back to see that the door was shut, as if she felt a draught, she breathed against the panel, "—in the pawnbroker's shop."

Mr. Battelle's unconscious sister was revolving other matters in her mind. She looked up when Naomi leaned against the mantel, and proceeded, "What is Ambrose *doing*, Naomi? Isn't he ever going into business again?" Rodney stated her questions in the tone of a personal grievance which she had against her sister-in-law.

"Certainly he is," responded Mrs. Battelle. "He is going into business just as soon as ever he finds an opening to suit him."



"But what is he doing until he can find an opening?"

"He is very busy," said Naomi. "He is copying papers."

"Copying papers!" Rodney's face filled with crimson distress. "Lawyers' papers? Oh, I do hope it isn't for Mr. Guthrie! I couldn't bear the mortification."

"Couldn't you?" said Mrs. Battelle, with a tang of contempt. "Well, spare yourself. It isn't for Mr. Guthrie. It's a very private and particular arrangement."

"But whom is he copying papers for?"

"How can I remember firm-names and all that sort of thing? When I see he is busy, I don't bother him with questions. How are you off for pin-money?" inquired Naomi magnificently.

Rodney said she had no pin-money: John was making something, but Amy seemed possessed by an evil spirit ever since they had returned to the house, and prevented him from doing more for them than he could absolutely help.

Naomi expressed a general sentiment of regret at this state of affairs, and, as Rodney rose to take her departure, munificently drew forth her *porte-monnaie* which contained twenty-five dollars and bestowed five upon Mr. Battelle's sister.

Rodney stared blankly. "But can Ambrose spare it?" she exclaimed, while her fingers closed upon the bill.

"Oh, yes," Naomi said; "I was to give it to you when I saw you. He is as kind to you in intention as he ever was."

Rodney took an effusive leave. She told Lucretia on reaching home that Ambrose could not be doing as badly as people said. He had some money and must have prospects. Naomi's pocket-book was full.

Naomi stood at the window and watched her down-street. "I was always a fool," she said aloud. "But I didn't rob myself for *your* sake, you beast of prey! I shall never see heaven if hatred for you bars the door. But I'm not going to have you despise *him*!"

She locked her hands behind her, and looked down. "I lied for him!" she said.

## CHAPTER XX.

### "FAILURE TO PROVIDE."

YET the Battelle who had a prior claim to this money was not pleased when he heard how a fifth part had escaped the hands in which he folded up the rest. He stood more erect: a look of enterprise came into his face. "We have ourselves to think of first," he said. "The girls are better off than we are."

"I wanted to show them you had your head above water yet," said Naomi loftily.

Mr. Battelle seemed doubtful on that point, but he departed toward the marts of men less like a criminal than usual the following day. Whether money had conceived an antipathy to Mr. Battelle and was determined to fly from him for evermore, or he had unexplained demands to meet, in a day or two he was again empty-handed.

The ring, which he had redeemed, he placed once more in pawn, and, while Naomi worked desperately on her manuscript, Stephen Guthrie came with Miss Russell to bring Virgil's first letter, which enclosed one to her.

She heard them ring the bell, and, with a premonition of spies, covered her work in a drawer and glanced hurriedly about the room. The few plants looked lonesome; the room itself had a barn-like effect which nothing but twilight crimsoned by a heaping fire could destroy.

Miss Russell and her attendant rapped at the sitting-room door and were admitted. Naomi felt dimly obliged to Mr. Guthrie for choosing four o'clock of an afternoon for his call, but gave no second thought to his bringing Julia Russell as a companion.

She begged them to excuse her while she read Virgil's letters, and stood by the window holding the scratched leaves in eager hands. Virgil said he enclosed his sister's letter to Guthrie because he didn't know but them cats 'ud git hold

of it: they seemed to boss things round there. He seemed to realize but faintly the change in Mr. Battelle's circumstances, but his spirit was expanding in the California sun. He hinted to his sister that he had a chance to be somebody now, which he didn't never have before: he never had no luck in his life, nor nobody to take an interest in him, till he got out there. And he meant to make it work now. Them Battelles wasn't goin' to ride over him no more. And so on, in his cruel boy-fashion, he stabbed the heart of his sister, already so swollen and sore.

She swallowed with effort two or three times, Stephen Guthrie narrowly observed, before turning from the window to thank him for Virgil's letters.

"He seems so well satisfied," said Naomi, putting her hand to her throat and pushing downward.

"All boys are mighty egotists at his age," said Guthrie; "but I think Virgil will come out a man."

Naomi saw no reason why he should doubt it. Guthrie added that at seventeen he had thought his uncle and guardian not only a tyrant but a useless block in his conquering path. And Julia Russell fell into the drift by declaring that "our boys" used to be the most dreadful nuisances in the world, — even Catterson, who was so kind and such a favorite now.

Naomi sat down beside the table. She thought she must scream if they did not immediately go away. Stephen Guthrie looked at her with a kindling of the eyes, and when his glance fell away from her face it seemed to rest on the hem of her dress. She thought she must be rapidly growing old. The Guthrie around whom her imagination created a nimbus seemed so remote; this near and kind man had drawn out her awe and placed himself in a new attitude toward her. Julia Russell looked more shrivelly. She talked of everybody in her set, and told what a pretty enamelled locket Catterson had given her on her birthday. It was the sweetest locket she ever saw, and he paid a mere nominal sum for it, when you considered the

rarity and exquisiteness of the ornament. "And where do you suppose he got it, Mrs. Battelle? The last place in the world I should have thought of. He picked it up in one of the pawn-shops. I never have been in one in my life. Oh, Mrs. Battelle, some time I will drive you down-street if you will go around with me to see the pawn-shops! Wouldn't you like to go?"

Mrs. Battelle gathered in the corners of her mouth, and said she would be delighted to go to the pawn-shops. It would be such a novelty.

Miss Russell added that singular things must be gathered there. She had the greatest possible curiosity to visit one.

Mr. Guthrie told her she might have occasion to visit one some time against her will. At which Miss Russell laughed, declaring the idea was too absurd for anything. Respectable people never patronized such places.

"I am respectable," said Guthrie.

"But you never pawned anything," said Julia.

"I put my watch in pledge when I was at college. It was the watch my father left me, too. I had to have money for a righteous purpose: my income was not due, and I never borrowed."

Mrs. Battelle said she was shocked to hear this from Mr. Guthrie, and Julia was immediately shocked also. He laughed, and asked them what they knew of the wicked world at large.

While they were talking, the bell rang again, and Amy came up-stairs. She greeted everybody, and spread her thin fingers to the fire, declaring that April weather like this was disgraceful.

Julia Russell rose to leave with her escort, but sat down again when Amy asked her if she had heard Mrs. Davis had separated from her husband at last.

No; Julia knew nothing about that, but everybody supposed they hadn't been living happily together.

Stephen Guthrie paused, hat in hand, while this colloquy went on.

"I don't blame her in the least," said Amy.

"Oh, I don't know," murmured Miss Russell: "the poor man—"

"Now, that's the cry of you women who have never had husbands," declared Mrs. John Battelle, expanding to the occasion. "'Oh, the poor man!' You have no sympathy for the poor woman unless you happen to be in her position."

"Why did she leave him?" inquired Naomi directly.

"Because he didn't amount to anything,—which was reason enough. She'll get a divorce on the ground of failure to provide."

Naomi's eyes were irresistibly drawn to meet Stephen Guthrie's. She suspected him of knowing all she would conceal. He had a juggling knowledge of her. "I should do the same," said Naomi defiantly. "Any woman whose husband does not provide for her ought to leave him."

Amy was startled, but also kindled. She gave her sister-in-law a quick, baffled look, but sanctioned with her approval this womanly sentiment.

Julia Russell said there were so many divorces; it was such a pity when such a thing happened among our best people.

Stephen Guthrie beat the crown of his hat lightly with his palm.

The women's tongues buzzed like flies in Naomi's head. But a period arrived when they were all gone, when Guthrie was not trying to veil his perceptions from her, when even Amy was not chattering about the woes of Mrs. Davis, who had the sympathy of everybody except Mr. Davis's friends. "Oh, you poor soul!" said Naomi, walking the floor and apostrophizing the bent figure then wandering the streets; "if you had committed a crime and were sent to prison or about to be hung, the papers would teem with your name, your antecedents, your words; they would describe the food you ate, and draw a tear from the public eye for your wife who stood by you through all. You would be famous in a base way. But the offence you have committed—which buries you in ignominious obscurity—is meaner in people's eyes than a crime. You have lost your money and can get no work.

You are an unacknowledged member of the great brotherhood of tramps. Society has swung around from patting you on the back to looking at you over its shoulder. And now your wife is expected to exercise her rights and go to the divorce courts because you have 'failed to provide'!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

ANGELO.

OTHER remittances came from publishers, and Mrs. Battelle became aware that her husband was gambling again in grain. He took small deals, but the goddess had turned her face from him, and bill by bill the hard-earned money left his hands. He made one in the seedy crowd who watched daily bulletins, and every desperate venture aged him more. Once he made a few dollars, and sighed all night that thousands had not been staked; but immediately afterward he lost more than the gain.

About this time, Guthrie succeeded in securing a bookkeeper's position for Mr. Battelle. He offered it very delicately, and the broken-down man worked a week. By the end of that time he had so confused his work that his employers in their turn delicately dismissed him.

Naomi entered a horror of darkness. Every step he took was downward. Now morose and now melting, he hung upon her strength a dead weight. There were five searing minutes in her life when she determined to cut the shame and pain short. Even mighty Hannibal did that. But from this mood she rebounded to most defiant effort.

There were June days and July days, so hot the walls palpitated, and streaming rain with lightning, which made the earth smoke with incense from grass and mould. There were nights when she could scarcely breathe, and the kitchen-fire melted her bones, and life grew such a strain she waked in the dark and wondered how long her mind could hold out and escape madness. There were hours when Mr. Battelle sat and looked at her with that piteous whimper stamped

on his face, and she left her work to put her arm around his neck and try to amuse him. Sometimes he clung helplessly to her, and again he accused her of neglecting him.

There was a panorama of people passing before her, and she knew some of them shook their heads indicating Mr. Battelle's condition.

He ceased going to the grain-exchange, and was suddenly ill in bed. Then Amy was about the rooms, whispering that John had long suspected Ambrose was threatened with softening of the brain. And the doctor came twice a day, Naomi wondering between-whiles how she was ever to pay his bills.

Guthrie was constantly sending fruit and market-luxuries to Mr. Battelle, and Mrs. Camperman creaked up the stairs, inquiring in mastodon whispers how Mr. Battelle was to-day. Rodney came and sat beside the bed and cried, and Lucretia did likewise, and their brother lifted his sandy-fringed lids and laughed foolishly at them.

It was August, and the city burned like an oven. But while Naomi sat up in the sitting-room to give her husband his medicine, and the bugs bumped against her lamp, and his silence indicated repose, she wrote with cramped hands and head in which the pulses beat like hammers. Death seemed not very far away from both of them. There is nothing certain but death. When she looked out-doors she tried to stamp trees and moving figures and the effect of light on distance upon her mind. It is a fair world when it is slipping from us.

She was in a dull trance, attending to her duties, but doubting the touch of material objects on her palm. Everybody wanted to send everybody else to help her, but she knew nobody else would be tolerated by Mr. Battelle.

Then he was reaching his hands and feeling around blindly for her. The afternoon was hot; a fly buzzed in the window-curtain; the mistress of the house sat by in kind solicitude; some children out-doors were playing and shouting.

He reached his hands, gurgling her

name half articulately; he had been climbing about the bed, always seeking something he never found. Day and night, except when stupefied by medicines, he had sought and tried to creep restlessly about. But this instant he moved only his hands, clasped, gurgled her name, as if it had been the thing he tried to recollect, and died before she could reach him.

She was throwing herself on his dropped arms and crying aloud to him. He had gone, wrapped in a haze of half-unconsciousness, with all his troubles heaped on his tired head, and she could never be kind to him or serve him again.

He had found an opening at last. Within the door he entered would be no overwrought wife trembling at the fate thrust upon them. She had promised she would stand by him through his trouble, and the gates of death shut against her face with an awful shock.

There were other days, during which his casket stood on pall-covered trestles in the sitting-room and outsiders swarmed her out of her own shabby apartments. Death hands over all our homes to strangers during his stay.

Mr. Battelle's relations, in black garments, mourned over him, and business contemporaries who had forgotten the bankrupt remembered to send flowers to the dead man: crowns and crosses, a pillow of violets, stars of tuberose and immortelles, stood all about him.

There were nights when Naomi lay down in a strange bed-chamber in the house, but rose up continually, forgetting he did not need her any more, to go to the room where his personless Presence was, to hear the drip of ice and see strangers sitting sleepily within the other door, talking about their own interests.

She was always looking at his face with surprise. It wore a satisfied and majestic look. He had been a noble fellow at heart.

There was the day of the funeral, when women swarmed about her and somebody said she could not possibly go; when carriages waited up and down

the street, and the minister was standing at the head of the casket, and Rodney sobbing aloud in the black-draped group. There was Mrs. Camperman putting an arm around her and saying, "Come, Naomi," and the effort of getting downstairs, and the anxiety to go back again to Mr. Battelle. There was the sensation of being in a carriage with Mrs. Camperman, and afterward of lying among pillows.

Then followed an age of torment and visions, in which she was sawed asunder, tied to wild horses, or trying to navigate boundless muddy water on a tilting raft. She was always going to Mr. Battelle, who cried to her with a child's voice, and the whole world was hunting him to death. She died, and was pleading with an impersonal essence who barred the gate of paradise to her, and saying, "Nobody will tell you I was a sweet woman. No; I got no credit for what I did, being a stormy petrel that took long flights and asked no help and was among many people. But I was a spirit poverty could not kill, and I fought it all my life, excepting four months. And you do not know how deadly it is,—you who stand here and have only to wish to accomplish." Then, her own shortcomings seeming to assist the impersonal essence in beating her back, she prayed, "I have had wicked thoughts. God, excuse them. Please excuse them, and let me in to rest."

Mrs. Camperman's face appeared through clouds, with tears streaming down the polished red cheeks, and Naomi was afraid she had said something to betray Mr. Battelle. She tried to be very reticent, and made a point of telling that face, whenever she recognized it, that Mr. Battelle was going into business to-morrow. He was copying papers now; everybody who knew her spirit would testify she was not the woman to shield a man if he failed to provide. It was the pawnbroker, and not Mr. Battelle, who failed to provide.

By degrees she understood that a baby was spoken of, and finally that it was her baby. It lay beside her in white, twisting its emaciated face and thrusting

out one hand, which, with effort, she touched.

It appeared and disappeared. She and the baby floated in space, like fragments of an exploded world.

But waking one morning she felt the familiar earth again under her, and saw a wrist thin enough to snap lying across her breast. Voices, in a room divided from hers only by curtains, were talking about a wedding. Stephen Guthrie was married, and Mrs. Camperman exclaimed over the fact. Julia Russell's sweetest and loveliest superlatives vibrated on the air, and Rodney Battelle's name danced like a butterfly here and there.

Naomi was indifferent to everything she heard.

There was a quick, trembling bleat, and the women rustled toward some object which they soothed and looked at. Then Julia inquired, "How is she to-day?" And Mrs. Camperman replied she was coming back to herself, and the doctor considered her out of danger. They drew the curtains an instant, and Naomi saw them looking at her, but made no effort to raise her eyelids higher.

On another morning she woke to have the baby in her arms, to feel rapture over it, and whisper, "My son, my son!"

She felt no care about his future or her own, but fed like a bird from the hands of the kind woman who had brought her home. Mrs. Camperman moved about with pin-cushions, cream-colored blankets, and white slips in her hands, and was in a gentle excitement which made her breathe half audibly. The tears sprang to her eyes for no cause whatever, and she was very affectionate toward Naomi.

The doctor came tiptoeing in with a prescription-case in his hand; and Naomi one day stared at him and began to think of his bill.

Then Rodney Battelle was talking with Mrs. Camperman in the next room, and their unrestrained dialogue penetrated the curtains. The baby was sleeping in front of Naomi. She thought the pulses beating in his temple a wonderful sight.



"But we understood it was for the benefit of the whole family," wavered Rodney's voice, stumbling on a sob. "It would have been forfeited if John had not with great difficulty got enough money together to pay the last premium. Ambrose paid no attention to it, and would have let it die out. I think there ought to be some division."

"I don't," said Mrs. Camperman, in the comfortable, assured tones of a portly woman who has opinions of her own and can state them sharply without disturbing her temper. "Fifteen thousand dollars is little enough for any woman to be left with,—especially when she has a child to bring up. The money is in the bank, ready to be made over to her as soon as she can give a receipt to the company. And none of the rest of you can touch it. The policy was taken out for the benefit of his wife and child."

"He ought to have thought of his sisters too," quivered Rodney.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Camperman decidedly. "Ambrose Battelle spoiled you girls. I used to think Cretie was grasping, but I do believe it was you pushing her, Roddy. And I used to think Ambrose was stingy,—you told me so; but you can't point to women anywhere in the city who had more than you did while his money lasted. You'd better get married," suggested Mrs. Camperman, laughing, "instead of trying to rob that poor worn-out girl and that little baby in there."

Rodney's garments moved with a fluff. She said she had not come in to have her own plans discussed, but to know if Naomi was going to be so unjust and unkind to Mr. Battelle's sisters.

"She will be, if I have any influence with her," replied the portly widow. "She'll keep every cent, and then not have a quarter of what she deserves. I don't believe you treated her the best in the world, you girls. I can tell you I wouldn't have had you about my house, making parties without my knowledge and running things to suit yourself."

Rodney said it was pleasant to have her favorite brother's widow prejudicing people against the family.

"If nobody tells more tales out of the family than she does," said Mrs. Camperman, "you have nothing to fear. Pshaw! the family! You would have let her stay alone in those miserable rooms and get through any way she could. I don't want to have unpleasant words with you, Roddy, but you can't come here fretting Naomi Battelle into dividing with you. I thought she was doing well when she married. But you never can tell how any match will turn out. She has probably been through more than we shall ever know. Don't you want to see the baby to-day? I can let you see him again; but you shan't pester Naomi."

If Rodney wanted to see the baby, she departed without gratifying the wish.

Naomi looked at him and hoped he would understand her silent congratulations: his aunt Rodney had let him alone, and he had something to depend on besides his mother's weak brains. He pursed up his mouth and stretched his eyebrows. The sheet of down clothing his head was very sunny and exquisite to the touch. "Perhaps he will have a curl turning over on top of his head, like Virgil's," thought Naomi.

But afterward, when she was stronger and almost able to lift him in her arms, Mrs. Camperman declined to bring him to her. There was a silly nurse who had held him across her lap and let Mrs. Battelle see him dressed, and this woman also refused the mother's cajolery. One day was not enough: they refused him to her the next day. He did not depend on his mother for food,—she had been too weak and ill,—the silly woman nursed him; but that was no reason why she should keep him away from eyes that had the best right to him.

It was late September weather, and a fire was kindled in Naomi's room. She could not hear him crying about the house. She thought of getting up to search for him, but the skeleton foot

she tried to thrust out had forgotten its action. Mrs. Camperman came to her with red eyes, and prepared her with medicines and suggestions for the truth about the baby. And then the third day of his absence he was brought in, like a snow-drop on the satin lining of his casket. All about him was white: no stain of color was hinted even by his shining hair. His lips were parted to form a little triangle, and one claw-hand held loosely a white rosebud, broken off close.

He had died of croup. The foolish nurse's voice was lifted up in weeping while his mother was supported on each side to gaze on him,—her first-born, and only possession to feed her heart upon.

Naomi did not make much outcry. She was numb while Mrs. Camperman shook with sobs. "I will call him Angelo," said Naomi, guiding her hand to his pretty forehead, "because he was born only to pass on to angelhood."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OUR SUBSTITUTE FOR A NAVY.

THE United States possess one of the finest navies in the world, considered strictly as *bric-à-brac*. There is nothing to compare with it, unless a rigid connoisseur should prefer the fleet of carved canoes owned by some savage chief of the South Sea whom modern degeneracy has not reached. A navy, however, may be regarded in other lights than as the embodiment of old associations. During a period of peace it serves as the "carriage and retinue of state" in which Columbia leaves her card on the nations with whom she has a calling acquaintance. For this purpose our navy is as antiquated as General Washington's coach would be if President Arthur should drive in it to a dinner with the English minister. A generation of the human race is commonly taken to mean a period of thirty-three years, but a generation of mechanical invention is much less than that, so that a wooden side-wheel steamer is already hardly less venerable—if being antiquated makes anything venerable—than Decatur's frigate. It is true that Columbia has such a well-assured position that she can afford to present her compliments in an old-fashioned convey-

ance. Still, "a decent regard for the opinions of mankind dictates" that her state carriage should be in accordance with her rank, for the world has not reached the point of development where pomp and paraphernalia and the substantial embodiments of wealth cease to command respect.

Primarily, however, a navy consists of floating engines of war, and must be judged by its powers of defending itself and damaging its opponents in actual conflict. The conflict may never take place, but the possession of a fleet of iron-clads with one-hundred-ton rifle guns makes a nation feared as well as respected, and gives great force to its interpretations of international law. Regarded as a weapon of attack, we have no navy. It is hardly probable that we shall ever be called on to defend ourselves against a nation of respectable naval power, but, if we should, our possession of our own territory would at once be restricted to four miles from the five-fathom line around our coasts, or to still farther inland if the enemy's guns had a longer range. Perhaps the lively and ingenious picture of the "Fall of New York," by the writer in *Fiction*,

would not be realized, but we should be made to feel the humiliation of being forced to decline challenges and of seeing the last vestige of our merchant marine swept from the seas. The humiliation would be the more bitter that we should have the consciousness that it was our own fault, that we did not lack wealth, public spirit, men, but merely mechanical appliances,—cheap things in comparison, and to be bought by an effete nation, but not to be extemporized by the most gallant one. We have educated a body of naval officers who when called on may be trusted to act up to their traditional standard of duty. To expose them and our brave sailors to the hazards of battle in the ships that make up our navy now would be like asking the army to fight Indians equipped with Spencer rifles with the

old Queen's arm that Gran'ther Young  
Brought back from Concord busted.

Although the probability of a war between the United States and one of the European powers is very remote, still it is a possibility. Should it arrive, no doubt our war-marine would be in about the same state of inefficiency that it is at present. In fact, its condition is what makes war a possibility. The moving force in our national affairs is public opinion, which can be thoroughly aroused only by the pressure of some great emergency. A remote danger to New York and Boston will never excite the imagination of the honorable member from Colorado sufficiently to make him vote for appropriations for a fleet of iron-clads. It is fortunate that our important harbors have shallow approaches and are peculiarly fitted for defence by the torpedo system, as it is on this that we should be forced to rely to keep the enemy out of range long enough for us to establish a naval station at some safe place inland,—St. Louis, for instance. Then we could mine the ore, and build the machinery, and forge the steel, and extemporize the traditionary skill of the great ship-building establishments of the world. At the end of two years we should have some sea-worthy armored vessels and modern ordnance, and could

assume the offensive on the high seas. Patriotism compels us to suppose that the war would then speedily close. After that we could claim the protectorate of the Panama Canal, and enforce the Monroe doctrine, or the Blaine doctrine, or any other doctrine that happened to be popular. The protectorate of the Panama Canal we might indeed claim with propriety at an earlier period, for the visionary water-way must always be an object of peculiar interest to a nation without any commerce.

There would seem to be some warrant in assuming that we could defend our seaboard cities in the fact that the idea of attacking vessels under water by missive torpedoes and of protecting harbors by submarine mines is distinctively American and seems always to have exercised a singular fascination over American inventors. In 1777, David Bushnell of Connecticut constructed and operated the first subaqueous boat. In 1805, Fulton blew up the first vessel that was ever destroyed by a torpedo, if we except a small schooner which Bushnell sank. In 1843, at Alexandria, Colonel Samuel Colt, of revolver fame, fired the first submarine mine exploded by electricity. There is hardly an idea on the subject the first suggestion of which cannot be found in the records of our Patent Office.

Bushnell's boat was a very remarkable invention for the time. In form it resembled a turtle, and was worked by a single man, who could propel it beneath the surface of the water, rising from time to time for a fresh supply of air. A magazine containing one hundred and fifty pounds of powder was towed behind it. The object was to dive beneath the enemy's keel and attach the magazine, or torpedo, which was fired by means of clock-work set to run long enough to allow the operator to move to a safe distance. Bushnell actually succeeded in reaching the bottom of His Majesty's ship "Eagle," a fifty-gun sloop lying in New York harbor, but was unable to make fast his torpedo, the screw which was to penetrate the planking having, he thought, struck a copper

bolt. He was forced to cast the magazine loose and make the best of his way back. At the expiration of an hour,—the time for which it was set to run,—it blew up with violence, doing no damage, but creating great alarm by the suggestion of a new and mysterious danger.

Bushnell made several other attempts to use torpedoes during the Revolutionary War. In January, 1778, he set a number of them adrift in the Delaware above the British ships lying at anchor opposite Philadelphia. The fleet, however, had been warped out of the channel to avoid the floating ice, and none of the torpedoes, which were arranged to explode on contact, did any damage, though, as before, the greatest consternation was aroused. This incident was celebrated in a mock-heroic poem, entitled "The Battle of the Kegs," by Francis Hopkinson, father of the author of "Hail Columbia."

Considering the state of scientific knowledge and mechanical skill at the time, Bushnell's achievements seem little short of marvellous; and the demoralization of the enemy's seamen and the caution they were forced to exercise afterward in their movements were practical results amply sufficient to compensate for the trouble and expense of his efforts. He, however, was bitterly disappointed, and after the declaration of peace changed his name and retired to Georgia, where he died at an advanced age. Papers and drawings found after his death proved his identity and that his mind had never ceased to dwell on his original conception of a diving-boat and a torpedo. In a letter to Jefferson, General Washington says of this submarine boat, "I then thought, and still think, that it was an effort of genius, but that too many things were necessary to be combined to expect much from the issue against an enemy who are always upon guard."

Horace says that "he must have had courage and triple brass about his heart who first tempted the sea in a boat." But the sailor, though he may have the consciousness that there is only a

thin plank between him and death, can at least see the sunlight and his comrades' faces. The submarine navigator has the sea above as well as beneath him, and must bid a temporary farewell to light. Submarine boats are yet to be made manageable and effective as a means for carrying torpedoes. The art remains about where David Bushnell left it. It has proved the means of destroying one vessel only, the "Housatonic," which the Confederates succeeded in blowing up in Charleston harbor, after three unsuccessful attempts, resulting in the sacrifice of the lives of thirty-two out of the thirty-six volunteers who made up the four successive crews.

Omitting submarine boats carrying a crew, torpedo warfare divides itself naturally into two branches,—projectile torpedoes, or submarine bombs, and stationary torpedoes, or submarine mines. American experience during the rebellion proves that these last constitute an almost perfect defence for harbors. "Their employment," says Commander Barnes, "was accompanied by results so unexpected and extraordinary that the torpedo seems to have sprung by one bound into the foremost rank of the novel and tremendous engines of war which have so completely changed the aspect of modern battle-fields and scenes of naval conflicts."

Since the above was written, the science of submarine explosions has advanced rapidly, and the bottoms of ships are as vulnerable as ever. Locomotive torpedoes have been invented, if not perfected. The tremendous power of nitro-glycerine has been rendered comparatively safe and manageable. It is many times as energetic as gunpowder, the force of which under water may be gathered from the following account by an eye-witness of the destruction of the "Commodore Jones," in James River: "She was backing slowly, when suddenly and without any apparent cause she appeared to be lifted bodily, her wheels revolving rapidly in mid-air: persons declared they could see the green sedge of the banks beneath her keel. Then through her shot to a great height an

immense fountain of foaming water, followed by a denser column thick with mud. She absolutely crumbled to pieces, dissolved, as it were, in mid-air, enveloped by the falling spray, mud, water, and smoke. When the turbulence excited by the explosion subsided, not a vestige of the huge hull remained in sight except small fragments of her frame which came shooting to the surface."

Stationary torpedoes, however, can guard narrow channels only, and are strictly local defences. The movable torpedo, as an agent of attack, has a vastly wider range. These are of four distinct kinds, each having its peculiar advantages.

First. Floating torpedoes, to be carried by the tide, and constructed to explode on striking a fixed obstacle. They should contain a time-apparatus, arranged to fire them after a sufficient interval, lest they come back on the turn of the tide to plague their inventors. They were used extensively by the Russians during the Crimean war, but without any effect. Had they been charged with dynamite instead of gunpowder, they would have sunk two English men-of-war. A shoal of these, each carrying fifty pounds of gun-cotton, set afloat from New York in the night would make the lower bay, to say the least, a very undesirable anchorage-ground for a hostile fleet.

Second. The torpedo attached to a spar and pushed out at an enemy at close quarters,—as Cushing destroyed the "Albemarle." This plan can be carried out on any vessel, or on a swift steam-launch, but demands the highest degree of nerve, dash, and coolness.

Third. The Harvey system, in which a torpedo enclosed in a case of peculiar form is towed behind a vessel, the line being attached to it in somewhat the same manner that a string is to a Japanese kite, so as to cause the torpedo to sheer out at an angle in the wake. The vessel towing it then runs past the enemy's ship, near enough to draw the torpedo under the keel, the contact with which causes the explosion. This is an

English invention, and its success would imply that the attacking boat was much the faster, was bold enough to approach its opponent, and was handled with great skill.

Fourth. The locomotive, or missive, torpedo. This is simply an explosive boat, without a crew, that darts out on the surface of the water, or a few feet below, and explodes on reaching its objective point. Of this there are two leading types,—one English, the Whitehead, and one American, the Lay-Haight. They are alike in the feature of self-propulsion, and in being inventions of the highest order of originality, but unlike in the fact that the American is controlled during its entire course and exploded by the operator,—is strictly missive,—while the Whitehead is entirely independent after starting,—is only locomotive,—and depends for movement, immersion, and direction on its own internal mechanism. It is difficult to say which is the more remarkable invention, for to make a boat that will run even and straight under water without guidance is as complicated a mechanical problem as to make one that can be controlled from a distant station.

The Whitehead is usually called the "Fish Torpedo," and is indeed a semi-intelligent mechanical whale, with dynamite brains. An enthusiastic admirer says that "it can do everything but think." In general appearance it is not unlike a cigar, from fourteen to nineteen feet long and from fourteen to sixteen inches in its greatest diameter, pointed at both ends, and with a boiler-iron wrapper. One end is furnished with a propeller and two rudders, one vertical and one horizontal. The contact-exploder projects from the bow. It contains a reservoir of condensed air, at a pressure of eight hundred pounds to the square inch, for motive power; a compact three-cylinder engine, for driving the propeller; another smaller engine, for working the horizontal rudder; a secret chamber, containing the apparatus for controlling this last engine so as to secure constant equal immersion;



and a charge of dynamite, arranged to explode on striking the enemy's side or after a certain distance run.

The propeller-engine weighs only thirty-five pounds, and is capable of being worked up to forty horse-power and of driving the boat under water at the rate of fifty feet a second. It is unnecessary to add that in order to attain this result the workmanship and materials must be of the very highest order of fineness.

The capabilities of this torpedo are,—

First. If adjusted for a certain depth, from five to fifteen feet, and projected under water or from the surface, or if discharged from a submerged tube, it will rapidly attain that depth and maintain it during the entire run.

Second. When started, it will *make a straight run in the line of projection*, provided that an allowance has been made for the lateral deflection due to transverse currents, and will explode on striking an obstacle.

Third. It can be adjusted to stop after having run any distance, up to its extreme range,—about three thousand feet,—and, after stopping, to sink, float, or explode.

Even to those unacquainted with practical mechanics the difficulty of designing a machine that shall fulfil all these requirements will be evident.

This torpedo has been sold to nearly all the governments of Europe, and is their main reliance for a subaqueous explosive projectile. When it is bought, its internal mechanism and proper management are explained to a board of officers, who are bound on honor not to disclose the secret. In actual war this torpedo has never destroyed but one vessel,—a Turkish gunboat, which was sunk by the Russians at Batoum. The Chilean iron-clad the "Huascar," however, very narrowly escaped destruction from one of them launched at her from the "Shah" by happening to change her course at the moment the torpedo started toward her. Their efficiency has been amply demonstrated, though most of the trials were abortive. In the Turco-Russian war the Russians used them in five

attacks, which were conducted with the greatest bravery, but without the coolness and system necessary to the use of so scientific a weapon. They actually started two without removing the safety-pin which prevents an explosion. These were picked up uninjured by the Turks, who thus became possessed of the secret without paying for it. A knowledge of the mechanical devices used has therefore become public; but it would still be very difficult for any one to manufacture this torpedo without explanations and instructions from the inventor. The essential parts of the apparatus that controls the immersion are a hydrostatic bellows and a short, heavy pendulum swinging in the line of flight.

The Lay locomotive torpedo resembles its European congener in appearance, as it, too, is a cigar-shaped iron boat fitted with rudders and a propeller. It carries its own motive power, not in the form of compressed air, but in carbonic acid gas compressed to a liquid at a tension of nine hundred pounds to the square inch. It can, in consequence, make a much longer run; but its buoyancy increases as it advances. The distinguishing feature is that it carries a coiled electric cable, the end of which is retained at the station, while the cable is paid out freely from the boat when it moves. Through this all the operations of starting, steering, rising, sinking, and exploding the charge are effected by the electric current from a battery under the control of the operator.

The capabilities of the Lay torpedo, as claimed by the inventor, are as follows:

"It may be launched from the shore or from a vessel, and kept under observation and accurately guided to the point to be attacked, and exploded on contact, or at any moment desired." (It should be observed that its passage is just beneath the surface of the water, but that two slender masts project from it, on which lamps may be hung at night to indicate its position and direction.)

"It may be instantaneously and totally submerged to prevent its capture or destruction by the enemy, and it may be raised to the surface, as soon as the dan-

ger has passed, in a condition for immediate action.

"It may be used as a tug, or towing-boat, to take out a number of electric torpedoes, which can be dropped at any point and exploded when desired."

The Lay-Haight torpedo, which is also owned by our government, differs somewhat from its original in form, and has a special apparatus to prevent the rapid cooling of the carbonic acid, induced by its great expansion, and which, if not guarded against, would mask the engine in ice. It makes easily a run of two miles, and requires only a single conductor, whereas the original Lay required a cable of four insulated wires. The means by which the different effects, including exploding, are accomplished by a single current are very ingenious, and comprise what is known to electricians as the "step and step apparatus."

Movable torpedoes are like the wasp, in that the use of their weapon is fatal to themselves, so that every shot will cost at least two thousand dollars. The great advantage of the American torpedoes is that, unlike the Whitehead, they do not require clear water between themselves and the enemy, but can be launched from the opposite side of the attacking vessel, or from behind a headland on shore, and directed in a circuitous course to the place where it is desired to exert their destructive powers. Again, an American locomotive torpedo can be used as a tug or sea-horse, to tow two brave men in a small boat, under cover of the night or fog, near the enemy, when the towing cable can be cast off and the torpedo guided on its course and fired by the electric cable. The Whitehead must be carried in a steam launch near the scene of action, since it runs at a high velocity, in a straight line only, and for a comparatively short distance. But, on the other hand, the Whitehead is self-contained, is easier to start in an emergency, and does not require the paraphernalia of wires, batteries, etc. Both have their peculiar advantages, and are adapted to different circumstances. The United States should own and build the Whitehead. It would be easy to re-invent it here, now that

the principle is known; but it would be cheaper, to say nothing of its being more honorable, to buy it from the inventors. With it and the Lay-Haight, in the hands of a trained body of men, we could meet an enemy outside of our gates.

To suppose that it would be possible for a hostile fleet to bombard Boston, or New York, or New Orleans, or any one of our seaboard cities, involves three hypotheses:

First, that we have not a supply of torpedoes and torpedo-material,—which is true at present. They, however, unlike armored war-vessels, could be built with great rapidity.

Second, that we lack naval officers of sufficient skill and practical experience to handle these complicated machines and their subtle and powerful agents, electricity and nitro-glycerine,—which is not true since the establishment of the torpedo-station in Newport harbor.

Third, that we lack naval officers of the coolness, courage, and judgment requisite to manage an instrument which calls for a high order of these qualities, since a single mishap may involve their own precipitate destruction,—which is not true, and never has been true since we were a nation.

From what has been said it is evident that the management of torpedoes in actual war must be intrusted to a trained corps. They must be specialists in a complicated and dangerous art, as well as officers of executive ability. They must have that practical familiarity with the use of their weapon without which the coolest judgment is apt to become paralyzed in an emergency. The government torpedo station on Goat Island, in Newport harbor, aims to furnish our naval officers with the requisite technical instruction. The manufacture of modern fuses and explosives, and the theory of all the systems of torpedo warfare, are taught to a select class every year. Most of the subjects are fully illustrated by actual working experiments. As a result, the *personnel* of our navy is leavened with a small body of expert torpedoists, who must be our

main reliance if it ever becomes necessary to defend our ports from modern men-of-war. The station is not fitted for the manufacture of torpedoes, nor of the electrical apparatus on a large scale. Indeed, such a station should be situated inland, where it would be safe from the enemy's iron-clads, for the torpedoes, when complete, could readily be carried by rail to any point on the seaboard. It is primarily intended as a practice-station, though it possesses the machinery requisite for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine on a small scale. There has also been erected here the most powerful and successful machine in the world for liquefying carbonic acid gas. The steel flasks in which it is stored for use in the Lay-Haight torpedoes are, in their way, a triumph of mechanic art. A flask fourteen inches in diameter and five feet long, containing two hundred and fifty pounds of this liquid, sustains an internal pressure equal to the weight of a column of iron five feet square and three hundred feet high. Yet the steel walls are less than one-quarter of an inch thick. To make a vessel imprisoning such a force safe and tight and light was a very difficult problem. Wrought iron proved utterly inadequate. Should one of these burst, a column of gas would rise from it like the Afrite from the fisherman's box, making a cloud of three thousand cubic feet. In fact, it is no contemptible torpedo itself, since several million foot-pounds of force are stored up in it.

In one element of torpedo outfit, and one, too, which could not be readily extemporized, we are as yet very deficient, and that is in swift steam launches for carrying out attacks, whether with spar or projectile torpedoes. The English builders excel in the construction of small steel boats, sea-worthy and capable of very high speed. The Continental navies are furnished with two classes of these, the No. 1 launch, one hundred feet long, and the No. 2 launch, sixty feet long. This last is intended to be hoisted in-board on a man-of-war. One of them has the distinction of being the fastest

vessel in the world, having attained, with a load, a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and running without noise. For bold dashing attacks with torpedoes, such boats are absolutely necessary, and should form a part of the navy of every nation that expects to receive the respect and command the influence that are accorded in this world to those who are able to supplement moral forces with the means of physical coercion. No feeling of national pride should prevent us from buying the results of foreign engineering skill, if we are too economical to spend money on the necessary experiments in our own dock-yards. The English, confident as they justly are in their own naval skill, do not hesitate a moment to buy of us a Herreshoff steam yacht, or any other invention which they think may embody novel and valuable ideas.

Torpedo warfare necessitates the use of the modern "high explosives," except perhaps in the case of stationary submarine mines, where large quantities of gunpowder can be placed in position at leisure. The radius of their destructive effect is so much greater, the shock from their explosion has so much more rending and shattering power, than is the case when gunpowder is used, that much smaller quantities are necessary, nor do they have to be placed so near the ship's side. Close confinement is not requisite to develop their force. They can be exploded with great effect on the surface of the water if in contact with the ship, where gunpowder would be comparatively harmless. A pound of gun-cotton detonated on a bar of railroad-iron in the open air tears it in two. Four hundred and thirty pounds of the same agent exploded under twenty-seven feet of water throws up a column eighty-one feet high and one hundred and thirty feet in diameter at the base. The force exerted is not only very great, but it is developed in such a short interval of time that it possesses the sudden, crushing, intense local effect of a blow. And yet it is produced by an elastic gas, and is the result of nothing more than a rapid chemical combination analogous to

what is going on slowly in every household fire.

Gunpowder and the nitro-glycerine compounds depend for their explosive powers on the peculiar properties of the same substance,—nitrogen gas,—and derive their stored-up force originally from the same source,—atmospheric electricity. The ocean on the bottom of which we live is made up of oxygen and nitrogen. Oxygen combines readily with every other element, so that in-doors or afield we shall not readily find anything that is not an oxide or combined with an oxide. Water, the oxide of hydrogen, covers the surface of three-quarters of the globe, and the oxides of silicon, calcium, aluminum, etc., make the walls and bottom of the basins in which the seas lie, and nine-tenths of the solid matter of the earth. Nitrogen, on the contrary, is an element of essentially weak affinities, which require strong provocation to arouse them. When an electric discharge takes place in the air, small quantities of oxygen and nitrogen unite in its track and form nitric acid. This falls to the earth, diluted by rain, and in the soil forms for the most part potassic nitrate, or saltpetre. From it gunpowder is made, or nitric acid is distilled, which, in one form or another, is the basis of all other explosives. Under the influence of the electric flash the nitrogen was packed into the one-thousandth part of its original volume. Its readiness to rupture the union and return to its gaseous form endows the nitrates with their power of exploding. In doing so they reproduce the lightning which gave them birth: so that the energy which drives a bullet from a gun is the same that was exerted during a thunder-storm many centuries ago.

Gunpowder is a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. When a spark causes the nitrogen and oxygen in a molecule of the saltpetre to fly apart, the oxygen finds an atom of carbon in the nearest grain of charcoal with which to unite, and the heat developed by this union adds greatly to the force developed. Nitro-glycerine is not a mixture, but a chemical compound. It is a yel-

low, viscous fluid made up of homogeneous molecules, each containing five atoms of hydrogen, three of carbon, nine of oxygen, and three of nitrogen, but the oxygen atoms are more closely linked to the nitrogen atoms than this subcombination is to the other members of the compound molecule. Every molecule is under enormous stress, and breaks up on the slightest disturbance of its balance. The breaking-up, or explosion, is a molecular decomposition and rearrangement, the oxygen going to the carbon and hydrogen, forming steam and carbonic acid at a high temperature, and leaving the nitrogen free. The fact that the action is inter-molecular gives it its instantaneous, violent character. When gunpowder is fired, the oxygen *must go out of its atomic sphere* to find an atom of carbon with which to unite. The molecules of any body, though infinitely small, are, no doubt, separated by spaces relatively great. Sir William Thompson has proved that if a drop of water were magnified till it should seem as large as the earth, the molecules would be "larger than a cricket-ball but smaller than a cannon-ball." Their diameters may bear the same relation to the spaces between them that the planets do to their orbits. The detonation of a pound of gun-cotton may, therefore, be accomplished in one-hundredth or one-thousandth part of the time required for the complete explosion of a pound of gunpowder. Possibly it is the only instance in the world of an absolutely instantaneous action, or one that takes place at a point in time.

A striking thing connected with molecular-acting explosives is that they each require a peculiar irritating cause to initiate the action. If nitro-glycerine is subjected to a blow, it explodes with great force, and all that is within a certain distance follows its example. If a hollow rod of glass has a drop of this substance on each end, the explosion of one drop will cause the other to explode at a much greater distance than if the rod were of metal, as if the effect were carried by a peculiar jar or vibration to which the glass is sensitive. Such an



explosion is called a detonation. When nitric acid is combined with cotton to form gun-cotton, the product is much less sensitive to a blow, and may be safely burnt slowly in the open air. But if a grain of fulminate of mercury be exploded near it, the gun-cotton detonates with terrific energy. When compressed into cakes, or when wet, it is not sensitive to the ordinary fulminate exploder, but can be detonated only by an explosion of dry gun-cotton which has been detonated by fulminate. Explosive gelatine, a compound of nitroglycerine, gun-cotton, and camphor, has very much the same peculiarities, and is one of the safest and most powerful agents. An instantaneous explosion taking place simultaneously in all the molecules of a body unlocks an infinite number of infinitesimal forces at the same instant, and seems to be the result of a sympathetic thrill, and not of a spreading of the action through the mass. Perhaps all compounds are subject to this sudden dissolution into gas if the proper irritating cause be applied; and some chemist may yet achieve a short-lived fame by detonating the earth and forming a new belt of asteroids.

It is a striking commentary on the ease with which inventions make their way in the nineteenth century that nitroglycerine, discovered by Sobrero in 1846, is now extensively employed, while gunpowder, invented by Marcus Gratius in the eighth century, notwithstanding that it would have given the nation that first practically realized its use an overwhelming advantage in war, did not become a determining element in national affairs till the reign of Henry the Seventh. Five centuries were required for the development of the flint-lock musket. Yet gunpowder was one of those inventions which are produced in perfection by their originator. Gratius even recommends the use of charcoal made from willow wood, and modern chemists have sought in vain for a better form in which the necessary carbon can be furnished.

The next war will be fought by chemists and machinists and electricians,

through the devices and compounds outlined above and others yet undiscovered. Americans, though not, as a rule, given to scientific research, are quick to make practical applications of scientific discoveries. Ingenuity in accomplishing an end by novel means is a national characteristic. Twice as many vessels have been destroyed by torpedoes in America as in all the rest of the world put together. The destruction is not a pleasant thing to recall, but it argues that we should not be bunglers in the use of submarine explosives if our coasts were to be defended. At all events, they will be our sole reliance. It seems to be our policy, as far as we can be said to have any policy, to allow other nations to make the expensive experiments of which we can reap the experience without incurring the outlay, to take it for granted that we shall not need to use modern armored men-of-war before they are superseded by new discoveries. Perhaps this is wise. We have the respect of the peoples of the Old World, why should we care for that of their governments? We do not participate in their armed neutrality. We have no "entangling alliances," nor "race sympathies," nor "balance of power," to serve as pretexts for war. If they will confine their action to their own continents, we will not interfere. If they come over here with hostile intent, we will endeavor to blow them up by machinery. Why should we not look forward to a century of peace, and take it for granted that the prophecy of Robert Fulton, the great originator of torpedoes, has come true? In a letter to Mr. Brents, of Virginia, he said, "Every reflection confirms my opinion that submarine mines must go to the annihilation of military navies, and, consequently, produce liberty of the seas, relieve us from all trouble and expense in foreign negotiations, and turn the whole genius of our people to the useful arts."

Such a result certainly would be a greater triumph for his invention than any number of men-of-war and their crews sent to the bottom.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON, JR.



## FOUR-FOOTED PRIZE-FIGHTERS.



A RELUCTANT TRIUMPHATOR.

IN Anglo-Saxondom circus-combats have gone out of fashion. The efforts of Bergh & Co. have promoted the introduction of less destructive, if not more instructive, amusements, though, as Herbert Spencer observes, all our more exciting pastimes are still prize-fights in disguise. But in the lands of the Latin races the undisguised form of the sport is still too popular to be illegal, and frequent enough to enable even unwilling spectators to convince themselves of one curious fact,—viz., that death in the arena must, on the whole, have been the least disagreeable way of crossing the Styx. It is the easiest death. The old Berserkers knew what they were about when they prayed to die in battle rather than in bed: in the heat of combat wounds are actually unfelt; excitement operates like an anæsthetic, and the fighter reels into Nirvana as in a trance. A rough-and-tumble fight is far more exciting than the ma-

chine-war of our modern armies, but even modern soldiers know that, in battle, injuries not involving the demolishment of a motive

organ often remain unnoticed till they announce themselves through exhaustion or such external symptoms as swelling and hemorrhage. After the repulse of Torres Vedras, Massena congratulated the survivors of his staff and vaunted himself bullet-proof, when the remark of a by-stander caused him to put his hand to his wounded forehead: "*Chien de Notre Dame! qu'est-ce que ça?*" said he with unfeigned surprise. Count Ranzau, the *Streithans*, "Rowdy Jack," as his comrades called him, once received three stabs before he knew that he was hurt; and in the battle of Ostrolenka, Kosciusko led his "scythe-brigade" till his horse was shot down, when, dismounting, he found himself crippled by a shot that had struck him an hour before,—merely through the boot-leg, as he had thought at the time.

Not all soldiers are volunteers, and cowards, as Shakespeare says, "die many

times;" but a circus-manager would have no difficulty in raising a regiment of bullies, from a count to a cock-bantam, not only willing but impatiently eager to try conclusions, with or without a referee. Marcus Aurelius provoked a fierce revolt by trying to compel the gladiators to fight with blunted swords (Xiphilin., l. xxi., 29), and four-footed champions with a rival in sight often fall upon the biped who tries to restrain them. Warfare is the normal medium of natural selection, and captive wild animals, of the carnivorous species particularly, need very little encouragement to accept a challenge.

An instinctive recognition of these facts, rather than of our ethical objections, seems to prevent semi-civilized nations from seeing anything wrong in a prize-fight. "*Volenti non fit injuria.*" They might think it disgraceful to plague a peaceful creature, but can see nothing objectionable in witnessing a display of natural combativeness. "*Que idea!*" exclaimed a Mexican whom Bishop Riley had taken to task for his cock-fighting proclivities. "*Que daño hay?*" They volunteer performances on every dung-hill: are they any the worse for having spectators?" The historian of "European Morals" (vol. i. p. 290) observes that in Spain an intense passion for bull-fights is quite compatible with a charitable disposition; and the Hindoos, with all their Buddhistic prejudices, are enthusiastic votaries of the cockpit. Beast-fights were the most popular amusements among the ancients. King Porus of India, who was probably either a Buddhist or a Brahman, entertained his conqueror with what the Spaniards would call a *gran matanza* of trained elephants. Nebuchadnezzar had his famous lion-pit; Prusias, the King of Bithynia, imported Indian tigers; and Antiochus Epiphanes kept a lot of fighting-bulls. But these private sports were dwarfed by the public *circenses* of Imperial Rome. Three hundred bears were let loose during the games of Claudius, three hundred lions and five hundred bears at the triumph of Hadrian, and at

the dedication of the Coliseum by Titus *five thousand* wild animals on a single day! (Magnin, "*Origines du Théâtre,*" pp. 449-453.) Tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, giraffes, and lions were imported in numbers that must have employed an army of hunters and trappers. The Numidian satraps were *ex-officio* agents for the Roman menagerie-dépôts (Friedländer, pp. 141-145), and the African proconsuls were specially instructed to keep a lookout for novelties, "*quidquid novum ex Africa:*" the big snake of Bagradas or an able-bodied unicorn would at once have made the fortune of its captors. Pliny's "Natural History" abounds with arena statistics, mingled with curious anecdotes and still stranger superstitions, though certainly no other zoologist had ever such opportunities for studying the nature and habits of wild animals.

During the Middle Ages the Spanish Moriscos were the best naturalists. Their intercourse with the Eastern Caliphate filled their cities with outlandish curiosities, and some of the princes of Cordova were great sportsmen: Abu Abdallah and Abdel Zagal used to import African lions and bait them with a special breed of mastiffs. Their Christian successors seem to have inherited that passion, and when the African *feræ* became scarce they found a good substitute in the half-wild bulls of the pastoral Sierras. The Andalusian *toros bravos* were at first baited with dogs, but the kings of Aragon introduced trained swordsmen, and bull-fighting then became a national passion. Saragossa, Malaga, and Madrid vied in the splendor of their *matanzas*, and at the end of the fifteenth century all the towns and larger villages, and even the wealthier convents, had their special bull-rings. Four successive popes tried in vain to stop the game. Some of them threatened excommunication; but they found that their *bulls* did not scare the toreros, and Gregory XIII. had actually to revoke his own edict: nay, the clamors of the Spanish clergy obliged Clement VII. to pass a special ordinance

legalizing bull-fights on church festivals! (Lecky's "History of Rationalism," vol. i. p. 308.) In the cities the matanzas went on as merrily as ever: Seville had a special school for toreros, and Philip the Second kept a torero guard and a chief court matador. Three hundred years of monk-rule and misfortune have not tamed this passion.

Cadiz, Cordova, Toledo, Medellin, Cartagena, and Alicante—mere beggar-towns, compared with their former splendor—still manage to get up a weekly matanza. No saint can hope to rival the popularity of a successful matador: the French publisher Hallerman made a fortune by chromotyping the portrait of the torero Perez. José Maria Perez began

his career as a Cartagena *canallon*, or circus-sweeper, and, in spite of his dissolute habits, died the richest man of his native town. His arrival in a bull-ring city produced a regular *furor*: merchants closed their offices and teachers their schools,\* disguised monks escaped from the convents and mingled with the lowest rabble to enter the arena unperceived, paupers pawned their last coat to raise the requisite *real*. A similar enthusiasm often gathers round a victorious bull. The chief advantage of the torero is not the clumsiness or the good nature but the stupidity of the average *toro*. A

\* "*Natura si furem expellas*, etc. Last August [1881] a Georgia moonshiner captured a wild-cat and brought it to Birmingham, Alabama. The dignitaries of that city assembled at the court-house and resolved by acclamation,—1st, to pit the cat against a certain town-dog; 2d, to celebrate the event by a general holiday. On the following morning all work was suspended, and the population of Birmingham formed a ring, while the mayor held the stakes. The cat won in two rounds." (*New York Weekly Herald*.)

Catalan bull can dodge and turn like a cat, but, for all that, can be taken in by tricks that would not fool a pig. Practice, however, makes him a ticklish customer, and a bull who has killed his man is in a fair way to become himself a matador. "If bulls could be trained," says the naturalist Azara, "they could be



THE RAJAH'S PET.

made as dangerous as a horseman armed with a pitchfork." But some toros contrive to train them-

selves, and the public love of excitement is then gratified with a vengeance. In 1835, in the midst of the civil war, a Barcelona bull became a municipal idol, the object of a regular Apis-worship. When he had killed five men and ten or twelve horses, the yard around his stable was thronged with devotees, though his keeper, fearing foul play, would admit no stranger to the interior of the sanctuary. After his last victory on the festival of San Antonio, the crowd went almost crazy with excitement, under deafening cheers and a continual shout of "*Bollos por el toro!*"—"Cakes for the bull;" a libation of *reals* came down like a shower, and when the victor was dragged out of the gate, a young girl, who had got a prize in a pantomime, leaned over the balcony and, at the risk of being impaled, crowned the gory brute with her own garland. This Apis was at last vanquished by the Aragon matador Zorrilla, who boasted that he had never invoked the aid of the *chulos* nor per-

mitted any beast to reduce him to defensive shifts.

Such matadors might change their tactics in Burmah, where wild elephants are pitted against horsemen and *cornacs* (elephant-riders) and often rout their trained relatives by the reckless fury of their attacks. A *cornac's* office is no sinecure: he has to stick to his seat while his *hutti* squirts and careers around like an exploding locomotive or encounters his adversary with the force of a catapult. Fighting elephants guard their trunks by doubling them up like a clinched fist, while using their heads like battering-rams, or they stand shoulder to shoulder, after the manner of fighting boars, and, after a prelude of sidelong pushes, suddenly hew away at each other with their tusks. There is not much danger of a general breakdown, for the legs of a full-grown elephant will sustain him in a collision that would ditch a four-horse team; but there are greater perils: the wild elephant may get the upper grip and pull the rider from his seat, or the trained *hutti* may "get mad." No elephant can be entirely trusted: the tamest of them are subject to tantrums, often most malapropos. During the progress of the duel the *hutti* seems to forget or ignore his rider; but if he has received a fatal wound the *cornacs* have to jump off and run for their lives, experience having shown that wounded elephants generally expire in a paroxysm of rage. The feeling of approaching death seems to inspire them with a sudden fury against the authors of their misfortune. A similar outbreak of savagery *in articulo mortis* has been observed in other animals: chacma baboons and tame panthers in their last hour often drop the mask of allegiance, like Lucius Vanini, "determined to die free."

Since the abolition of their cruel religious ceremonies, beast-fights seem to form the chief pastimes of the Hindostan princes. The largest walled circus of modern times is in Baroda, where the Guicowar has a special park with elephants, panthers, and rhinoceroses enough to get up a bi-weekly fight,—and no sham

fight, either (Louis Rousselet's "India," chap. vi.). He has a troop of drilled matadors,—“elephantadors,” as Rousselet calls them,—besides trainers and hunters, and has paid as much as eight hundred dollars for a good *hutti*.

Domesticated elephants, however, have to be fuddled with bangh to excite their combativeness, and their training is so expensive that rajahs of moderate means prefer prize-fighters *per naturam*,—panthers and wild boars. Ranjit Sing, the Maharajah of Dholepore, used to keep a park of picked tigers that were fed on live dogs and pitted against all the wild beasts his hunters could lay hands on. One of these tigers, an enormous brute with a head like an ogre, was presented to General Havelock, and thus found its way to Lucknow, but was finally sent back to the maharajah's successor, who had set his heart on having the best fighting-tigers in India. The last Nizam of Hyderabad had a tame cheetah that followed him in all his campaigns and enjoyed all the privileges of a court favorite; nay, Aga Muhamed, the Guicowar of Guzerat, kept a carnivorous horse, an unnatural brute, which once, in the presence of Professor Schlagintweit, knocked down a goat and devoured its udder before he could be driven off. Only his old acquaintances could manage him; strangers he was very apt to assail with his teeth, and the dogs which were sacrificed to his appetite he tore to pieces with the energy of a ravenous wolf. But a still more famous fighter was Black Jan, the pet of the Rajah of Samarang in Java. Jan was a Sunda panther, born in captivity, whose constant practice in the arena had endowed him with the nimbleness and bloodthirst of a ferret. His matchless skill in defending himself against adversaries of superior size often attracted the planters of the neighboring Dutch settlements, and even visitors from Batavia. A Batavia journal describes him as rather under-sized for an adult specimen of the *Pardus javanensis*, but remarkably stout-limbed, and "not agile but agility itself." Experience had acquainted him with the weak

points of all possible antagonists. A wild boar he demolished by leaping upon his back and belaboring his head with his claws, a bull by fastening his teeth in his throat. Dogs he fought in the regular cat-fashion,—by striking at their eyes and collaring them at the first opportunity. If a pack of them tackled him at the same time, he would retreat to a corner and keep them at bay till he saw a chance for a head-spring, his favorite trick on an enemy with a dislocable neck. Jan was the idol of Samarang; but the peasants of the neighborhood suspected his owner of witchcraft, and in the circus the restive visitors often broke out in groans when the "pet" made his appearance.

During the Middle Ages the nations of Europe vied in bull- and bear-fights and badger-baitings; but those times are past, and only on the lower Danube can such *circenses* still be carried on in public. In Eastern Hungary, where landed proprietors are permitted to select recruits and appoint their own tax-collectors, feudalism has still vitality enough to make every nobleman the king of his domain, and even in the neighborhood of Buda-Pesth the government does not interfere with national pastimes as long as the Magyars will forbear the more dangerous game of national politics. A two-horse *kutsche* with a trio of cavaliers crossing the Buda bridge of a Sunday morning generally means that there is *etwas los*,—something up,—some fun ahead on one of the up-river country-seats. The Carpathian Mountains still abound with wolves, and in the Bakony Wald wild-cats and wild boars are caught every week in the year. *Konök-Deresch*, or wolf-baiting, is a sport which has perhaps been imported from the region where the ancestors of the Magyars hunted the jackals of Imaus. They use a sort of lariat of untwisted strands of hemp or horse-hair that sink between the teeth of an animal trying to gnaw it. With a rope of that sort the wolf is fastened to a picket-stake by means of a ring that permits him to run round and round without entangling his tether. On the Danube curs are cheap, and if the wolf

proves a good fighter he may hope to live and fight another day, or even to advance to the rank of a household pet. If he turns tail, his fate overtakes him at the end of his tether, and his carcass is used to instruct young shepherd dogs in the higher branches of their profession. Near Pesth, where wolves are rare, the wild boars of the Bakony Wald act the leading rôle in the game of *Deresch*. On account of the peculiar formation of his neck, Lord Bacon cannot be tethered, so they turn him loose in a corral with an amphitheatre of hay-bales and reserved seats on the wood-pile. An old boar is by far a more dangerous customer than a wolf. A well-aimed cut of his knife-like tusks will rip a dog from neck to stern; but trained hounds checkmate that game by the "catch and vault" trick,—i.e., they grab the tusker's ear and jump over his back, and thus keep his head in chancery till hunters or comrades come to his assistance. Even in Hungary a good boar-hound is worth ten florins; but the Magyars are a magnanimous race, and if the boar contrives to vindicate the dignity of nature they are apt to reward him by an unconditional pardon,—i.e., to open the gate and let him depart in peace.

Now and then one of the Nagy Tassar, or "Big Squires," manages to get hold of a bear; and during my last visit in Buda Dr. S—— took me out to the Raitzen suburb, where a champion of that sort was on exhibition. We found a big, fat he-bear, whose owner had sent him down from Komorn, but, having neither a fit locality nor an opponent worthy of his prowess, they were not going to fight him, but merely to exhibit his fencing skill. The pest of Pesth is the brown rat. Legions of rats infest the 'longshore quarters, and every *Roskam* (livery-stable) has ratters for sale,—a sort of shaggy pinchers,—as aggressive as any bull-dog. Of these curs our host had a whole brigade, and nearly every one of his visitors had brought a recruit or two. We picked out eight of the pluckiest and ugliest,—worth about forty cents apiece. Before we let them



loose they had smelt the bear and scratched savagely at the door; but their simultaneous appearance did not disconcert Bruin in the least. He was taking his breakfast in the corner of an empty chamber, and when the door opened he did not even interrupt his meal, but with the utmost good humor flung the puppies against the wall as fast as they came on. They charged him again and again, but they did not "rile" him a bit: whenever we called his name he looked up with his mouth full of corn-cake or responded with a complacent grunt, while he attended to the dogs in a sort of absent-minded way as a man would to a swarm of flies. But, with all his nonchalance, he knew exactly what he was about: nearly every slap was a hit, and every hit did the business for that particular pincher. When four of them lay howling and grovelling in the opposite corner of the room, the rest became meditative and waited for special instructions before they renewed the combat. Like the victims of the Minotaur, they bayed him from a distance, jumping left and right, with an occasional advance whenever he licked the bottom of his breakfast-pail, for, though he could have routed them by a mere gesture, he did not think it worth his while. He sat down and began to lick his paws, till we were going to leave the room, when he got up and followed us to the door. The moment he turned his back the dogs made a dash, and one of them nabbed him from behind, but in the same instant, almost, he went spinning through the air and with a crash against the board of the opposite wall. The bear had turned like a shot and struck his assailant before a man could have lifted a stick. No boxer could have parried the electric suddenness of that blow, which was nevertheless delivered with the force of a sledge-hammer stroke, for the cur was at least a twelve-pounder, and his collision with the wall actually made the windows rattle. We whistled off three of the dogs, while their disabled comrades were left alone with their conqueror. But his was evidently not a rancorous soul: when we opened

the door half an hour after, he was sitting near the window licking one of the curs as a bitch would a lame puppy.

Even our big grizzly does not deserve his ferine reputation. A fellow combining the strength of an urochs with the claws of an ant-bear is naturally not disposed to put up with insults, but his habits in captivity prove that he prefers sweetmeats to flesh; and, though in stress of circumstances he stills his hunger without fear or ceremony, he never indulges in the wanton destructiveness of the panther. In the summer of 1879 a grizzly bear entered the enclosure of Alexander Presswood's farm, near Jacksboro', Texas, and helped himself to a quarter of venison that was hanging on the shady side of the farm-house. Near the back door a little boy had fallen asleep on a pile of wool, while his still younger sister was playing at his feet. Seeing the child move, the bear came up and examined it, and then sniffed around the head of the sleeping boy, who, suddenly awakening, started up and slapped the grizzly in the face. The bear retreated and trotted off toward the fence, closely followed by the boy, and, to the horror of his mother, whose attention had been attracted by his angry exclamations, the little fellow raised his foot and dismissed the brute with a farewell kick as he squeezed himself through the narrow gate.

The most truculent of all carnivorous animals is perhaps the little pine-marten or marten (*Mustela martes*), a creature about the size of a fox-squirrel, but capable of killing ten times his own weight in poultry before a squirrel could eat a nut. If one of them gets into a pigeon-house he is apt to make a night of it; i.e., he will butcher away till daylight interrupts him. Charles Sealsfield, who built himself a chalet near Brunnen, in Switzerland, once caught a pine-marten *in flagranti*, and, on inspecting the loft of his poultry-house, found forty dead turkeys and half a hundred chickens and pigeons. The murderer had contented himself with tearing their throats: some of the short-necked hens showed no visible injury, and all were in what a

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poulterer would call a marketable condition. Such wholesale destructiveness can sometimes be explained by the needs of a burrowful of hungry whelps; but pine-martens leave their victims where they drop; the female suckles her kittens till they can shift for themselves, and never brings any meat home. The

little wretches can be trained to fight, and will attack kids, hares, and even pigs; but, with all their bloodthirst, they are arrant cowards whenever they meet a less helpless creature: the mere sight of a dog is enough to scare them into a mouse-hole. In March the males fight with such a craziness of rage that they



"V.E. VICTIS."

tumble from the trees and roll around in the grass, where they have sometimes been killed with a common cudgel. Sealsfield describes a combat of such duellists. They chased each other round and round a tree, through hollow roots and bushes, squeaking, hissing, and barking, and every now and then clapperclawing and snapping away like little wild-cats. His repeated intervention merely caused them to confine

their scuffles to the higher branches, but after each round they raced up and down the tree and often whisked by within two or three yards of his feet. Fighting-cocks are even more tenacious, and the Alpine ruff, or rock-plover (*Fringa pugnax*), is often captured during the progress of his desperate monomachies. But birds lack the vindictiveness of four-footed prize-fighters. If a fighting-cock gets killed, it is mostly

on account of his own obstinacy in preferring death to the alternative of saving himself by flight; but a marten has to fight it out willy-nilly,—the victor generally kills his rival. Besides answering the purposes of natural selection, such honeymoon combats may serve to check the increase of noxious creatures that have no natural enemies to pay them in their own coin. Being semi-nocturnal, and excellent runners, swimmers, diggers, leapers, and climbers, martens are very hard to exterminate, and would become a worse nuisance than rats if the progenitors of the species did not attend to each other. Their relatives the European ferrets are the implacable foes of the whole rodent species. The formation of a ferret's body is wonderfully adapted to facilitate its special business. It attains a length of two feet and a weight of five or six pounds, but the whole body can be drawn through a napkin-ring. The legs are very short and remarkably far apart; the occiput tapers toward the neck, and the rump toward the tail; a full-grown ferret can squeeze its head through a rat-hole, and where the head goes the rest of the body follows like a caudal appendage. No other mammal bears such a striking resemblance to a snake. In proportion to his size, an old ferret is an amazing tough customer, and can be trained to clean out a whole rabbit-colony and drag the settlers out of their holes; and that seems, after all, his proper vocation, for in the rat-business he is rather liable to "get stuck,"—i.e., to squeeze himself into a hole with a tight place where he can neither advance nor retreat, and thus risks falling a prey to his intended victims, which are not slow to take advantage of his "fix."

Like bears, dogs are by nature far less savage than the *felides*, and yet it is from the canine species that artificial selection has evolved the ultra-type of reckless ferocity. The boldness of a bull-dog is different from that of any other wild beast: *courage* is not the word to describe his disposition: he is not satisfied with defending himself or his master, he is not stubbornly valiant

merely, but blindly aggressive, combative from a sheer love of combat, without the least regard to the merits of the cause or the advantages of the result. The mere sight of a stranger—biped or quadruped—is enough to throw him into a fit of that fury which *hashish* is said to produce in the human animal; he is in a chronic state of *furor litis*, ready to run amuck at the first opportunity. Under a real provocation this truculence rises to a perfect frenzy: in his efforts to break his tether, an angry bull-terrier will tear the hide of his neck into shreds or snap his teeth on an iron chain, and, if he can break loose, danger will count for nothing against the rage of glutting his revenge. The prospect of certain death may be said to have no terrors for a thorough-bred fighting-dog. Spanish wolf-dogs will successively rush upon a bear whose paw has smashed every comer at the first blow. A Danish mastiff will go headlong upon a man with a levelled shot-gun. Nay, Baron Gaisner, a well-known Vienna sportsman, laid a wager that his rat-terrier would tackle a big blood-hound; and at the word of command the little dog won the bet by losing his life.

Some farm-dogs do not even wait for commands to fly at every stranger passing their premises. Three years ago a large panther escaped from a menagerieman who had pitched his tents near Lansing, Michigan. Toward evening the deserter appeared at the door of a wayside smithy some three miles south of Lansing. The smith flung a piece of coal at his head, and the panther trotted off, and was passing the fence of an orchard, when a vicious-looking cur leaped over the enclosure and without a moment's hesitation fell upon the refugee, who was peacefully jogging along toward Ann Arbor. "Three seconds later," says the *Detroit Press*, "any liberal man would have given five dollars to know what that dog thought of himself."

Old fighters, however, generally know what they have to expect, and go it headlong,—

Den Bären gleich, die keine Wunde scheuen,—  
taking and giving wounds with equal

recklessness. There are animals of such thick-headed stolidity that their fortitude needs not much stoicism; but next to a monkey a dog is nearly the most sensitive of all vertebrate creatures, and his power of endurance under certain circumstances can be explained only by the anæsthetic influence of excitement. Maimed, blinded, and disembowelled, a boar-hound will yet stick to his foe with the tenacity of a snapping-turtle, and an English bull-dog will fight while he can stir, resolved to yield only in yielding his life.

Dog-fights are represented on the bas-reliefs of Persepolis, and formed probably the earliest pastime of the pastoral Aryans. *Hund* (hound) was a favorite cognomen of the ancient Germans, who prized valor as the supreme virtue; the four-footed fighter *par excellence* became the companion of the biped warrior, and only among the Semitic nations the aversion to the uncleanness of man's truest friend outweighed this partiality. The Saracens shared that prejudice; on the treeless plains of their native country, where every herder is a horseman and hunters can see their game from afar, dogs are, indeed, less indispensable; but the Spaniards valued a stanch dog above a fleet horse, and were the first to breed those big blood-hounds that proved their terrible efficacy in the conquest of the New World. The race of the Caribs that inhabited the east coast of Central America and the larger islands of the West-Indian Archipelago was almost exterminated by these domestic beasts of prey. Davila Pedrarias invaded Panama with three hundred troopers and forty mastiffs that had been trained to fight in ranks and used to charge in the van of the squadron; and Navarete quotes as the lowest estimate that, in Cuba alone, the blood-hounds of Victor Holgar killed four thousand natives in a single year! Balboa's famous "Adjutant," Leonico, was a gigantic butcher-dog that could kill an Indian as a terrier would despatch a rat. This monster wore a coat of mail, and, in the opinion of his master, was worth any ten cuirassiers in the Spanish army, for in the

three campaigns against the Honduras hill-tribes he had rid the "king's dominions" of more than two hundred rebels. During the last year of his eventful career he drew the pay of a color-sergeant, and used to be carried on horseback to economize his valuable strength. The Indians hated him like a were-wolf, and their cazique had offered a large prize for his head, but that cursed cuirass always saved his life till a well-aimed arrow hit him in the eye; and if he went to where he belonged, his brother Cerberus could apply for a furlough.

The "Aragon hounds" of Northern Mexico are supposed to be the descendants of this breed. Their wild life in the Sierra has added something wolfish and outlandish to the savageness of their appearance, but they lack the stubborn courage of their ancestors, and I have seen one of them beaten by a common tramp-dog. Among the Mexican sportsmen the excitement of a dog-fight is enhanced by a subjective interest. They all bet. Bets, moreover, have to be paid on the spot, and the backers of a losing brute often revenge themselves after the manner of true savages, though they would probably call it the old Roman fashion. In a Puebla museum I was once looking at a panorama of the famous circus-scene, where the spectators, *pollice verso*, are clamoring for the death of a fallen gladiator; but a Mexican caballero, after listening to the comments of my companion, suggested that these clamors might be justified by the *disappointment of the heavy betters*,—for the prostrate hero looked really twice as large as his victor. Two months after, I realized the meaning of the caballero's remark. The burghers of Medellin had got up a *gran funcion* between a young bear and a butcher-dog. The bear, being more than half grown, was largely the favorite, but, after an obstreperous scuffle of ten or twelve minutes, skill prevailed over brutal strength, and the backers of the vanquished plantigrade avenged their loss by giving him a terrible beating.

Dogs do not eat their conquered foes, as bears, and even boars, are apt to do;

but it is a curious fact that they fight best after a long fast. It *whets* their mettle, as sportsmen express it. Frederick the Great found one consolation in the vandalism of the Russian invaders,—it exasperated his men; and a *bona fide* fast seems to produce a similar effect. In the Rhamadan season strict Moslem's eat only every other day, and Burckhardt advises strangers to approach them on those *other* days: starving, instead of improving their temper, puts them into an aggressive mood. The famished anchorites of the Nitrian Desert were dreaded like so many wild beasts; "maceration," as they called it, may have answered its purpose in subduing some other propensities, but it certainly excited their combativeness; and I have often wondered if it would not be a good plan for a commanding officer on the eve of a battle to order a general fast-day, with a promise of double rations after the *Te Deum*. The well-fed Medes were beaten by the starved Persians, six Roman generals by Spartacus with his hungry outlaws, the Visigoths by the Saracens, the Austrians by the Sans-Culottes. The heroes of the Crimea were perhaps too outrageously starved, but the feat of Balaklava would hardly have been achieved by a *full* brigade; and I cannot help thinking that even the efficiency of our Dixie mamelukes had something to do with the deficiencies of their commissariat.

In North America, too, "dog-fights in a ring" are still very popular, and more frequent than Mr. Bergh may imagine. But the most passionate devotees of the sport are the burghers of the Dutch seaport towns. "A sad comment," etc.; but, as Mr. Bruce's boy remarked, "People wants to have some fun." North Holland is getting rather barren of out-door sports; in a land of truck-farms fox-hunts are out of the question, wild ducks are getting scarce, and every game-preserve is watched like a young ladies' seminary. And, besides, though the Hollanders have ceased to be a conservative nation, many of their by-laws still date from a time when prize-fights were patronized by princes and priests,

and the Amsterdam jonkers need not go very far out of town to indulge in things which in England could be explained only by the sheriff's "connivance with both eyes."

"*Sog, wo zal hij stryten?*" ("Where is he going to fight, I wonder?") is a frequent remark on meeting a fair specimen of the *gryffhond*, a sort of mastiff,—nobody doubting that the *hond* is kept for fighting purposes. A rendezvous in Muidenhaven means generally an invitation to a dog-fight. Northeast of the main harbor extends a long line of private wharves, flanked with promenades and villas and here and there with public restaurants. A special variety of these restaurants is the *gardenhuys*,—a tavern licensed to dispense refreshments, but without a sign-board, and therefore safe against the intrusion of unintroduced strangers,—a sort of club-house, with a *factotum* president. The proprietor of a gardenhuys generally keeps a ten-pin alley, often a cockpit, and sometimes a pigeon-shooting-gallery, but nearly always a dog-ring. He keeps fighting-dogs of all kinds, gryffhonds, terriers, and pinchers, but permits his guests to make his ring the arena of their private honds. Some of these fighting-dogs have achieved a national reputation. The competition for the puppies of a favorite gryffhond rivals the wrangle over the bulbs of the famous tulips of old, and the professional fanciers keep regular blue-books of dog-pedigrees. A fighting-dog does not lose caste by being overpowered in one or two rounds: only death, a permanently disabling wound, and the refusal to "come to the scratch," constitute an absolute defeat. Even a defeated hond, though his rank is lost, may recover a *quasi* prestige by killing his adversary in the next fight; but there are dog-dynasties that have preserved a clean record for five or six generations; and in Amsterdam my brother once procured me an introduction to the most invariably triumphant warrior of his age,—Klaas, the *Koning*, a mastiff of doubtful descent, but of a most indubitable superiority over all his living rivals. His owner, a choleric old



skipper, had inherited him from a relative who took no interest in pedigrees, but the Koning's victories had founded a new peerage, and his descendants began to eclipse the *ci-devant* aristocracy of the neighboring towns. The "King" deserved his rank. He had never lost a fight. His owner had pitted him against boars, bulls, and several of the outlandish brutes which the Dutch colonies inflict on the mother-country, but he had never failed either to kill or to rout his foe. His triumphs became such foregone conclusions that the bets were chiefly *against time*,—wagers on his ability to crush his foe in more or less than so many minutes. In 1875, Klaas had been king for three years, and his courtiers became so numerous that his master got tired of their visits and sent him every Sunday to an inn on the Prinzengraacht, where he received callers from nine to eleven A.M. No pasha of nine tails could have displayed more conscious dignity. At home Klaas had the reputation of being the laziest dog in North Holland, but in the hotel he declined to sit down. He seemed to know that the guests had come for his sake, and kept walking up and down with a leonine strut, now and then vouchsafing to accept the homage of a new visitor or to acknowledge the greeting of an old acquaintance. Strange dogs he received with a stiff *grandezza*. He refused to permit them any familiarities, but sometimes scrutinized the big ones with a sort of professional interest. They took care to give him a wide berth. Klaas weighed two hundred pounds, but there was not an ounce of superfluous tissue under his hide, unless a number of welt-like scars could be considered expletive. Toy-terriers, though, will rush in where not angels only but bull-dogs would fear to tread, and there were cases on record of several puny yelpers having done their utmost to provoke the King's wrath. On such occasions his majesty would pretend to be asleep; but if his assailant insisted on waking him, he would look up, not at the cur, but at the cur's master: "Couldn't you save me the necessity of demeaning myself?"

Down-town he had sometimes been attacked by a junta of street-dogs, but it wasn't quite easy to scare him. When he crouched for a spring there was something in his look that rarely failed to make the front ranks unpopular, and the allies generally retreated in time to save their vertebrae. "I wouldn't mind pitting him against any two dogs in Holland," his master told me, "but there is one thing I am afraid of: he has a weak spot, a bad scar under his left jaw, and by the way he fights I see that he knows it. Against one dog he can hold his own in spite of that, but two—if one of them should manage to collar him from the left, I do not know what mightn't happen. There is a dog in Groningen, they say, can beat him," he added in a confidential whisper, "a butcher-dog from Helderdam, but, unless he is the devil himself, I guess Klaas knows a trick or two that will stop their bragging."

At home the Koning passed the larger part of the day behind the *Kacheloven*, the great brick stove that still warms the dwelling of the orthodox Hollander, and burglars could have abstracted the rugs from under his very nose. Klaas never interfered in domestic affairs, and even disdained to beg for soup-bones: he knew they could not afford to starve him. But on the day of battle he was a changed dog. They used to take him out in an open cart, and from the moment they left the stable Klaas would stand bolt upright, uttering now and then a deep-mouthed bark that became fierce and defiant as the cart approached the gardenhuys. In the arena he seemed to act on Prince Eugene's principle,—that "there is profit in offensive operations." He never waited for an attack, and, being himself a consummate master of that art, never permitted his adversary to take an unfair advantage. Generosity and fear were equally foreign to his nature. A stumbling foe was promptly overthrown, a prostrate one at once torn into pieces. He knew no mercy. He was a perfect beast of prey, and nothing else. And, with all his audacity, he had not the foolhardiness of a bull-dog. Unknown animals he studied before he

attacked them. They once pitted him against a wanderoo, or Cingalese baboon, a brute with the face of a gargoyle and the mane of a lion. Klaas kept as still as a mouse, and, with his tail stiffly erect, walked round and round the ring and scrutinized the phenomenon. He did not like the cunning eyes of the half-man, but somehow or other he made up his mind that, whatever the creature might be, he was no fighter, and, slowly contracting his circle, he suddenly and without the least warning sprang upon

the stranger and massacred him on the spot, though the monkey nearly pulled the ears out of his head.

Klaas fought about once a month. He did not always come off unscathed, but, though he got sundry desperate ribs, he somehow contrived to preserve his anatomic integrity. Three years ago he was as popular as ever, and, unless that Groningen hond has managed to collar him from the left, he probably still holds his levees on the Prinzengraacht.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

### THE HOSPITAL BIRD.

A BREATH of joy, sweet bird,  
A solace to each prisoner of pain,  
A pledge of hope returning, is thy strain  
Through the long watches heard.

The soul in sleepless sighs,  
Or else of dreams, through panting hours, the prey,  
Hails in thy voice a prophecy of day  
Ere yet the darkness flies.

The tender babe, new-born,—  
The dying mother, startled by its wail,—  
The fevered brow,—the cheek of madness pale,—  
The bosom rest-forlorn,—

Each, with emotion strong,  
Heaves through the billowed agonies of night,  
Whilst over them, a glittering foam of light,  
Drifts thy unshadowed song.

How vast its influence sweet!  
How small the voiceful compass of thy throat,  
Whereof each silver, scintillating note  
A thousand blessings greet!

Teach me the power divine  
Some light o'er dark humanity to fling,  
Some song of hope celestial to sing,  
Dear to all hearts as thine.

JOHN B. TABB.

## IN A FLORIDA CRACKER'S CABIN.

SITTING here in my arm-chair to-night, with pictures of the past rising and fading away before my mind's eye, I see many things I wish I could not see, I remember many things I would fain forget. Above all does the memory of a night in a Florida cracker's cabin thrust itself upon me, and will not be banished by the cheerful blaze of the fire at my feet, or be wafted away in the fragrant smoke of my cigar. I will tell you the story, although I know full well that if you be an intensely practical personage you will laugh and dub me a sentimental old fellow.

My daughter and I were in Florida for the winter. Jacksonville, with its big hotels and its Saratoga-like air of fashion, wearied us, and we went to St. Augustine; but there, also, we were haunted by women in Paris gowns and men in London coats. Perhaps my daughter and I have a touch of the savage lingering in us; but, be that as it may, we certainly longed for the "pathless woods," for the "forest primeval."

Now, a friend of mine, a New York physician of sporting tastes, had given me the address of a shooting-box on the west coast of Florida, and had told me that, although it was in a wilderness, the inn was kept by very decent people, and that there was nothing to prevent my daughter going thither, provided she did not mind "roughing it" a little. My daughter had roughed it before, and now professed no objections to roughing it again: so one pleasant day in March we bade our friends in St. Augustine adieu, and, having embarked on the extraordinary small steamboat rejoicing in the name of the "Okahumkee," started on a voyage up the Ocklawaha.

Even stranger and more surprising than its name is this river yecept the Ocklawaha. It is indeed nothing but a deep channel in a swamp, so narrow that in some places our little boat scraped against the cypresses and water-

oaks that grew up out of the water on either side, and so winding and tortuous that it was like sailing in the tracks of a drunken, reeling water-goblin. Sidney Lanier calls it "the sweetest water-lane in the world,—a lane which runs for a hundred miles of pure delight betwixt hedge-rows of oaks and cypresses and palms and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine-growths; a lane clean to travel along, for there is never a speck of dust in it, save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies; a lane which is as if a typical woods ramble had taken shape, and as if God had turned into water and trees the recollection of some meditative stroll through the lonely seclusions of his own soul."

This description floated through my mind as I sat on the bench that encircled the pilot-house and watched the progress of the "Okahumkee" through the water. I had almost written *trees*, for it was hard to believe that we were not sailing over dry ground and through a forest. Often I thought, as I do sometimes when I am driving along a narrow country road, "Suppose we should meet a wagon coming toward us?"

It seemed to me that if we should meet a boat, either it or our "Okahumkee" would have to climb a tree. I made a remark to this effect to our negro pilot, whereat he smiled broadly.

"We has one or two passin'-places," he replied. He could not devote much time to conversation, for he was fully occupied with guiding the boat around corners so sharp as almost to be angles. He did it very skilfully; but he could not prevent the "Okahumkee" from going full tilt into the shore every now and then. There would be a soft, crushing sound, as the keel of our little boat slid smoothly up a gentle mud-bank, a crackle as it poked its intrusive nose among the reeds and bushes, and then the pilot would call out, "Dar we is ag'in!"

Instantly half a dozen darky deck-hands would rush to the prow, and, by means of long poles, assist the reversed paddle-wheels in persuading the "Okahumkee" to resume the channel. The first time we ran ashore, the passengers—a half-dozen perhaps in all—were frightened, and, I believe, one lady was so alarmed that she remained in the cabin for the rest of the voyage and read the Bible. But no amount of Bible-reading could straighten out the Ocklawaha, and we ran ashore again and again, and finally came to look upon it as an ordinary incident of travel. We even grew used to seeing the alligators, black, ungainly shapes, that, at the approach of the steamer, tumbled awkwardly off into the water and swam slowly away. When night came on, a fire of pine chips was kindled on top of the pilot-house, and the flames lit up the channel and cast a lurid light among the trees that stood tall and gaunt on either side and whose branches almost met overhead. Sometimes a great bird would start up from its nest and flap heavily away. One of these birds had an unearthly mournful cry. I asked the pilot what bird it was.

"Dey calls it a limpin," he replied, straining his eyes, as he spoke, to see ahead into the mysterious, winding channel. "Lille mo' light!" he called out, and the man overhead put a fresh pine log on the fire, that, blazing up brightly, made every tree stand out clear and distinct.

Meanwhile, one of the group of negro deck-hands at the prow had begun to sing a plaintive melody, a sort of hymn; but, breaking off suddenly, he rolled out the gayest tune imaginable, although this seemed to be a hymn too. One of the verses was,—

If religion was a thing that money could buy,  
The rich would live and the poor would die.

Then came a chorus that was taken up by all his companions,—

Oh, I'm troubled, I'm troubled about my soul!

There were either a great many verses to this hymn, or else the soloist had a knack at improvisation, for even after I had gone to my state-room for the night

I heard the refrain ringing out melodiously from time to time,—

Oh, I'm troubled, I'm troubled about my soul!

On awaking the next morning, I found that the steamer had stopped, and, peering through the port-hole, I saw that we were made fast to a wharf. I caught a glimpse of two or three frame cabins, and beyond them a thin pine forest. I knew then that we had arrived at Silver Springs, the head of navigation on the Ocklawaha. The hamlet takes its name, of course, from some marvellous springs that bubble up out of the earth and expand into a sort of pond. Looking down into the clear depths, I could see fish darting hither and thither in water that was perfectly transparent, but tinted a brilliant blue-green as rich and vivid as the changing hues of a peacock's tail in the sunshine.

It was at this place that we bade adieu to the mocking-bird. Whether these birds haunt the inland forests I do not know; but certainly the last I heard was here. He was perched up in a lofty tree, and was pouring forth song, chatter, and what sounded very like laughter. It was hard to believe that this was the same bird I had heard a day or two before at St. Augustine, singing so sweetly and sadly in the moonlight that the strain was as melodiously melancholy as a nightingale's. The poets have neglected the mocking-bird; but I often think that Heine would have understood him and delighted in him who is indeed himself the Heine of the tree-tops, for, though mocking, deriding, ridiculing his fellow-songsters, he can be as tender and loving in his notes as the man who wrote,—

Du bist wie eine Blume.

I once read somewhere a sonnet, written by I know not whom, which portrays the bird better than any other verse I know:

#### TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods, thou motley fool,  
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?  
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule  
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.  
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,

To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
Arch-scoffer and mad Abbot of Misrule,  
For such thou art by day; but all night long  
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,  
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song,  
Like to the melancholy Jaques, complain,  
Musing on falsehood, violence, and wrong,  
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

Forgive me. It is an old man's fault to wander, and the mocking-bird has carried me far away from the lonely depths of Florida to the heights of Parnassus. Indeed, I was listening to his

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,

when a large, old-fashioned barouche, drawn by two gaunt horses, one a hand higher than the other, emerged from the pine woods. This was the equipage that was to take us to Ocala, a town in the interior. Our driver, a grizzled, rheumatic old fellow in a faded red-and-yellow livery, told us that the carriage had formerly belonged to a rich planter who had lived in the neighborhood "be-foah de wah." He told us, too, where and when the carriage had been bought, and how much it had cost, and then added mournfully, "De kerrige was Mass' Clifton's kerrige, and I was Mass' Clifton's nigger. Ain't much left o' kerrige nor nigger no more!"

Poor old fellow! I can see him now, sitting up on the box of the rickety barouche, the rags of his red-and-yellow livery fluttering forlornly in the breeze, and his beaver hat showing itself rusty and dented in the bright sunshine. He was proud of us,—for he said that any one could see we were not "poor white trash;" and when we reached Ocala, and drew up before the long, low wooden tavern, he straightened his rounded back out and cracked his whip so bravely that all the pigs and pickaninnies ran squealing out of the dusty road.

We stayed at this tavern over Sunday, and on Monday started for our long drive across-country to the Gulf coast. The wagon we had hired, which was of the description known as "lumber-box," drew up before the door at nine o'clock. Our guns, fishing-rods, trunks, etc., were stowed away, we took our seats, and, amid good-byes from the

loungers on the tavern-piazza, drove off almost as triumphantly as we had come.

For a while there was a sort of road, and we passed houses from time to time, but soon the houses degenerated into negro-cabins, few and far between, and the road became, as our driver said, "mighty dim." This driver struck me as a surly, close-mouthed fellow. I could not understand his sullen taciturnity,—a taciturnity that was proof against attempted conversation and even a cigar; for negroes, and especially negroes in the South, are full of fun and guffaw. But at last my daughter called my attention to his hair. It was as black as coal, but straight as a clay pipe-stem; and by and by, when he turned about, I noticed that his nose was a well-cut aquiline and that his lips were thin. As my daughter had surmised, this man was a good deal more Seminole Indian than negro. In spite of the assurances of the hotel-keeper that the man was a good guide and trustworthy, I felt a slow suspicion creep over me. There we were, a gouty old fellow and a girl of twenty, in the wilderness of a Florida pine forest, with a surly Indian-negro for our sole guide, philosopher, and friend. To add to my unpleasant sensations, the road grew so "dim" that at last the traces of wheels were hardly more distinct than the traces of a baby-carriage rolled over a lawn. There was nothing to prevent us from driving in any possible direction, for there was no underbrush, and the tall pines grew up at intervals almost as regular as the pillars in a cathedral. Indeed, looking down some of these long aisles, we could see the trees meet in the distant perspective. Under-foot there was only a thin, short grass, and this was often burnt away cleanly and completely by forest-fires. We saw these fires running here and there through the grass, following a line just beside our wagon. There was no danger,—the grass was too thin for that,—but it looked unpleasant to us, although the horses regarded it no more than if it had been a babbling brook, and the driver said concisely that it was "no 'count 't all." Sometimes, however, the flames would



twist up and around a tall pine, burning the bark off and leaving the tree naked and scarred. The rustle of the fire in the grass was the only sound. Adown the long vistas we saw droves of deer galloping along, sometimes pausing in their flight to look at us for an instant, and then leaping away again faster than before. A man on horseback could have followed them easily enough; and how delightful it would have been to run a horse through that wood, leaping now a tree-trunk in the path and now a little ribbon of fire in the grass, while ahead the deer scurried away in alarm! Please note that I said a man on horseback could have *followed* the deer easily enough: I said nothing about catching them.

A halt at noon for dinner, and then on again, this time in silence, for both my daughter and I had grown weary and were content to jog on without a word, while the day faded slowly away and twilight set in.

We had been told of a house to stop at for the night, and our driver had declared that he had been over the road often before, and knew the house as well as if it had been his own; but I noticed that he guided his horses in an undecided way, and he finally stopped a man who was passing by on horseback and asked the way to Mortimer's. The man gave him some directions, whereupon our driver turned his horses square about, and we went back in our tracks, and plodded on stolidly as before. Twilight faded into night, and the moon rose clear and cast her bright, unearthly light through the pine-trees. Suddenly a figure on horseback was seen coming slowly toward us, and a man with a big sombrero drawn down over his eyes drew up beside the wagon.

"Wha's Mortimer's?" said our driver.

The man on horseback surveyed us in silence for a full minute. We could just see his gaunt, unshaven face in the moonlight. "Ye're on the wrong road," said he deliberately.

"I reckoned so," said our guide.

Then came another silence. A big bird flapped heavily out of a nest over

our heads. It was as still as the grave, and just about as cheerful.

"Where the devil is Mortimer's?" said I sharply.

"'Bout five mile further on," replied the man on horseback. "You must go back till you come to a swamp, then pull sharp round to the right, and keep straight ahead till you come to a house. That's Mortimer's. Evenin'." And he rode slowly away.

Accordingly, we turned about again, and went on and on until the swamp stretched out before us. The moon shone bright over the black, shallow waters, in the midst of which stood a tall, solitary crane, poised on one long leg, its head huddled down among its feathers. At our approach, it stretched out its thin neck and turned slowly to look at us, then, with a sublime indifference, resumed its former attitude of statuesque repose.

It seemed hours after passing the swamp and its lonely, cynical tenant when our driver reined up his horses and said, without so much as turning toward us, "This is Mortimer's."

I rubbed my eyes and looked, and saw a fair-sized log cabin standing in a small clearing. The door of the cabin opened, and disclosed two figures silhouetted against the light of a fire that gleamed bright through the room. These figures remained motionless a minute, then they advanced slowly toward us.

"Mr. Mortimer?" I began interrogatively. I heard a soft laugh.

"Our name is Spooner," came the reply in a man's voice.

Whereat my daughter spoke up quickly. "We are belated travellers," said she: "will you give us lodging for the night?"

"We're mighty poor," came the reply again, this time in feminine accents; "but you're right welcome to what we've got."

The man, meanwhile, had let down the bars, and without a word more we drove into the clearing, amid the baying of a hound and squealing of pigs. We alighted, and were led by our hosts

toward the house, which was built up on piles, and in the space beneath I caught a glimpse of the pigs that had taken refuge there at our approach.

The man helped my daughter up the irregular steps that led to the door of the cabin, while the woman rendered me a like service. We found ourselves in a fair-sized room, with a great cavern of a fireplace yawning open at one end. On the gleaming ashes the woman laid a pine log, that blazed up brightly and cast a dazzling light through the cabin. I looked at our hostess with curiosity as she stood there by the fire, for the few words she had spoken had been so gentle that I wondered whether her face corresponded. The blazing fire showed her to be a tall, slim creature, with hair, skin, and eyes of one shade of brown. She looked like a doe.

"Ye're mighty hungry, I reckon," said she, as she motioned us to seats by the fire.

"No," answered my daughter; "we brought plenty to eat with us."

I detected the anxiety in my daughter's voice, and I knew that she feared a Florida banquet more than she did the Ku-Klux Klan. "You must not trouble yourself to prepare a meal," I added.

Then the man, who was sitting back in the shadow, laughed in his sleepy way and came forward by the fire. There was nothing of the desperado, of the cut-throat, in his face. It was almost childish in its innocence. "Ye don't suppose we'd let ye go to bed empty, do ye?" said he, with a broad smile. "We don't hev many visitors down this way, but we ain't forgot how to treat 'em when they do come: hev we, Jane?"

"I reckon not," echoed Jane gently. She had been busy among some pans and kettles that stood in a dark corner, but now she glided out into the firelight and took up a position beside her husband. They gazed at us and we at them in utter silence for a long minute. Finally the woman leaned forward and touched my daughter's cheek. "What do you put on your face to make it so white and red?" she said naively.

My daughter laughed. "Nothing at

all," said she. Naturally fair-skinned, the Southern sun had burned a bright-red patch in each cheek. The woman gazed at her incredulously; then she moved softly away and brought a basin of water out of a dark corner. She dipped her apron into it and washed my daughter's face vigorously; but the more she rubbed the redder it grew. The man laughed. "There ain't nothin' there," said he. "The gals where she comes from ain't so brown as our gals be."

The woman with a little sigh returned the basin to its corner. "I never see anythin' like onto it," said she, taking up her old position by the fire and gazing at my daughter with renewed interest. She seemed to recollect something after a while, for she retreated to the dark recess once more, returning soon with a large kettle, which she hung over the fire. Into this kettle she poured a quantity of water, and then with another sigh seated herself by the fire and began peeling potatoes. The man in his corner stroked his beard solemnly and said not a word,—only gazed at us. The water began to sing in the kettle, and outside the rising wind soughed through the pines. A vague sense of comfort stole over me. Pretty soon the big hound that had bayed so at our approach jumped through the open doorway and came up to the group round the fire. He looked wistfully at his master. He knew that something had happened that made his nap by the fire an uncertainty.

"This ain't no place for you, old fellow," said the man. The dog wagged his tail, came a little nearer, and laid a remonstrating paw on his master's knee. "Ye don't mind the dog, I reckon?" said the man appealingly to us.

"We like him," answered my daughter, stretching out her hand and laying it caressingly on the hound's head.

"Jane!" cried the man suddenly.

The woman rose in haste, and without a word her husband pointed to my daughter's small, white hand, then touched it gently.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed.

"I never see anything like it afore," repeated the woman wonderingly. She

gazed at it for a moment, and then went back to her potatoes. Her curiosity, however, had now passed the speechless point, and she began to put questions to us, her husband joining in, too, after a while. I told them where we came from, why we had come, whither we were going, and how long we meant to stay. In the midst of this our driver appeared with an armful of guns and fishing-rods, which our host took from him and stood up in a corner. Meanwhile, the woman had set supper upon the table, and we sat down to it and ate bravely, my daughter doing her part with a dogged resolution that made me smile. There was a stew made of potatoes and what I guessed was venison, and tea sweetened with molasses. There were no spoons nor forks, a knife doing duty for all these.

"I was afraid it wouldn't be good enough for you," said the woman in accents of deep gratification.

I lit a cigar and offered one to my host, which he refused, preferring his accustomed pipe. Then it was my turn to ask questions.

"No, we ain't got no children," said Mr. Spooner, in answer to my query. "We hev been married 'leven year, and I reckon we won't never hev any boys and gals. I don't care; but my woman kinder hankers arter a young 'un. My woman's 'nuff for me. We hev to work hard, but we don't complain. *She* don't get drunk, never, and she can't say as I ever touched her with a horse whip nor nothin'."

"Down in the holler," broke in his wife, "there's a man and woman livin' in a cabin, and they gits drunk and she beats him awful. But they ain't married,—and we be." There was a world of pride in her voice.

"There is a lot of mean whites roun' here," the man continued, after a pause. "They don't try to live decent, they don't try to hev a cabin that'll keep rain out, they don't care for nothin' but whiskey. But my woman and I kind o' like to hev things nice." He turned and smiled at her as he spoke.

"There is something very pastoral

about this," said my daughter to me. "I feel as though I had met Adam and Eve."

This was an aside, spoken hastily. The man had risen and brought my guns out of the corner. He handled them knowingly, and finally said, "Them's almighty good guns, but I don't reckon ye kin kill any more deer with 'em than I kin with my old flint-lock."

"Good deer-shooting round here?" I queried, with all a sportsman's eagerness.

"Yes, it's good enough, only I ain't got no time for it. I hev potatoes to plant and hogs to look arter, and I ain't got no money to waste in powder and shot. And then I'd ruther kill alligators."

I faced him in amazement.

"He had an almighty good dog once, and the alligators eat him," put in his wife. "Since then he kills all the alligators he kin find."

"'Tain't no sort o' use tryin' to keep dogs here," continued the man mournfully, "and they're derved nice critters to hev. The pond back of the cabin is full of alligators, and I can't keep the dogs from goin' in for a swim. This old dog here is too knowin' to go near the pond, but he's so old that he ain't no good. And I hate all alligators. They looks kind o' stupid, but they are knowin' as the devil. Why, if I go down by the swamp and ki-yi like a pup the derved critters poke their heads up and look around for a fresh dog to eat. An' they ain't had a dog for a year an' more, but they don't forgit. An' they'll gobble off a white man's leg in no time, but a nigger kin swim aroun' 'em all day and not a derved alligator will touch him."

"Is that so?" I exclaimed.

"True as Bible," he replied solemnly.

"I hev got a Bible: I kin read," said the woman.

Her husband laughed a little. "She's so derved proud of her readin'," said he indulgently. "There ain't a woman roun' here—no, nor a man neither—that kin read. *She* was born up in Georgia: she ain't a Florida cracker, like me."

The woman glided away and brought out a pile of old newspapers. "I've read 'em all," she said tersely, proudly.

"I'll send you some more when I go home," said I carelessly.

The woman's sleepy brown eyes lit up. "Will you, *sure?*" said she, her low voice full of an intense eagerness.

"Of course," said I, then turned to her husband and went on talking with him about the shooting.

Not long after, the circle round the fire was broken up and we went to bed. I will not bore you with details about our sleeping accommodations. We slept well and soundly, although there were no spring-beds and undressing was an impossibility, as man and wife, my daughter and I, all shared the same room.

When I awoke the next morning, the door of the cabin was standing open and a bar of sunshine streamed into the room. Through the chinks in the log walls came the fresh morning air, and beneath the flooring I could hear the pigs grunting cheerfully. I stepped to the door and looked out. Just round about the land was cleared, and I saw Spooner working away diligently making a fence. There never seemed to me a more absurd bit of work. His cattle and pigs roamed through the forest, and why he had enclosed his clearing with a rail-fence I could not understand. All round about rose the tall pine-trees, except back of the house, where glittered the treacherous waters of a swamp alive with alligators.

Breakfast was soon prepared, and Spooner came into the cabin and joined us at table. "Wal," said he, "now I s'pose yer goin' off again. I'm durned sorry you can't stop a week."

"Perhaps you will go on with us," said my daughter.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed; "I'd like ter: but who'd stay and take care o' Jane?" Whereat Jane smiled contentedly.

Meanwhile, our driver had harnessed up his horses, and we were ready to go on toward Homosassa. As delicately as I could, I asked Spooner what I owed him. I had a feeling that he was no

grasping rustic. There was something of a gentleman about him, "Florida cracker" though he owned himself to be.

"Nothin' at all," he said, in answer to my question. "We don't keep a tavern, and we was durned glad to see you; and ef you come back this way you must stop with me again." Then a thought seemed to strike him, for his face lit up, and he said, with a smile, "I tell ye what ye kin do: ye kin send my woman some papers. Ye know ye said suthin' about it last night, and she's been botherin' me ever sence, axin' me ef I thought you meant it."

The woman smiled guiltily, and a deep flush stole over her dark cheeks. "I hope you won't forget 'em," she murmured.

"No, I shall not forget them," said I. "Tell me the post-office and county again."

She did so, and then added, "The postman comes through here on horse-back once a week. He'll be s'prised to hev suthin' for me. He never brought me nothin' yet. He'll be terribly s'prised!" And she laughed like a child.

Then we drove off, they watching us until the trees hid us from sight.

My story is ended. Shall I tell you why the memory of that night in a Florida cracker's cabin is so unpleasant to me? Because I never sent that woman a single newspaper. When I reached home, I put it off from time to time, until finally I found to my dismay that I had quite forgotten the address she had given me. Sometimes a sense of my careless ingratitude stings me so that I think I must go down to Florida and look up Spooner and his wife. She is so disappointed! I picture her waiting for the postman to come; she sees him riding slowly toward the house, and with a beating heart she hastens toward him. I can see her dark, eager face, and remark her expectant expression change to one of grieved disappointment when the postman shakes his head and rides on into the woods and is soon hidden from her sight by the pine-trees. Her husband tries to console her by saying that

the folks up North are a mean lot, anyway,—that there ain't a decent white man there. He abuses me roundly; but I don't believe she quite loses faith in me. She rails against the mail-service, indeed, and gives it as her opinion that the postman steals the papers and sells 'em. Meanwhile, there is still a glim-

mer of hope in her breast that some day the postman will be "terribly s'prised," halt, and hand her a package that has come all the way from New York.

And here I sit in my library, wearied by the heaps of journals and magazines about me.

CHARLES DUNNING.

### THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SOME years ago, while spending an hour in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library, I saw, for the first time, a certain denominational magazine. As it is long since defunct, having died of its own weight a short time after the conclusion of the events I propose to relate, followed very soon by the Reverend Doctor whose position of editor may have had something to do with his own death, or that of the magazine, or both, there can be no possible harm done to any one by this recital of facts. The circumstances were known only to myself, my husband, and one other; that other has also long since passed away, and, as all the names have been changed, there can be no identification of individuals.

The result of my introduction to the *Bright Record* was a short story, submitted by me to the favorable consideration of its editors; sent, I acknowledge, with the misgiving that it might be thought too trifling in tone and not sufficiently pronounced in moral for the columns of such a would-be leader in Israel. I was mistaken. After an interval of a couple of weeks, I received a check for fifty dollars, enclosed in the following note:

"Office *Bright Record*,  
"N—, April 15, 18—.

"DEAR MISS STEWART,—Your MS. received and accepted. Will be published in the June number. I liked it very much. Although belonging to the

sterner sex, I am a firm believer in intuitive perception, and as soon as I got the packet between my fingers I said to my chief, 'I'll bet you this is a new and welcome contributor.' And so it proved. Dr. Howe thought the story a little light; but who wants to read a magazine, even if avowedly religious, if it contains nothing but dilute doses of theology? I overruled the objection, and your story goes in. I herewith enclose a check for fifty dollars. Our rates are three dollars per printed page. It would be as well that you should address me personally in future, as I have sole charge of the literary portion of the magazine. You see I take it for granted that you will send us something again, and soon.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HERBERT A. LLOYD,  
"Assistant Editor *Bright Record*."

"P.S.—Your accompanying note, written so naturally and informally on a half-sheet of paper, was very charming. I like originality.

"Yours, etc.,  
"H. A. L."

I read this odd communication with a mixture of emotions,—surprised and gratified at the estimate of my story as told by dollars and cents, for in those days I had never before taken my wares to so profitable a market, yet deprecating at the same time the tone of easy famili-



arity which pervaded the letter. I could not help speculating a little as to the status of the writer, and wavered between the chances of his being either a very old or a very young man. I could not decide as to this point, youths of eighteen or twenty being about as unlikely to occupy responsible editorial positions as old men of seventy or thereabouts are to be spontaneous and unreserved.

It was possible he was right in his judgment of the merit of the story; but my note to which he alluded in such complimentary terms had been short, business-like, and hastily written. Altogether, I felt disposed to resent the attitude of my new correspondent, and my husband, in his easy, good-natured way, concurred in this view. I wrote a brief reply, thanking Mr. Lloyd for his acceptance of the article, and promising another in a short time. Of the irrelevant matter I took no notice.

About the middle of May I received a few lines, beginning abruptly as follows:

"You are a genius, there is no doubt of it. I have just read your story in proof. It is exquisite, delightful, sending a glow of fervor through my veins they never felt before. You have a glorious future in prospect. I am no prophet, but feel assured of this.

"Yours, in all sincerity,  
"HERBERT A. LLOYD."

If I had been very young, inexperienced, or even unmarried, I cannot say what effect this openly-expressed admiration might have had on my susceptible mind. As it was, I simply thought it nonsense, put the note aside, and went on with my new story. It was finished in the early days of June, and had only been despatched a few hours, when I received another epistle and the magazine containing my first contribution. The letter ran in this wise:

"DEAR MISS STEWART,—I send you a copy of the June number of the *Bright Record*. The story looks well

in print, doesn't it? It has been warmly praised by several (not old fogies) in whose judgment I have great confidence. The love-passages are beautiful. You possess a singular talent for conversational writing. Now, while I am pretty good at narrative, I never can do anything with people when I try to make them talk. One can almost hear your men and women speaking. Cultivate this talent, I beseech you. You have genius. Write—write—and you will gain a reputation, as well as golden honors, not to be despised in this most mercenary age, this age of luxury, where it is difficult to draw the line between what we really need and what we think we do.

"I am sorry you have not met my friendly overtures half-way. I meant to be cordial and unreserved, as I was, because I thought and hoped I had discovered in you a congenial spirit, held back, no doubt, from free interchange of thought by a wholesome (?) awe of the conventionalities, and, possibly, by a certain maidenly bashfulness, for which I honor you. Has my boasted intuition been at fault? Have you experienced no yearning for friendship with one whose admiration, granting it has been unreserved, needs no apology for its sincerity? You have clothed in language thoughts and feelings I have had a thousand times, but which I lack power to portray in words. You dream, I fancy, my very dreams. Then will you be my friend? I am young,—just twenty-five; still, I should imagine, four or five years older than yourself. I have had no friends and very few acquaintances among women; no mother, no sisters: so that I am somewhat unaccustomed to social intercourse with ladies. I lead an isolated life; my occupations are arduous and constant; literature my sole recreation. In you I believe myself to have found a kindred soul. Once more, shall we be friends? If, as yet, you have recognized no responsive feeling, do not let that be a reason for dashing my hopes abruptly; only promise that you will try to like me. Let me teach you the art of friendship, if, as yet, you

know it not. Think this over, my dear Miss Stewart, and place all confidence in

"Yours, sincerely,  
"HERBERT A. LLOYD."

At this stage of the affair I knew not whether the effusiveness of this young man was more ridiculous than impertinent, less unconventional than absurd. Evidently he was "unaccustomed to social intercourse with ladies." I smiled, grew indignant, and was more at sea than ever.

I scarcely thought it possible that this was the usual style of correspondence between the editors of the *Bright Record* and its lady contributors. Shade of John Knox, how it would have incensed you! To be sure, there was a chance that the man was entirely in earnest; but that did not mend matters. I began to wish I had never heard of the magazine, and on reflection determined to keep my own counsel for the present, and not answer the letter. Bored and disgusted as I felt, I said nothing to my husband, hoping there would be no further developments. I was doomed to disappointment.

Three days later I received the following:

"MY DEAR MISS STEWART,—Your latest favor must have crossed my letter, to which I can no longer await an answer, before telling you how great an impression your new story has made on me. It is much better than the first, and I thought that excellent, as you already know. I read it through twice between midnight and two o'clock, and dreamed of it all night long, or what was left of the night after I got to sleep. The plot is excellent, the delineation perfect, 'Margaret' divine. Those marvellous eyes, the soft, brown, wavy hair, that graceful form,—I feel, I know, they are your very own. So have I pictured you in dreams, many and many a time. Why should I longer conceal a truth which has been self-evident since the first moment I saw your handwriting? I love you; I have loved you since that hour. Say but one word, and I will fly to your side. I am poor: you may be rich,—I

hope not, I pray not; I long to toil for you, to suffer for you, but, above all things, to possess your love. Sweet Helen! I tremble when I think some other idol may be enshrined in that heart at whose portal I have dared to knock. My brain is in a whirl. I shall have no rest from torture until I have heard my sentence of bliss or desolation. Write to me, my love, my love; tell me at least that you do not hate me.

"Yours, from my soul,  
"HERBERT A. LLOYD."

"P.S.—Enclosed please find check for fifty dollars."

I replaced this absurd epistle in its envelope, went to the dressing-table, looked in the glass at my dark face, crisp black hair, incongruous gray eyes, thought of my twenty-eight years, of John and the three babies, and laughed aloud. The ludicrousness of the situation was uppermost for the moment, but indignation speedily got the upper hand. Hastily seizing a pen, I dashed off this curt reply:

"SIR,—Your absurd, not to say impertinent, letter just received. Though already indignant and annoyed at those which preceded, I still did not anticipate this climax. There is no such person as Helen Stewart: it was merely a *nom de plume*: my name is Myles. If you are in the habit of addressing all your female contributors in the effusive manner in which you have conducted our limited correspondence, I imagine the best interests of the magazine will speedily suffer, if indeed they have not already suffered by such a course.

"I desire no further correspondence with you on any subject, and beg that you will write no more.

"MARY ELLSWORTH MYLES."

The letter despatched, I felt relieved, thinking it would effectually silence the persistent and romantic Mr. Lloyd. Vain hope! Sixteen pages of commercial note came by return post, beginning, "I cannot believe it! I will not believe

it—" I read no more: that letter went into the fire. Another followed, and another: I burned both without reading. The next I returned unopened. Then I told my husband all. He wondered at my reticence, smiled at my indignation, sympathized with my annoyance to the full, and, unsolicited by me, sat down and wrote this quietus:

"SIR,—You are either fool or knave, or both. Unless you discontinue your persistent and impertinent persecution of my wife, I shall have steps taken to punish you.

"JOHN TALBOT MYLES."

It had the desired effect: I heard from Mr. Lloyd no more. The affair had been so repugnant from the beginning that I refrained from speculating upon it, or even thinking of it any more than I could help, and the subject was soon dismissed from my mind. But the end was not yet.

One day in early September, while dressing for a walk, a servant brought me a card bearing the name of "Charles Morton," written in a stiff, angular backhand. Running hastily over in my mind all the Mortons I had ever heard of, it became evident this person was a stranger. I went down to the parlor. A tall, pale, languid-looking young man advanced to meet me from the open window near which he had been standing. He held a straw hat in his hand, with which he fanned himself slowly as he came forward.

"I have called, madam," he said, "in the interests of the *Bright Record*, by request of the reverend editor, Dr. Howe."

"Yes?" I responded interrogatively. "Pray be seated."

"Thank you." He bowed, seated himself, and continued: "Knowing that I had some business to transact in C—, Dr. Howe thought an interview would be more satisfactory than correspondence; and that is how I come to be here." As he spoke, a bright smile flashed over his face, illumining his grave, dark eyes, and making him look positively

handsome. But it died away almost as quickly as it came, and his face assumed the serious expression which seemed habitual.

"Are you connected with the magazine?" I asked.

"Yes, in the capacity of solicitor," he replied. "Our church has a large following in the West, as of course you know. And it is partly on that account, I presume, as well as because you write readable stories, that the editor would like a serial from a Western pen."

"A serial?" I rejoined. "You take me somewhat by surprise. I had got the impression that the editor did not entirely approve of me, or, to be more correct, of my style of writing."

"Why? may I ask?" with a slight elevation of the eyebrows and a pause in the rhythm of the fan.

"I was so informed by the assistant editor," I replied.

"Ah! I know nothing of it. I think you write well, myself; but that is neither here nor there, of course, since I am simply an ambassador." Another wonderful smile, flashing back into gloom.

"I am requested to write a serial story?" I resumed.

"Yes, that is it; an interesting story on a semi-religious theme. You know the tone of the magazine, and that a pointed moral will no doubt be expected. Dr. Howe would like to have it for the January number, and my impression is that he wishes it to run through six issues at least. Yes, I am sure that is it."

My little girl ran in from the piazza to whisper that she was ready for her walk. Mr. Morton held out his hand. She went forward timidly, and he lifted her on his knee. "What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Mary Ellsworth Myles,—like mamma's," said the child. "My curls is just like hers, too, when she was a 'little fink.'"

"They are very pretty curls," Mr. Morton said, lifting the mass of bright hair from her neck. "Will you give me one?"

"Surely, surely," she replied. "But

now we must go walk wif mamma, brother and me; we must get weady." And she tripped away.

"I fear I am detaining you, madam," said the young man, rising. "Shall I give an affirmative answer to Dr. Howe?"

"You mean as to the story?" I replied. "Yes, I think so. I will do my best to make it as moral and semi-religious as possible."

He smiled again, and looked me straight in the eyes: "And will it be ready for the January magazine? Can I promise it for the middle of November?"

"I think you may. And I am very much obliged."

"Do not mention it, madam. Ah! here comes the little one, and, if my eyes do not deceive me, she has rifled her curls."

"Mary—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"Do not reprove her, I beg. I asked for it."

"He did, mamma; the genlum did," said the child; "and I brought a 'ittle piece of wibbon to tie it, so it won't come all in pieces."

He took the curl, tied with a bit of light-blue ribbon, from the tiny hand, and, lifting her in his arms, kissed her twice in a warm, demonstrative fashion unusual with young men when caressing children. Then he gave me another penetrating glance from his steadfast eyes, bowed, and was gone, without a word.

So was the afternoon, almost, and the children were impatient for their walk. I went out with them, and soon forgot all about my eccentric visitor. I began the story next day, writing at intervals of leisure between my usual occupations. It was finished by the 1st of November, and, having signed, sealed, and addressed it to the senior editor of the *Bright Record*, I went about my customary duties in a state of mind at once composed and confident. In due time I received this extraordinary letter:

"DEAR MADAM,—Your manuscript just at hand. The death of our assistant editor, besides being felt as a personal loss, has seriously embarrassed us in various ways, as, for instance, in the matter of your communication, regarding

which there must have been some misunderstanding. I never authorized any one to employ you to write a serial story for the magazine, and I am not acquainted with Mr. Charles Morton. Furthermore,—I beg you will take this kindly,—I have always thought your style too worldly for the pages of a periodical like ours. I am strengthened in my conviction that there has been misapprehension on your part from the fact that you mention your preference for a draft in lieu of the checks you say you have hitherto received in payment for your contributions. Now, we *never* pay for stories. I am proud to be able to say there exists no such necessity. We have numerous friends who are disinterested enough to place their best productions at our disposal, unbiassed by any desire for pecuniary compensation. Your manuscript awaits return postage, and will be forwarded on receipt of seventy-five cents or the equivalent in stamps.

"In conclusion, I have the honor to be, my dear madam,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOSHUA HOWE, D.D."

Here was a quandary indeed. I am ashamed to confess that the announcement of the death of the junior editor was so lost in the perplexity in which I found myself that it left but a faint impression on my mind. As I moved to replace the letter in the envelope, something fell to the floor. I picked it up, and saw it was a package, also bearing the N— postmark, addressed in a strange hand. Tearing it open, I saw that it contained a letter and what appeared to be pages of manuscript. The letter read as follows:

"DEAR MADAM,—I write in compliance with the request of my lately-deceased friend, Herbert Lloyd, presuming you are already aware of the contents of the accompanying packet. To me he said nothing, merely asking me to forward it to your address. A few days after his return from the West, in September, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and lingered until the middle of

October, when he passed peacefully away. His death seemed due to general debility rather than to the fever; he never seemed to rally from the first. I knew him from his childhood; his father was my dearest friend. We were fellows in loneliness: he had no kith or kin, nor have I; my house has always been his home, and many an hour of an old man's life he has solaced by his more than filial tenderness and care. He worked like a slave in the office of the *Bright Record*, and was paid, like a slave, next to nothing at all.

"His was a pure and guileless soul. He had the artlessness of a child, with the affectionate heart of a woman. But he was very manly, too,—possessing a firmness and persistence of character and an undercurrent of wit and humor which would have served him in good stead had he lived. The evening before his death he was comparatively free from pain: I therefore availed myself of the opportunity to speak to him of his approaching end. As I am a clergyman and accustomed to such things, I found it no very difficult matter to touch that solemn subject. He was entirely resigned, and, after a few moments' conversation, requested me to pray for him; which I did. He then asked me for a small writing-desk which stood on a table in the room. I gave it to him, and left him alone. When I returned, he seemed exhausted, and begged for a sup of wine. It revived him, and, after taking it, he placed the packet you will receive with this in my hands, begging me to send it to you after his death. I shall be glad to know that it has reached you safely. What the extent of your acquaintance with him was I do not know, as I had never heard him mention you. But this I do know, that a truer, purer, more gentle heart than his never beat on this side heaven.

"With sentiments of respect and esteem, I remain, my dear madam,

"Yours, sincerely,

"CHAS. GORDON VALE."

I opened the packet with cold and trembling fingers. It contained the manuscript of both my stories, my few enclosures to Mr. Lloyd, numbered one, two, three, and four (my husband's was not there), and, wrapped in a thin half-sheet of paper, a little golden curl, tied with a piece of light-blue ribbon. On the paper these words had been scrawled in pencil with a faltering hand:

"I think—when you see this—you will understand. I wanted—to see you. I knew—no—other—way. It was not right to deceive you,—but I meant no harm. But for this—illness, death, I could have managed—with the story—as I did about the others. But that—you will—never know. Forgive me;—I loved you—I do—love—you. Forgive—death softens all things."

Yes, death softens all things. And I did know. He had given me of his substance, literally, his daily bread. He had dowered me with imaginary gifts; he had idealized me into something which, strangely enough, that one mysterious visit had failed to dethrone; and death had softened all things for him, to me. As I sat before the fire that day and wiped away unbidden tears that came and went and came again, a tender halo wreathed itself about my memory of him, which time and change have never since dispelled. I wept, and I was not ashamed. And if those who have gone before can know, and, knowing, feel the kindliness and tenderness which, tardy though they be, are often death's most merciful and generous balm to those they leave behind,—if, standing where they stand, above all touch of pain or weariness or sorrow, gentle thoughts have power to stir or move them,—then he had, in my tears that fell that day, some shade of compensation.

My story is finished.

Strange and improbable as it may seem,—baseless and wild as was the infatuation, if you will,—I have told it as I know it, word for word.

MARY ELLSWORTH MYLES.



## CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD.

WHO was Captain Kidd? The question is one which many intelligent readers would find it difficult to answer. Biographers have let him severely alone; history mentions him only incidentally; indeed, some ingenious writers have alleged that he never lived at all; others have argued him a ghostly emanation of the colonial period, a personage half real, half mythical, like Robin Hood or Dick Turpin; others, again, have decided that he was a Cape Cod or Nantucket fisherman, who fell into the bad habit of putting out in his pinnace now and then and capturing an unfortunate coaster or two that came in his way. There was, however, a real Captain Kidd, an historical personage so strongly materialized that he kept the Spanish main and Indian seas in a state of ferment for years, and, after capture, became the subject of a grave inquiry in the British House of Commons with the object of aspersing the fair fame of several lords of high degree, and of royalty itself. Kidd has been a fruitful theme in literature: the story-tellers, from Poe and Irving to the ballad-mongers, have been busy with him ever since he swung in chains at Execution Dock, and quite a modest world of fiction has gathered about his name. He has become a part of the legendary lore of four colonies; the ballads he inspired are still crooned in fishermen's cottages; Sound skippers still see his low, black, rakish craft flying down the Sound, amid the scud of departing storms; dupes of spirit-seers still wander on desolate shores in search of his hidden treasures, and only a year or two since a company, with abundant capital, was formed to raise his vessel, the "Adventure Galley," reported to have been sunk in a cove of the Hudson, but in reality burned amid the coral-reefs of Madagascar. There is little in this mass of legendary lore worth treasuring. The sober history of Kidd's career, however, opens up several obscure

phases of colonial manners and morals, besides touching on questions of historical importance, and is in this respect worthy the attention of the student of facts.

Kidd was a Scotchman by birth, having been born in the old town of Greenock, about the year 1660. His career may be used to strengthen the popular fallacy that clergymen's sons turn out badly, it being pretty well established that his father was the Rev. John Kidd, a non-conforming minister at Greenock. Like most enterprising lads in that seaport town, he chose a sailor's life, and as early as 1690, by force of merit, added to the interest his father was able to exert, had risen to the position of master of a merchantman plying between New York and Boston. His status at this time is pretty accurately defined by his marriage certificate, dated May 16, 1691, and still preserved in the surrogate's office in the city of New York, in which he is spoken of as "Captain William Kidd, Gentleman."\*

After his marriage, Kidd followed his vocation of ship-master for several years, making many voyages and earning the reputation of a bold and skilful mariner. In 1695, Governor Dougan, of Massachusetts, offered him the command of a war-vessel which he was fitting out to go in search of several French privateers then reported on the coast. A correspondence ensued between the two worthies, part of which is still preserved; but I nowhere find any record of his acceptance of the commission, though two years later his patron, Colonel Livingston, spoke of him as having "inflicted great losses on the French." If he entered the king's service, however, he did not long remain in it, for in 1697 we find him in England, with Colonel Livingston, intently pressing on the British ministry an undertaking of an entirely different character.

The maritime colonies of America

\* The lady he married is described in this certificate as "Sarah Wort, widow of John Wort, late of New York, merchant, deceased."

were then deeply engaged in two pernicious practices,—piracy and smuggling. In those whose commerce was most flourishing the evil had, of course, taken deepest root. Massachusetts and Connecticut seem not to have been seriously tainted; but in New York, Rhode Island, and North Carolina the evil had assumed alarming proportions. In New York City especially, under the rule of the corrupt Governor Fletcher, piracy had become one of the most flourishing of maritime enterprises. In almost the first letter of Lord Bellamont, Fletcher's successor, to the Lords of Trade, he describes the city as being the haunt of pirates, and asserts that vessels were openly fitted out at its wharves for piratical expeditions to the Red Sea and the Indian coast, that the streets were regularly "beat up" for recruits to engage in them, under the eye of the governor, and that when these ships returned with their booty they found a ready sale for it among the merchants of the city. Many others did a lucrative business by acting as agents or brokers for the freebooters, and Governor Fletcher had even invited Captain Tew, one of the most notorious of these pirates, to his table, and had been seen riding with him in his carriage through the city streets. These letters also cite Rhode Island and North Carolina as being notorious pirate-haunts. The evil originated in the various French wars of the colonial period, when scores of privateers—honest fishermen and merchantmen—sallied out from colonial ports, duly authorized to capture enemy vessels on the high seas. Too many of these became pirates, capturing and burning vessels of every nation, wherever found. "King William's War" was especially prolific of pirates of this class, and at that time scores of privateers, once on the high seas, hoisted the black flag and sped away to the Red Sea or the Gold Coast, to plunder and burn indiscriminately, returning to the colonial ports laden with plunder. So numerous and rapacious did they at length become that the powerful East India Company found its trade seriously crippled by them, and at the time of

which we write—1697—was bringing its powerful influence to bear on the Lords of Trade and of the Admiralty for the prompt suppression of the freebooters. The Admiralty could do little, however: every vessel in the king's navy, down to the store-ships, was engaged in the contest with France then raging. At this juncture, two American gentlemen of standing came forward with a proposition to fit out a private expedition to go in quest of the marauders. One of these was Captain William Kidd, shipmaster, the other, Colonel William Livingston, founder of the Livingston family of New York. Of Scotch parentage, though born in Rotterdam, Colonel Livingston came to New York in 1674 and established himself in Albany. He had held many offices under the government, and was a man of note in the colony. He had been commissary for the army employed against the French in 1688, and was now in London seeking repayment of moneys advanced for provisioning and transporting the troops. Kidd, then a reputable merchant and shipowner, had done him a service, and it was in return for this kindness, no doubt, that Livingston now furthered his design of pirate-hunting. The two Americans applied to the Earl of Bellamont, an Irish peer, who had just been named by the king Governor of New York and New England for the express purpose of suppressing piracy. The earl communicated the project to the king, "who was pleased to think it most important, because about that time news had reached the Secretary of State of several vessels gone or going from Bermudas, New York, Rhode Island, etc., under command of Thomas Too, William Maye, John Ireland, Thomas Wake, and others, who were all known pirates and had made several piratical voyages, from which they had returned with great wealth."\*

\* For my account of the Livingston-Kidd negotiations with the crown I am indebted to a quaint old pamphlet, entitled "Captain Kidd: A Full Account of the Proceedings in Relation to. In Two Letters, written by a Person of Quality to a Kinsman of the Earl of Bellamont in Ireland." Second Edition. London, 1701.

Kidd was not slow in making known the conditions under which he would engage in the enterprise. He wanted one of the king's ships, "a good sailer, of about thirty guns and one hundred and fifty men," with which he would undertake to seize most of the pirates, as he knew many of them "and had some knowledge of the places where they usually made their rendezvous." Colonel Livingston, on his part, "affirmed that Kidd was a bold and honest man, and, he believed, fitter than any other to be employed in such service." Kidd, however, could not be given one of the king's ships at that time, because, as we have seen, they were all in use. In lieu of this, five of the highest lords of the realm—the Lord Chancellor, Lord Bellamont, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Romney, and Lord Orford—entered into an agreement with Livingston and Kidd to furnish the desired ship, crew, and outfit for a certain share in the prizes that Kidd should take from the pirates. The king was also a silent partner in this curious enterprise, and a prospective sharer in its profits. The conditions between the Earl of Bellamont, acting for his colleagues, and Livingston and Kidd, "parties of the second part," were as follows. The earl agreed to procure a good and sufficient ship to the liking of Captain Kidd. He also agreed to pay four-fifths part of her cost, together "with rigging and other apparel and furniture, and to provide the same with competent victualling, the other fifth part to be paid by the party of the second part." He also agreed to procure Kidd commissions empowering him to act against the king's enemies and to take prizes from them as a private man-of-war, and also to fight with, conquer, and subdue pirates and take them and their goods. Kidd, on his part, agreed to procure and take with him one hundred mariners or seamen, to set out to sea with all convenient speed, to sail to the parts where he would be most likely to meet with pirates, to use his utmost endeavor to conquer and subdue them and take from them their goods, merchandise, and treasure, also to take what

prizes he could from the king's enemies, and forthwith to make the best of his way to Boston, in New England, and that without touching at any other port or harbor whatsoever or diminishing any part of what he should take, and there deliver it into possession of the earl. In case Kidd captured no pirates or prizes, he and Livingston agreed to refund the earl the moneys advanced and to take the ship. The prize-money was to be divided as follows: to the ship's crew, one-fourth, the other three-fourths to be divided into five equal parts, of which four parts were to be given to the earl unconditionally, the other fifth was to be divided equally between Livingston and Kidd. The last article provided that if Kidd captured and delivered over to the earl prizes to the value of one hundred thousand pounds sterling, the ship should remain his as a reward for his services. The instrument was dated at London, February 20, 1695-96. Bonds were also given to the earl, by both Livingston and Kidd, for the latter's good behavior, Livingston's naming a penalty of ten thousand pounds, and Kidd's one of twenty thousand.

The preliminaries being satisfactorily settled, a large ship, the "Adventure Galley," was purchased and fitted out at an expense of six thousand pounds, and Sir Edmund Harrison took upon himself the task of enlisting a competent crew: they were nearly all natives of England, and most of them left wives and children at home. In this vessel Kidd sailed from London in the month of February, 1696. He had two commissions,—one from the Admiralty, empowering him to act as a private man-of-war, the other of a novel and important character, given under the great seal, and stating that "His Majesty did there give power to Captain Kidd, commander of the 'Adventure Galley,' to apprehend and seize all pirates whom he should meet with on the coasts of America or other seas, with their ships and goods, and, in case of resistance, to fight with and compel them to yield, and to bring them to a legal trial." The commission also required him to keep an exact journal

of his proceedings and a perfect inventory of all ships, arms, ammunition, and lading of the ships captured. Bad luck overtook the adventurer at the first. Dropping down the Thames, filled no doubt with bright anticipations of capturing many a plump Gallic merchantman and plunder-laden pirate,—for Kidd, at this stage of his career, was no doubt an honest man,—he reached the Buoy in the Nore, and was there pounced on by a press-gang and his picked crew swept on to his majesty's ships-of-war lying there. Not enough were left to man the vessel, and the unfortunate captain was obliged to run down to Plymouth and remain there several weeks before a crew could be supplied, and they, when shipped, were of indifferent material, being vagabonds and other desperate characters whom the press-gang had spared. With such a crew, but with a good ship, well armed and provisioned, Kidd put to sea on the 23d of April, 1696. In May he fell in with a small French vessel, laden with salt and tackling, bound for Newfoundland, which he captured. His disposition of this prize was contrary to agreement, for, instead of sailing with it directly to Boston, as promised, he bore up for New York, and arrived at that port on the 4th of July, without further incident. Three months spent here seem to have completely demoralized him, and he determined on an act of the basest treachery. He sold the prize and applied the money received to purchasing supplies and an outfit generally; he beat the town for recruits, with the consent of Governor Fletcher, and entered into a contract with that worthy—so Colonel Livingston asserted—to pay him ten thousand pounds for his countenance if he made a prosperous voyage. Besides this, he openly consorted with the pirates, smugglers, and other disreputable characters of the port. By September his preparations were completed, and on the 6th he sailed for Madeira, thence *via* Bonavista and St. Jago to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence *via* Madagascar to India and the coasts of Malabar. The waters of the

Indian Ocean were at that time the favorite cruising-ground of all sea-rovers. Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea, was a vast commercial emporium. Mocha and Loheia in Arabia Felix, the hundred ports of India, China, the Malayan Archipelago, and the African coast, were so many feeders to the vast stream of commerce constantly flowing westward from these waters. The East India Company of London exercised commercial jurisdiction from the Cape of Good Hope eastward to Cape Horn, and drew hence its immense revenues of calicoes, muslins, silks, cashmeres, gold, silver, jewels, diamonds, ivory, precious drugs, teas, coffee, spices, saltpetre, and other commodities. The East India Company of Amsterdam had nearly as large a trade, and the Portuguese, Spanish, French, Moors, and Arabs were well represented.

Kidd, having arrived in the midst of these treasures, threw off all disguise and blossomed at once into the most finished freebooter. His crew, shipped, no doubt, with this object in view, made no objection, and, whenever it became necessary, lowered with a will the pennant of St. George and ran up in its place the terrible black flag of the pirates. Details of Kidd's piracies in the East Indies are few in number, and are derived entirely from his own statement and the depositions of members of his crew given at his trial.\* From the deposition of Gabriel Loffe, of Long Island, one of his crew, given before Justices Cook and Davenport at Boston, it appears that his first capture was a Dutch craft of one hundred and fifty tons' burden, laden with cotton-wool, beeswax, tobacco, and two horses, which they carried to Madagascar and there burned. Some weeks after, they took a ship of four hundred and fifty tons, Captain Wright, from Bengal, laden with a rich cargo of silks and other precious fabrics, which they also carried to Madagascar and divided among the

\* These papers were discovered by Mr. Joseph B. Felt in the British Colonial Office in London. They were first embodied by him in a lecture on Kidd, and subsequently printed in the "New England Historic and Genealogical Register" for January, 1852.

crew according to the rules of the pirate guild. Here part of the crew deserted. With the others Kidd captured a Mocha frigate belonging to the East India Company, called the "Quidah Merchant," in which he cruised for some months, committing many piracies, and at length returned in her to America. His original ship, the "Adventure Galley," he stripped and burned at St. Mary's. Kidd's account of his exploits, given on his trial in the hope of saving his life, and therefore to be taken with the customary grain of salt, differs somewhat from this. As an act of justice to the arch-pirate, it is inserted here, though in an abridged form. "About September 6, sailed [from New York] for Madeira, and arrived there about October 8; at Bonavista, 19th, where we took in some salt; at St. Jago, 24th October, where we took in water; then sailed for the Cape of Good Hope; thence to a port in Madagascar, which we reached before January 29. We arrived at the Island of Johannah about March 18. April 25, 1697, we steered for India; came to the coast of Malabar the 1st of September; on the 22d September two Portuguese ships from Goa came out after us; they watched an opportunity to board us. Next morning one of them attacked us, and we fought all day, but beat her off; had fourteen men wounded. We cruised on about Cape Comorin for pirates till the 1st of November, 1697, when we met an English ship, 'Loyal Captain,' commanded by How, belonging to Madras, and bound to Surat; examined her papers, and would have let her pass, but the crew became mutinous because two Dutchmen of How's crew said that there were Greeks and Armenians with precious stones and other rich goods on board. Two-thirds of my men voted to take the ship; but I prevailed with them to let Captain How go. About 18th or 19th of November, met with a Moorish ship of two hundred tons, from Surat, bound to the coast of Malabar, with a cargo of sugar, cotton, two horses, and forty Moors, and a Dutch pilot; carried her to St. Mary's. About February 1, met a Bengal merchant-

man of Surat, of four or five hundred tons and ten guns, and captured her. With the two prizes sailed to St. Mary's in Madagascar; the 'Galley' was very leaky; arrived there about April 1. My crew mutinied, and on the 6th of April sunk the first prize; the other had not yet arrived. When I reached said port, there was a pirate, called the 'Mocha' frigate, Captain Robert Culliford, who with his men left her and ran into the woods. I proposed to my men to capture her, as we had sufficient force, but they said they had rather fire two shot into me than one into the other; and thereupon ninety-seven deserted, went on board the 'Mocha' frigate, and invited Captain Culliford and his men back. They came and plundered me of ammunition, etc., and threatened to kill me, which I prevented by fastening my cabin o' nights with abundant arms. The 'Mocha' frigate stayed four or five days. The deserters went to Edward Welch's house, four miles off, where my chest was, and plundered it of ten ounces gold, forty pounds plate, and three hundred and seventy pieces-of-eight. The Mocha frigate sailed June 15, with one hundred and fifty men and forty guns, to take vessels of all nations. There was left me thirteen men: we could not keep the 'Galley' from sinking, and went on board the prize; we took on board some passengers for New England. 1st of April, 1699, we arrived at Anguilla, West Indies, where we heard we were proclaimed as pirates. The crew sought all opportunities to run the vessel ashore, lest we should be carried into an English port. We came to St. Thomas, where my brother-in-law, Samuel Bradley, was put on shore, being sick, and five more deserted; heard the same news there, that we were pirates. Sailed for Mona, between Hispaniola and Porto Rico, where we met with a sloop, the 'St. Anthony,' from Curaçoa for Antego, William Bolton, merchant, and Samuel Wood, master. My men swore they would navigate the ship no further. I sent by the sloop to get sails for the ship; gone ten days. Six more of the men deserted. The rest of the crew



were not able to sail the ship, and we left it in a port of Hispaniola, in the care of said Bolton. I bought the sloop of Mr. Bolton for the owner's account, then sailed for New York, where I heard Earl Bellamont was, who was principally concerned in the 'Adventure Galley.'"

Leaving Kidd for the nonce sailing up the American coast in his sloop, we will return to England for a glance at some affairs of moment to him and his guild that had happened since his departure. Early in the autumn of 1697, Lord Bellamont sailed for his new seat of government, although, owing to a violent storm which met his vessel off the American coast and blew it so far southward and with such damage that it was obliged to put into Barbadoes to refit, he did not reach New York until the 2d of April, 1698. He came with the special purpose of suppressing piracy and smuggling, and began at once a thorough revision of the corrupt and inefficient public service. He admonished the courts, seized cargoes imported in unfitted bottoms, arrested known pirates, and instituted a strict espionage of vessels suspected of piratical designs: so that, as the reader will perceive, the New York toward which Kidd was now hastening was far different in its attitude toward men of his class from that which he had left in 1696.

The first news of Kidd's treachery reached England in August, 1698, and was furnished by the directors of the East India Company, who informed the lords-justices that they had received intelligence from their factors that Kidd had committed several piracies in those waters. Circular letters were at once sent to all the American governors, making this intelligence public and ordering them to keep strict watch for the freebooter, who, it was rightly conjectured, would return sooner or later to his home and friends in the colonies. On May 18, 1699, the Council of Nevis in the West Indies wrote to the home government that Kidd had been seen in their waters in a "Genoese vessel, very leaky, and in distress for provisions," and that they had sent the "Queens-

borough" man-of-war in pursuit of him. Meantime, Kidd was sailing up the American coast. Off Cape Henlopen he altered his course, sailed into Delaware Bay, and put on shore a chest of treasure belonging to one James Gillam, a passenger who had come on board at Madagascar.\* But, unfortunately for treasure-seekers, no one knows whether the chest was buried or sold to traders on the coast.

Kidd next cast anchor in Gardiner's Bay, a landlocked tributary of the Sound off the eastward end of Long Island. A beautiful green island,—Gardiner's Island,—containing some six hundred acres, lies between this bay and the ship-channel leading past Montauk Point. It is perhaps the only estate in the New World that has continued in the possession of one family for ten generations. John Gardiner, its third proprietor, was then living in the mansion-house of the family, on the west side of the island, and at the subsequent examination of Kidd before Bellamont, in Boston, gave this account of the pirate's proceedings in the bay:

"About twenty days ago, Mr. Emot, of New York, came to my house and desired a boat to go to New York; furnished him with one. That evening I saw a sloop with six guns riding off the island. Two days afterward, in the evening, I went on board the sloop to inquire what she was. When I came on board, Captain Kidd—till then unknown to me—asked me how myself and family did; said he was going to Lord Bellamont at Boston, and desired me to carry two negro boys and one negro girl ashore and keep them till he returned or his order called for them. About ten hours after I had taken the negroes, Captain Kidd sent his boat ashore with two bales of goods and a negro boy. Next morning Kidd desired me to come on board and bring six sheep with me for his voyage to Boston, which I did. Then Kidd desired me to spare a barrel of cider,

\* Gillam was a notorious pirate, and was seized on his arrival in Rhode Island by order of Lord Bellamont and tried for the murder of Captain Edgecomb, of the "Mocha" frigate, and for inducing her crew to become pirates.

which I consented to do. I sent two of my men for it, and, while they were gone, Kidd offered me several pieces of damaged muslin and Bengal as a present to my wife, which he put in a bag and handed to me. About a quarter of an hour after, Kidd gave me two or three pieces of damaged muslin for my own use. When the men came on board with the cider, Kidd gave them four pieces of gold for their trouble, and also for bringing him wood. Then Kidd, ready to sail, told me that he would pay me for the cider, and I answered that I was already paid by the present to my wife. Some of Kidd's men gave some of my men muslin for neck-cloths. Then I took leave of Kidd. At parting, Kidd fired four guns and stood for Block Island. About three days after, Kidd sent the master of the sloop and one Clarke in his boat for me, and I went on board with them. Then Kidd desired me to take and keep for him or order a chest and a box of gold and a bundle of quilts and four bales of goods, which box of gold he told me was intended for Lord Bellamont. I complied. Then two of Kidd's men, called Cook and Parrat, delivered to me two bags of silver, which they said weighed thirty pounds, for which I gave a receipt. Another of Kidd's men delivered me gold and gold-dust of about one pound to keep for him, and did present to me a sash and a pair of worsted stockings. Just before Kidd sailed, he presented me with a bag of sugar, and then steered for Boston."

Gardiner also declared that he knew nothing of Kidd's being proclaimed a pirate, and, if he had, he dared not have acted otherwise than he did, having no force to oppose them, and that he had formerly been threatened to be killed by privateers if he should "carry unkindly to them."

Gardiner further testified that, while Kidd lay with his sloop at Gardiner's Island, a New York sloop, Captain Coster, and his mate, a little black man who was reported to have been formerly a quartermaster with Captain Kidd, and another sloop of New York, Captain

Jacob Fenwick, lay near Kidd's sloop three days together, and, while Gardiner was on board of Kidd's vessel, several bales of goods and other things were put on board of the two sloops, and they sailed up the Sound, after which Kidd sailed for Block Island, and in three days returned to Gardiner's Island in company with another sloop of New York, Captain Cornelius Quick, on board of which was Thomas Clarke, of Setauket, commonly called "Whisking" Clarke, and one Harrison, of Jamaica, father to a boy with Captain Kidd, and Captain Kidd's wife was then on board of his own sloop. Quick remained from noon till evening, and then took on board two chests from Kidd's sloop, and, he believes, several sorts of goods more, and then sailed up the Sound. Kidd remained till next morning, and then sailed, as he said, for Boston. Next day, after Quick sailed from Gardiner's Island, Gardiner saw him turning out of Oyster Bay, though the wind was fair to carry him up the Sound. Gardiner supposed Quick went in to land goods, and stated that he had from Kidd's vessel seven bales of silk and other goods, and one box of fifty-two pounds of gold and plate.

But, instead of sailing to Boston, where Lord Bellamont then was, Kidd put in to Newport, and from there despatched a trusty messenger (a Mr. Emot, mentioned in Mr. Gardiner's narrative) to the earl to treat with him about a pardon. Kidd declared himself innocent of crime, and averred that his men locked him up while they committed piracies; said he had left his great Moorish ship, the "Quidah Merchant," in a creek in Hispaniola, valued with her cargo at sixty thousand pounds, that he had bought the sloop in which he then was, and had on board of her East India goods, gold, and silver to the value of ten thousand pounds, all of which he would deliver up if he could be assured a free pardon. The earl, after conferring with his Council, sent an old acquaintance of Kidd's, Mr. Campbell, the postmaster at Boston, with Mr. Emot to treat with the pirate. Kidd was assured that if he was inno-

cent he would receive pardon. He returned an answer asserting his innocence, but desired some pledges from the earl before putting himself in his power. By the messenger he sent some presents of jewelry to Lady Bellamont. Campbell was at once sent back with a kindly-worded letter, saying that if he could prove his innocence he might rely on a full pardon, and on receipt of this Kidd, with his wife and children, sailed for Boston, where he arrived on the 8th of July.

Meanwhile, Colonel Livingston had arrived, and he too brought his influence to bear on the governor for Kidd's pardon,\* actuated not so much by friendship as by thoughts of his liability on the bond of ten thousand pounds: his principal argument was that unless Kidd was released he would not bring in the "Quidah Merchant," but would reimburse him (Livingston) from the proceeds of her cargo. Lord Bellamont, however, stood firm, and on the 16th of July, learning that Kidd was preparing to escape, ordered him to be seized and remanded to prison. His examination began next day. Loffe and Jenkis, two of his crew, and Mr. John Gardiner were the principal witnesses against him. The examination resulted in his being held for trial to await the action of the home authorities. Simultaneously with Kidd's arrest, the earl caused his sloop and crew to be seized, the former being placed in charge of trustees appointed by the Council. At the same time, hearing that one of Kidd's men had offered thirty pounds for a vessel to take him to Gardiner's Island, and Kidd admitting that he had buried treasure there, Bellamont despatched four commissioners—Samuel Sewall, Nathaniel Byfield, Jeremiah Dummer, and Andrew Belcher—to Mr. Gardiner with instructions to deliver up the treasure to them.†

\* The authority for this statement is the pamphlet before cited.

† This gentleman in his affidavit, it will be remembered, makes no mention of Captain Kidd's having buried valuables. The reason for this silence is given in the traditions of the family somewhat as follows. One dark night,

The commissioners came to the island and received the treasure, of which they made the following return:

"A true account of all such gold, silver, jewels, and merchandise, late in the possession of Captain William Kidd, which have been seized and secured by us, pursuant to an order from his excellency Richard Earl of Bellamont, bearing date July 7, 1699:

"Received, the 17th instant, of Mr. John Gardiner, viz.,—

No.	Ounces.
1. One bag of dust gold . . .	63½
2. One bag of coined gold . . .	11
And one in silver . . .	124
3. One bag dust gold . . .	24½
4. One bag of silver rings and sundry precious stones . . .	4½
5. One bag of unpolished stones . . .	12½
6. One piece of crystal cornelian, two agates, two amethysts.	
7. One bag silver buttons and lamps.	
8. One bag of broken silver . . .	173½
9. One bag of gold bars . . .	353½
10. One ditto . . .	238½
11. One bag dust gold . . .	59½
12. One bag of silver bars . . .	309

Bellamont also succeeded in recovering the goods sent to New York. With the "Quidah Merchant" he was not so fortunate. He had engaged a vessel to go in search of her, at a cost of seventeen hundred pounds, and she was about setting out, when a Captain Smith arrived from the West Indies with the

when all were asleep, there came a loud thumping at the door. The master rose, and found there Kidd and several of his men, all armed to the teeth, and the latter bearing a heavy chest between them. They forced the proprietor to go some distance into the woods with them, and there buried the chest, Kidd telling his prisoner that it contained gold and jewels, and that he would answer with his life for its safe keeping. One autumn day the writer, furnished with a horse and guide, rode out to the spot where tradition asserts the chest was buried. It is at the base of a little amphitheatre of hills on the margin of a small swamp, or thicket, known locally as "Quawker Swamp." It is a little singular that, with so many tales of Kidd's buried treasure as are current, this is the only authentic instance of his ever having buried treasure on the coast.

news that the crew left in charge had burned the ship, first taking out her cargo of jewels and Indian fabrics, which they had sold in Curaçoa.

On the close of Kidd's examination, Bellamont transmitted all the papers in the case to the ministry, and asked for instructions as to the disposal of the prisoner. In this letter he called attention to the fact that there was no law in New England to punish piracy with death, and asserted that he was in daily fears of Kidd's escape, as the jail was very insecure and he was surrounded by friends. Orders were at once returned for the removal of Kidd and his crew to England for trial. The vessel having them on board arrived in the Downs on the 12th April, 1700. King William had appointed a yacht to meet the vessel there, and despatched with her a marshal of the Admiralty to take the prisoners into custody; and in the gripe of this official they rolled through the streets of London in the prison-van and were lodged close prisoners in the old Newgate.

Kidd had now become the most notorious man on two continents. His name had been freely bandied in the House of Commons, and the ballad-mongers had painted his crimes in such lurid colors that he stood pre-eminent for wickedness. The attack of the Tory leaders on Lord Bellamont and his associates for their patriotic service in fitting out the "Adventure Galley" affords a striking instance of partisan hatred and malignity. Macaulay makes it the subject of some scathing sarcasms. He considers that the attack was aimed solely at Lord Somers, whom the Tories hated because he was great and they little. But our pamphleteer, writing in the thick of events, while recognizing this motive, also includes the East India Company—whose commerce Kidd had crippled, and whose request for an Admiralty Court in India had been denied by the ministry—among the active promoters of the movement.

The chancellor's act in placing the great seal of England to the commission of a privateer was made the subject of an official inquiry in the House of Com-

mons. The course of five of the foremost lords of the realm in fitting out a private man-of-war to capture pirates when the regular navy was too fully employed to punish them, and the subsequent appearance of that vessel as the most reckless of freebooters, were tortured into proof that these men were in collusion with pirates, and had even commissioned Kidd to seize and plunder merchants. The king, who had been a silent partner in the enterprise, came in for his share of the obloquy. Twice the matter came before the House for inquiry: first at the opening of Parliament, in December, 1699, when Harley and Seymour, the Tory leaders, introduced a resolution to the effect "that the letters-patent granted to the Earl of Bellamont and others of pirates' goods were dishonorable to the king, against the law of nations, contrary to the laws and statutes of this realm, invasive of property, and destructive of trade and commerce," which failed by a vote of one hundred and eighty-nine to one hundred and thirty-three.

But the Tory leaders were not yet satisfied; and on the 16th March, 1700, when it was known that Kidd was on the seas, bound for England, they secured the adoption of a petition to the king that he might not be tried, discharged, or pardoned till the next session of Parliament, and that the Earl of Bellamont should transmit all commissions, instructions, and other papers relating to him. The king granted this petition. Parliament rose on the 11th of April, and Kidd was brought to London on the 12th.

His examination was at once begun before the Commissioners of the Admiralty, and, when concluded, he was committed for trial, and the result of the examination and all the papers in the case were sealed up to await the action of Parliament. Kidd lay in Newgate for nearly a year. At length, early in March, 1701, the House of Commons pronounced itself ready for a second inquiry into the affair. On this occasion the Tory leaders seem to have exhausted all their ingenuity in the effort to fix on

Kidd's patrons the stigma of his crimes. The arch-pirate himself was brought to the bar of the House and examined in the most searching manner. All the papers, letters, examinations, and instructions relating to the affair were produced. Some of the principals were examined. The sailing-orders were read, the original articles between the parties, the letters of marque from the Admiralty, the commission under the great seal, with the result, after a long debate, of the triumphant vindication of the chancellor and his associates.

This was the last time that the Kidd affair became the subject of official inquiry. Shortly after, on Thursday, the 8th of May, 1701, Kidd was put on trial before the Admiralty Sessions of the Old Bailey. Six indictments were preferred against him,—one for the murder of a sailor named Avery, one of his crew,

and five for various acts of piracy committed on the high seas. The courtroom was thronged with spectators, and the widest interest was felt in the proceedings. Kidd confessed to the fact of the piracies, but threw himself on the mercy of his judges, with the plea that his men mutinied and forced him to embark on his career of crime,—a plea so manifestly improbable that it could have little weight with a jury. On the third day of the trial they returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge at once passed sentence of death. He was remanded to prison, where he remained until the 12th, when he was taken to Execution Dock, loaded with chains, in accordance with an ancient law of the realm relating to pirates, and there hung in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators who had gathered to witness the spectacle.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

### PUZZLED.

HOW shall I tell you, sweet?  
How shall I answer your meek blue eyes,  
That wait for such perfect and true replies  
With confidence so complete?

Ah, child, stay out in the sun,  
Pick the apples up from the grass,  
See where the bright late butterflies pass  
And the quick brown squirrels run.

Look how the autumn flower  
Folds up her heart, now the bee has gone,  
And the golden leaves come pattering down  
In a glowing, beautiful shower.

Watch how the grasses nod  
And scatter their seeds as the winds go by;  
For these can tell you, far better than I,  
All you would know, of God.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.



## NEW-YEAR'S WITH THE OJIBWAYS.

"I RECKON you'd better keep shady to-morrow, leas'tways in the mornin'," said the blacksmith, who had been making one of his rare calls at our cabin, seldom visited, though his own was not a stone's throw beyond. As he was the only white inhabitant besides ourselves, there was great refreshment in the occasional interchange of words in one's own tongue, Hugh's English, however, smacking strongly of many dialects grafted upon it in his wanderings from one tribe to another, always driven farther on by the need once expressed,— "I've got to git out o' range o' so many folks."

Even now the populousness was rather too much for him, and he looked for a spot remoter yet, untroubled by aught save wandering Indian, and beyond the reach of white man's or woman's aggressions. A tall, slouching figure, clad in caribou-skin suit, with beaded leggings and knife at side, his occupation would have seemed a less peaceful one than that of mending axes or teaching young Indians some lighter mysteries of blacksmithing. Blond and big as any Viking, years of exposure to sun and wind and storm had left him leather-colored as to skin, dirty-white as to hair, and with the contracted eyebrows and peering eyes one sees always in those who have lived much on the plains and sighted wild animals or Indians as wild at distances beyond the range of civilized vision.

Anchored for a time on this remote reservation, he lived his own life, the squaw who at our first coming had shared his cabin, hewn his wood, and drawn his water having gone to a place where burdens are laid down once for all and the red woman finds a rest life never offered. Scotch by birthright, though born and brought up in Maine, and with one or two remnants of decent parentage and education still cropping out, there was a story behind, as there

almost assuredly is in every case of self-elected life on the border. But this had not yet been told, old Hugh looking with deep distrust from under his thatch of flying hair and grizzled eyebrows at any white face,—above all, a questioning one. My own isolation and utter ignorance of what had better be done evidently moved him to such interest and compassion as he could feel, and he now and then made suggestions or offered a help always valuable and holding a clue to the solution of many of my every-day puzzles.

To-night he had sat silently staring at the leaping flame in the mud chimney and thinking his own thoughts. It was the last night of December, and we were all silent. A year before, in a great city,—the brightness of its holiday season about us, and human life the nearest and strongest fact; to-night, in the deep woods rising dark through Northern Minnesota to Pembina and beyond, our little cluster of cabins the only suggestion of civilized home, and only the same stars making it seem as if we dwelt on the same planet. Through the low window I saw them now, lustrous in that wonderful dark blue of the far northern sky at night, against which the melancholy black pines were outlined, the wind swaying them faintly and with a long sigh as it swept over the low cabin.

"Why must I keep shady?" I asked, rousing myself to answer the remark dropped by Hugh into the fire, as it were, into which he still looked.

"Because it's Gitchee Manitou Geezhucuk,—New-Year's. There'll be high doin's,—a ball; an' I'm thinkin' you'd be likin' to see a half-breed ball. But for me, I'll have my breakfast before I go to bed, an' be off to the deep woods before dawn."

"Are not these woods deep enough for practical purposes?" I asked. "What are you going to do in deeper ones?"

"Mark logs for that lazy callant

Nebiscobene to haul; but I say only the word to you now: keep shady." And Hugh was gone as he spoke.

Morning is rather a relative term in these regions, where winter daylight lasts only from eight or nine until three, and where, as oil must be carefully husbanded, for fear of inability to get more, one sleeps hours beyond all reason. But at nine next morning, the sun just visible in a golden cloud over the lake, it became necessary to send for a kettle lent the day before to the Indian farmer, and the doctor started after it. A shriek of laughter brought me to the door in time to see him struggling in a deep drift, a fat and fishy squaw embracing him closely, while two younger ones waited, evidently with the same intention, Suzette shrieking and dancing with delight about the party. The farmer came to the rescue, and was seized in the same way.

"The women have gone mad," I said, stepping out and debating what had better be done, when from behind Hugh's cabin came suddenly an old and gayly painted and bedecked chief, who had spent part of the previous day before my fire, and now made toward me with open arms. I fled to my own room and bolted the door.

"It is not only mad women, but mad men, it seems," I said, looking cautiously through the window, and waited for further developments.

There was a rush and a scramble. Suzette shrieked louder than before, as a knot of women burst from behind the government barn and rushed after the doctor, who made one flying leap to his own door and barricaded it in their faces. Instantly a deafening pounding, at first with fists, then with sticks caught from the wood-pile, followed, with cries of "Pequazhegan! Gim me nig pequazhegan! Sinse bockwit!" ("Bread! Give us bread or sugar.")

Aiken, the most intelligent of the three traders, at that moment passed, and answered my beckoning from the window, laughing as he saw the assembly and ordering them back from the door.

"It must be that you give them all

they ask," he said. "They have earned it."

"Earned it!" I repeated, stupefied.

"But yes. I see you know not yet the custom. It is New-Year,—Gitchee Manitou Geezhecuk. When one can catch a kiss, it is a cadeau,—a gift. Now, as all may kiss but those who must mourn, you must give or hide away. I give; but it is only to the prettiest. That makes it few. It is here they will be most, because you have much flour."

In the mean time my Pembina friend had gained admission to the medicine-room, and stood smiling behind the dispensing counter, and soon a dozen faces, old and young, laughed back, as I smiled, in spite of myself, through the crack of the door. Many of the braves had come in from the hunt, and, painted and decked as at their most solemn ceremonies, came to shake hands with *muskeekkee winini*, the medicine-man, and to kiss, or, if not kiss, at least secure a present from, *muskeekkee winini equa*, the medicine-man's wife.

The essence of the right being in the surprise, it was easy to protect myself, first behind the counter, and secondly by an explanation, in my choicest Ojibway, made principally to pacify the Pembina chief, who mourned aloud over my lack of appreciation, that white squaws did not like such ceremonies and greeted friends as men did, simply by shaking hands. This being gravely pondered for a moment, and then received with a "How!" of approval, a dozen hands were stretched across the counter, each one saying "How! how!" at the beginning and end of the ceremony, and then looking politely but decidedly toward the small pantry in the inner room, as if sure that some result must come from their conformity to my wishes.

A pan of ginger-cakes had been baked the day before,—luckily, enough to allow one to each of the probable callers,—and I set about concocting a drink dear to the Ojibway palate,—a diabolical brew of cherry-bounce made from their own wild cherries, hot water, sugar, tincture of capsicum, and a dash of assafœtida

to give it body and character. Heat is the chief demand in any drink, and the fame of capsicum given as a medicine had spread through the whole region, as something warranted not only to be hot but to *stay* hot for an hour afterward, and the doctor was tormented by constant applications for it.

Assafetida, given first in the hope of securing safe passage homeward for certain bread-poultices prepared for a burnt child and eaten with great regularity by the small boy who came for them, had proved to be only an added attraction. Anything of abominable taste or smell must necessarily, according to Ojibway and, sometimes, more civilized theories, have more virtue than a milder article, and thus, as I handed tin cups full of the enticing mixture to the guests, who had watched the process with approving grunts, each one as he smacked his lips over the scalding liquid gasped out, "Megwitch; kaget megwitch." ("Thank you; truly we thank you.")

Pailful after pailful was mixed. The supply of gingerbread gave out and was supplemented by a half-barrel of crackers, and still they came,—men, women, and children, each bent upon shaking hands, each calling for *pequazhegan*, until in despair I held out empty hands and announced that there was nothing left to give. "I cannot feed a nation," I said. "The Great Father at Washington does not send me enough flour. You must go now to the traders, who have plenty."

Darkness had come before the reception ended,—the most wearing but, on the whole, most entertaining one I had known in many years,—and, as the notes of a fiddle sounded from the traders' camp, I went, guarded by Suzette and her band, to look on for a time at the dancing, unshared by the Indians, who squatted against the wall, silent but smiling spectators.

Logs blazed in the open chimney,—literally on fire, it being, like that of a lum-

berman's camp, simply four logs squared about a pile of earth beaten down and serving as hearth, smoke and sparks passing through a square of the same size in the roof and built up far enough to make a draught like a furnace. Candles had been stuck here and there, though the flaming fire gave light enough. Baptiste, a slender brown "coureur du bois," plied the bow of his squeaking fiddle seated on a barrel in the corner, and the picturesque half-breeds swung their bright-eyed but rather heavy partners or stepped high in a sort of break-down, watched by the younger ones with cries of delight. Lithe, graceful fellows, many of them, they danced as if lonely marching over ice-bound lake or weary toiling across long portages in summer were an unknown thing, and far into the night I heard the sound of festivity lasting till morning.


Hugh looked in at midnight, a little shame-faced as he asked if I had "kept shady," and acknowledged that he had been forced to promise that he would give no warning of customs or intentions. The "deep woods" had proved no protection, and, surrounded and forced to surrender to a party of laughing girls, he had bought immunity for the rest of the day with a barrel of crackers. And as I looked finally from the door, a slight and suggestive sound in air, on window-pane, and even above the moonlit tree-tops showed that frost and moon alike had caught the infection, and, less scrupulous than I, were claiming their share in the chief ceremony of the day.

With morning the old loneliness was upon us, all the more strongly from the bewildering crowd of the vanished holiday. The gay groups had scattered each to its own place across the lake or far in some distant wood, and the real year began in the silence which is the seal not alone of winter but of all life shut out from active share in the larger existence of men and communities.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

## A BOHEMIAN.

I.

 JUST after six o'clock on a dull November day, two men, coming rapidly from different directions, encountered at the corner of Broadway and Union Square.

"Upon my word, Goldbeck!" said the elder of the two. "You take away my breath. I was just on my way to your studio."

Paul Goldbeck, a tall, handsome fellow of eight-and-twenty, burst out laughing. "I was going to see you to ask a favor," he exclaimed.

Stern, who always took everything seriously, showed concern: "I hope it is something in my power to—"

"I want a loan of ten dollars."

"My dear boy, I have hardly as many cents. I was about to request a similar—"

"I quite counted on you," said Paul, thrusting his hands into his empty pockets with a gesture of indignation. "I felt sure you must have had at least ten dollars a page for that paper."

"I had fifteen; but I was paid five months ago, when it was accepted, and I owed every cent of it to my landlady."

"The fact is," said Goldbeck, in a tone that betokened a sense of grievance, "I have a particularly good appetite to-day."

"Precisely my case."

"I wanted to borrow ten dollars of you, and then should have invited you to dine with me."

"I would have done the same by you."

"I have not dined for a week. I have lain in bed all the morning and taken breakfast in the afternoon; I have eaten hundreds of raw oysters at midnight; I have made coffee for myself over my gaslight; I have gone to twenty-five-cent eating-houses. But I am sick of such miserable substitutes,—such wretched subterfuges. It really saps a man's morality, this pretending to dine when he has not dined. I said to myself an hour ago, I will dine to-night, no

matter what it costs me! The dinner I was to order was in my mind's eye. I told Simpson I was going to Arditì's to get it, and he said I was an extravagant fellow; but my mouth watered. How I loved you, Stern! When I saw you I was ready to fall on your neck and embrace you. It was a glorious opportunity lost for you."

"I know it, I feel it," said Stern regretfully. "I'm awfully sorry to have disappointed you."

"Who else is there I could borrow of?"

"How about Simpson? He makes money."

"Wretched miser! He saves it, too."

"No communism about Simpson."

"Not a bit."

"Stevens is in Philadelphia. Who else is there?"

"I don't know anybody who isn't hard up. Oh, Stern, it is absolutely tragical! I'm persuaded that dinner is no dream: it exists; it is somewhere waiting for us now. It was far too glorious a vision to have come merely to mock my senses."

"It is being cooked in fifty different restaurants, if we could only go and order it."

"We will. Come on."

"Where?"

"I am going to have that dinner."

"How are you going to pay for it?"

"Don't intrude those sordid practical considerations upon me. The man who cannot control his destiny to the point of compelling it to give him a good dinner when he needs it is unfitted to live."

Stern had some faith in Paul's resources. But he was older by a dozen years, and, having lost the cheerful intuitions of early youth, now took refuge in the reflection that he could pledge his watch for a few days until he should get something from the *Forum*.

"We will go to Arditì's," said Paul.

"To Arditì's?" gasped Stern. "An awfully dear place!"

"They have the best cooks in New

York. No ostentation of elegance about Arditi's. A quiet place, but no shabby make-believes. Everything is in keeping. One may dine as a gentleman should, yet at the same time feel that he is getting the real worth of his money and not wasting it on mere externals."

"It is because no women go there," remarked Stern. "Always avoid a place open to them. You pay three times as much and get half the quantity, and that ill cooked."

Thus discoursing, they had crossed the square, and now entered Arditi's café and sat down in a retired corner. It was evidently no idle whim of Paul's to order a meal and trust to luck to get it paid for. He pored over the *carte* for a few moments, then wrote down his order with a methodical nicety which argued well for his belief that destiny intended him to enjoy his dinner.

"How is that, Stern?" he said, pushing the paper toward him. "Just put in any little extra touches to suit yourself."

"I suppose Arditi would like one of your immortal canvases in return. I understand he is a connoisseur," returned Stern, over whom a conviction was stealing that he should have no timepiece for many a day to come.

Just at this moment, while the waiter was stretching out his hand to receive the order, an elderly gentleman of imposing appearance came up to the table, inquiring, with elaborate courtesy, if he had the honor of addressing Mr. Paul Goldbeck.

Paul stared at him and nodded, feeling himself interrupted at a critical moment.

"My name is Litchfield,—Adam Litchfield," said the old gentleman. "I was told by a young man in your studio that you were dining here."

"I told Simpson that was my intention."

"There is a trifling matter upon which I want a few words with you," pursued Mr. Litchfield. "Is not this a little too public? Here, waiter, show us to a private room."

And, greatly to Stern's astonishment,

who began to believe that he was indulging in an Abou-Hassan dream, they were presently ushered into a comfortable little apartment, carpeted and hung with crimson, where a fire was burning in a beautiful little brass grate.

"You have not yet introduced me to your friend, Mr. Goldbeck," observed Mr. Litchfield. "Ah! Mr. Stern,—Mr. Stern of the *Forum*," he repeated, shaking hands with that celebrity as Paul named him. "I always read the *Forum*. Now, gentlemen, will you do me the honor to become my guests at dinner?"

"On the contrary," said Goldbeck, "I insist that you shall join us and dine with me."

"Just like the imprudent idiot!" thought Stern, who had enjoyed a momentary hope for the safety of his watch.

"Very good of you," said Mr. Litchfield, "but I am an old man and like my own way."

"But I had ordered the dinner."

"Then I will have it, by all means. Let me see what you had written down. How! No soup?"

"I generally," said Goldbeck, "begin with soup, because, as a rule, I dine economically, and a plate of soup or a *purée* acts as an extingisher upon the appetite."

"There is something in that. I always eat soup, and I confess I often nowadays find it hard work to eat my dinner afterward."

"So," pursued Goldbeck, "after a few sardines and a lemon I was going to have the fish at once."

"Sardines? You prefer them to raw oysters?"

"Oysters are not comparable to sardines."

Mr. Litchfield began to believe that the young man knew how to dine, and he accepted the dinner he had ordered, without further controversy, writing down a list of wines, however, to suit himself. The fish was brought, and proved acceptable. It was boiled, and bright little capers and green olives not only adorned it, but flavored it piquantly.



Then came a *filet aux champignons* which was absolutely perfect, and an after-course of partridges so exquisitely cooked as to suggest some ethical method of imparting tenderness to the flesh, while preserving its delicate whiteness and the full flavor of the juices, rather than the vulgar processes of the cuisine. The original dinner was now over; but Mr. Litchfield was a good host and saw that the appetite of his guests had not yet subsided. Accordingly, he ordered as an extingisher croquettes and a salad. Such virtue had its reward. Paul looked up at the old gentleman and smiled brilliantly. Up to the present moment the young fellow had been too hungry to address the least of his powers to the problem of what this intimate concern in his personal well-being might mean. Now, however, his powers were both soothed and stimulated, and he began to experience a frank surprise. "So you went to my place, Mr. Litchfield?" said he.

"Yes. I called there at six o'clock."

"How did you know where I was?"

"Not from the directory," said Stern, who was in capital spirits. "Goldbeck ruins his friends in directories."

Mr. Litchfield took a little pamphlet from his pocket: "Your address is attached to the name of your picture in this catalogue."

"What catalogue? I am exhibiting nothing at present," said Paul, puzzled, and then, following the direction of the old gentleman's finger, read with an air of stupefaction, "'Sibyl, Paul Goldbeck.'—Stern," he ejaculated, "do you know about this?"

Stern, in fact, knew everything about it, and, reluctant although he might have been to confess his share in the plot in case of failure, now, with a chance of success, he was ready to proclaim that he himself, indignant at his friend's want of enterprise, had stolen this little picture from the studio and entered it at the exhibition.

"I am glad you did it, sir," said Mr. Litchfield, and went on to say that he and his daughter had that afternoon visited the exhibition,—it was "Buyers'

Day,"—and had been so charmed with "Sibyl" that they felt it must be secured before another purchaser had any chance.

"But it is not for sale," cried Paul, with a look of irritation.

"Don't you sell your pictures?"

"I don't often have the chance. Two kinds of painters succeed,—those who feel the grandeur of the eternal and adjust it to the transient, and those who know how to express mediocre ideas with more point than their neighbors and bring them home to the popular heart. I am still bitten with ambition for what I can't do, and I don't want to settle down yet upon what is easily within my power."

"But, after all, men must live. Come, now, my daughter wants that picture. Put a price upon it, Mr. Goldbeck."

"Well, then, seven hundred and fifty dollars," said Paul, with more hopes, perhaps, of retaining the picture than of securing this price.

"Done," replied Mr. Litchfield, calmly. "Here comes the dessert, and when I pay the bill I'll write you a check for that amount."

## II.

Thus Paul's dinner was paid for, and he had a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars besides. For a further piece of good fortune, he was to dine with Mr. and Miss Litchfield, on Madison Avenue, the following evening. Nevertheless, he awoke next day with a half-melancholy feeling. He was saddened by the loss of that little picture. Four weeks had passed and he had not once looked at the canvas, and Stern had been able to abstract it without its being missed. Still, Paul told himself that its loss impoverished him. He gazed around his studio in disgust and homesickness. On his easel stood a group of children at which he had been working lately, and, taking up his brush, he began to turn one of them into a semblance of Sibyl. But, well as he knew that face, he needed the beautiful smiling little creature before him in order to catch the exquisite look of her raised eyes. He decided to go to the exhibition. He

wanted at least to see how the picture was hung. It would be a new sensation to see the ticket "Sold" in the corner.

He found it readily. It was in the east room, near the door, and very well placed,—just above the level of the eyes. He had nothing to quarrel with, and a feeling of serenity and satisfaction stole over him. He could look up the pretty child and paint her again: meanwhile, there were certain compensations in the possession of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

While he stood smiling back at the charming cherub face, a lady who stood near him, also steadily regarding the little picture, attracted his attention. She was the palest of blondes, with yellowish-red hair, and dressed in some costly stuff of dark green. Her features were delicately chiselled, but the straight imperious brows made a heavy line across her forehead, and the haughty curves of her full red lips somewhat spoiled the impression her beauty created. It amused the artist to see how much she admired his work, and he longed to tell little Sibyl what a furor she was making in the highest circles. Yes, that should be his day's task, and it would fill the void he had experienced ever since he awoke. He wondered how he could have allowed six months to pass without looking up the little Polish girl. He inquired at the theatre as he went down Broadway if old Chermunsky still played in the orchestra, and, being assured that he did, Paul went on and turned into Twelfth Street, where, before he had proceeded two blocks, he saw Sibyl herself looking out of the window.

"Ah, there you are!" she cried at the top of her voice the moment she caught sight of Paul, and, vanishing, she reappeared in another instant at the door.

"So you were expecting me?" said Paul, affecting an air of reserve and distance.

"Of course I expected you," declared Sibyl triumphantly. "I told grandpa you were sure to come now that they are making such a time over my picture."

"So that is no news to you, Miss Vanity?" said Paul, following her up the staircase.

"Mr. Stern brought me the paper this morning."

They had reached a dingy, disorderly room in the third story, where an old man sat copying music on the window-ledge. He looked up as Paul entered, greeted him with a melancholy, abashed air, then, almost without a word, went back to his work, while Sibyl threw herself into a tattered arm-chair covered with dull red, and, with an air of triumph, tossed a crumpled paper toward her visitor.

"Stern wrote it himself," said Paul, throwing it aside. "I know his touch. He can't get through six lines of criticism without maundering into 'conscientious feeling' and 'breadth of tone.'" He sat down opposite Sibyl and stared hard at her. He had forgotten how irresistibly pretty she was. What a study of careless grace in her attitude!—although it must be confessed that the little foot she was swinging was in an ill-fitting stocking which needed mending and a slipper down at the heel.

"And you got seven hundred and fifty dollars for that picture!" she exclaimed, elated. "I had no idea it was so awfully good, Paul."

"I never ought to have sold it."

"What a goose you would have been to lose the chance!"

"And you don't mind being exhibited?"

"Mind?" Sibyl burst into joyous laughter, making it clearly evident that she was flattered beyond measure at having her youthful beauty thus glowingly set off.

"I want to paint you again," said Paul. "Let me sketch you while I sit here."

"Wait a moment, and see me in my hat," cried Sibyl, springing up and darting into the next room, to return, like a flash, with a wide-brimmed Gainsborough on her little head and a broad lace collar about her throat. She stood before him transformed. Her dusky blue dress fell in heavy folds to her

feet, no drawbacks to her costume visible to his masculine perceptions. "Do you like me this way?" she asked, turning herself round and round before him.

"No," said he roughly. "I don't know you in that sort of thing."

She stared at him bewildered, her lovely red lips curving down at the corners, the color ebbing from her cheeks.

"Who gave it to you?" he asked.

"Grandpa, and I bought it this morning. I wanted to look nice to go and see my picture."

Paul hardly understood what his sudden fury had meant. The truth was, the thought had darted across his mind that Sibyl had some admirer who made her presents. This suspicion having been dispelled, he looked at her more gently. She was like a little princess: a something patrician and aristocratic showed in the pose of her head and the turn of her shoulders. "What have you got to wear about you?" he asked. "Of course it is too cold now to go out without a cloak."

"I don't mind the cold," said Sibyl, with a shrug.

"I will buy you a jacket,—a jacket trimmed with fur. A Polish girl ought to wear that sort of thing."

Sibyl nodded. "You can afford it now," said she. "But, Paul, do you really dislike this hat?"

"It is pretty and stylish," said Paul reluctantly; "but I have idealized you a little. I want to keep you out of the world, and that hat is of the world, worldly."

"I thought you'd like to see me nicely dressed and looking like a rich girl."

"But when a girl is poor, looking like a rich girl is not a thing to be desired. It is a vice to abstain from."

"And do I look like a rich girl?"

"You look to me like a mighty aristocrat. If I met you in the street it would never occur to me that this was the little girl I took on an excursion to Long Branch once, when we were too poor to buy any lunch except gooseberries."

"But how good those gooseberries were! And how beautiful, how exquisite,

that day was! Do you remember how the bathers bobbed up and down, and how I laughed? And then how you said the lovely sea was all spoiled and vulgarized by them, and we walked away miles down the beach? Ah! that sea, that wonderful sea! And the green in the waves just before they broke! And the great wide blue sky and the little fleecy clouds! Oh, heavens! how often I have dreamed it over and over! Ah, that was two years ago! You took me on no picnics last summer. Grandpa and I went once, but it was not like the other time. I felt quite dreary and old."

"Tell me about it; tell me about everything," said Paul. "Meanwhile, I will try you in that hat; not that I approve of the hat, either," he added, with a pretence of a frown.

Sibyl began to tell him everything which had happened the past six months, a recital interrupted by many digressions, for Paul followed up every hint, questioning her mercilessly at each mention of a new name or the most trivial incident. He worked hard the while, finding his drawing so satisfactory that it suggested a spirited study in black and white. There was something in the girl's face and figure, of dignity, fire, mischief, and grace combined, which made her a capital model. No droop of passion had yet spoiled her childish instincts, and she sat and stood before him, chattering all the while, without the faintest self-consciousness or admixture of bashful feeling.

While she talked and Paul sketched, the old man, standing in the window, began to play softly on his violin, bowing at first almost without a sound, then, forgetting the others, working up the melody into power and sweetness, pressing the violin to his heart the while, his haggard old face lighting up with pleasure. The melancholy strain, ever more and more thrillingly sweet, began to impress Sibyl. "Do you hear it?" she asked, turning to Paul and looking at him in a gentle, confiding way.

"Hear what? Oh, your grandfather's music? I heard it without thinking. Sweet,—oh, very sweet! But what does

it mean? That is the fault I find with music as an art. It draws your heart out, puts a thorn in its place, and there's no comfort in it."

"Oh, it is heaven!" said Sibyl, pressing her hands to her heart. "It reminds me of something I want to weep about,—something I want to live for or die for."

"You goose!" exclaimed Paul: "don't be sentimental!"

The old man finished his practice, put away his violin, and went out for five minutes, then returned with a pitcher of beer, a loaf of bread, and some cheese.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Sibyl. "I am very hungry." And, sitting down in her plumed hat, she drank a glass of beer and ate a fair share of the loaf.

At seven o'clock Stern left Paul at Mr. Litchfield's door. The good friend had hunted the artist for three hours, and finally run him to earth at the Chermunskys', had carried him off almost by main force to his studio, superintended his toilet, and finally escorted him to his patron's. Paul had hated the engagement,—had hated all engagements. For a man to be tied down to fashionable hours, to be compelled to array himself in dress-clothes which pinched him, and go out and dine with people who wanted to patronize him, was a belittling experience. He had dined well the day before, and was content to live on herbs for a week. Sibyl had declared her intention of stewing some oysters; and such an entertainment made all others meagre.

Nevertheless, thanks to Stern's good offices, here the young artist was, just as the clock struck seven, inside the ponderous doors of the great stone mansion, and one man was taking his hat and surtout, while another obsequiously waited to usher him in.

Miss Litchfield was standing with her father on the rug before the library fire as he entered.

"I saw you this morning at the exhibition," said Paul abruptly, the moment he was introduced to the hostess.

"You were looking at my picture."

"At my picture," said Miss Litchfield.

"I saw you too, Mr. Goldbeck." When

Miss Litchfield smiled, her face became wonderfully sweet and seductive. But she smiled rarely, and the cold imperiousness of her glance chilled her most ardent admirers. She had, however, smiled at Paul, and both his vanity and his curiosity were piqued. She was a great lady, and he was not accustomed to great ladies. He was struck by her simplicity, her directness, her vigorous interest in whatever idea was presented. She showed an insight and a knowledge which made Paul feel young, and he began to wonder if her blooming looks did not contradict her real age. When he finally left the house at midnight he was not a little excited, and he looked up Stern, feeling eager for a talk. Stern never slept, and was sitting at his table, writing a review. "Shall I interrupt you?" Paul had the grace to inquire.

"Not at all. I am anxious to hear about Miss Litchfield."

"She is a remarkable woman, Stern."

"Oh, she praised your picture?"

"Barely alluded to it. She said little, but she inspired me. Ye gods, how I have talked! Everything seemed aglow before my mind." Paul sat down on a rickety chair which groaned like a wounded man as it felt his weight. His face shone, and Stern, who loved him, looked at him with keen admiration. His usually dreamy eyes were brilliant, his expression was extremely serious. "She seemed interested in me."

"That is not unlikely."

"And I was at my best with her. While I talked, I felt that I might become whatever I desired, that I could get out of the world just what I wanted."

"Just what you ought to feel."

"But can a man do it? Look at yourself, now."

"Oh, I never had your powers. Besides, I had others to support, and could not command circumstances. I took up the first yoke which offered, and have worked under it ever since, no matter how it has galled me."

"With a higher courage and a steadier persistence I believe I might do something," said Paul. "But I need to

bind myself fast,—to limit myself and my wants."

"You will do nothing if you run after Sibyl Chermunsky. I said to myself to-day, 'Just like Paul, to spoil his life by marrying that pretty little slattern.'"

"Marry her!" cried Paul indignantly. "I never thought of such a thing."

"Intention does not count in such matters. She's fascinating, and if you see her often you'll become infatuated and feel it a chance of heaven to throw yourself into the abyss with her."

"Until the sale of that picture put her into my head, I had forgotten her existence, almost."

"That's unlucky."

"You might well call it an abyss,—a man's marrying in that sort of way," Paul went on with heat. "A bottomless abyss. If I were married to Sibyl, poor as poverty, with a baby coming every year, and all my senses crazed by the din and disorder and discomfort, I should blow out my brains."

"Well, then, don't do it."

"I swear I won't. Still, she is an exquisite little creature."

"But she's dangerous. Take my word for it, she is your bad angel just as surely as Miss Litchfield is your good one."

"Poor little Sibyl! She's so awfully lonely."

"Did Miss Litchfield ask you to go to see her again?"

"Yes," said Paul, with a quickened smile and heightened color: "I am invited to look at her pictures the day after to-morrow."

Stern looked at him with elation. "The infant is a regular child of good luck," he said to himself.

### III.

WHEN Paul kept this engagement he found Miss Litchfield alone. She was sitting at her desk in an admirably-fitting gown of dark-blue velvet which took folds like the drapery of the French actress Paul had seen the night before. "You see what it is to summon spirits from the vasty deep," said he. "They come at your bidding."

"I was afraid they might not," rejoined Miss Litchfield. On his entrance she had looked to him stern, imperious, rather forbidding. But now she smiled, and Paul drew a seat beside her. "When you call spirits from their native element," said he, "it is important to know not only how to raise them but how to dismiss them. You have heard what happened to the man who studied magic and discovered the enchanted word, uttered it, and found a familiar at his elbow?"

"Tell me the story."

"I am here: what do you want of me?" said the spirit. The man was almost paralyzed by his good luck. 'Bring me some water,' said he. The creature brought water,—kept on bringing water as if to put out a conflagration. The man only knew the form of incantation, and he could not stop him. He flew at the demon with his sword and cut him in two, and then there were two demons each bringing water, and the man was swept away."

"Ominous story!"

"Its moral is that you should always learn at once how to dismiss your slaves. Say to me, 'Go!' Miss Litchfield, and I go."

She laughed a little. "You show me," she remarked, "that you have more worlds than one."

"On the contrary, I have no world at all. I have dabbled a little first in one element and then in another, without fully sustaining existence anywhere."

"You have plenty of society, no doubt."

"I am a tolerably solitary person. Every man who works is."

"I always fancied artists were sociable. I go into the best society I can get, but it bores me intolerably at times. I always believed that the bright people were the producers,—the writers, painters, inventors,—those who have spontaneous ideas."

"A spontaneous idea sounds well," said Paul. "There may be people who have them, like Minerva armed and equipped and ready for anything. Most of us grope after them with a



damnable uncertainty as to whether we have hold of anything actual or not; and it is only after being over and over again baffled and driven back that we find out what it is possible for us to do."

Miss Litchfield looked at him with a straight, clear glance. "I think," she said softly, "that I saw the original of your 'Sibyl' with you at the theatre last night."

"Yes."

"Are you engaged to that young girl?"

"No," said Paul, without a tinge of embarrassment. "Little Sibyl has neither father nor brother nor cousin to take her out. I had tickets for 'Hernani,' and, remembering that she understood French as well as English, I determined to give her a treat."

"She is astonishingly pretty, and very young."

"She is just seventeen. She has no relation but a grandfather, who plays second violin at Wallack's." Paul had half a mind to tell Miss Litchfield the whole story. It had seemed to him that he really owed Sibyl a good share of the money he had received for his study of her head. He had accordingly bought her a neat silk dress, ready-made, and a velvet jacket, ordering them to be sent home to her. But, having reflected that there were so few pleasures in this unsatisfactory life he could not afford to lose the delight of seeing her face light up when she beheld her new finery, he decided to take the parcel to her himself, and was properly rewarded by the ecstasies of the bewitching little creature. Then, although he knew it was hardly right, that Stern would scold and that he himself might repent it, he took her out to dinner and afterward to the theatre. Never in all the child's life had she been so happy, and Paul, too, was conscious of a sweet poisonous delight working through his veins. The play had pleased but not absorbed him: he had liked best to see Sibyl's radiant, earnest face. Tears filled her eyes as she looked and listened,—tears of a boundless longing, an indefinable rapture.

Paul was a little proud of himself that he had passed through this ordeal scathless. He had said to himself that he would not yield to the temptation even of holding the hand of this pretty girl whom he would not and dared not love. Having thus held himself through his half-intoxication the previous evening, here, in broad daylight, opposite an elegant, clever-looking woman whom he wanted to please, the thought of Sibyl did not move him at all. "I had almost forgotten about the pretty little creature," said he, with a laugh. "When you bought my picture, I looked her up. I felt it only fair that she should profit by my good fortune."

"I am glad you are not engaged to her."

"So am I," said Paul. "I have never thought of marriage."

"Don't link yourself to failure and mediocrity," said Miss Litchfield, with a sort of brusqueness with which she sometimes spoke, and which now made her seem like an old woman of the world. "Don't be bound down to common necessities. Don't oblige yourself to overwork your strength and invention in order to buy your dinners. Somebody ought to provide you with ways and means."

"I often think that," said Paul. "I often wake up in the morning with a desire to ring for my valet, to tell him to clean my boots and brush my clothes, to hand me my letters and give me my breakfast. I feel irresistibly impelled to work out the fantasy, and, although I clean my own boots and brush my own clothes, I fancy myself living at my own pleasure and in my own way, with money in my pocket and a carriage at my door."

"Such a life is not impossible," observed Miss Litchfield drily. With this she dismissed the subject, and began to show her visitor the pictures, new and old, which filled the house. The night before, watching him across the theatre, she had had a spasm of self-disgust for the pain she felt in seeing him absorbed in the young girl beside him. She felt half inclined to break the engagement

she had made for the next afternoon; but she was weary of most things, and decided to pursue this interest a little further. Her life was too listless, void, disappointing, to leave her passive before any opportunity of real pleasure. In his presence her doubts of the worth of her feeling for him vanished. She liked him, and she liked too few things to hold this sudden infatuation cheap. With almost unlimited opportunities, Miss Litchfield had fastidiously discarded year after year people and pursuits which no longer pleased her, until now, at twenty-eight, she had been at times a little at a loss to know what to go on living for. She stood isolated on the barren vantage-ground of superior culture and knowledge of the world. Everything had been offered her, it was said: even a coronet had been at her feet. One enormous resource was, however, left her. She had not hitherto been in love. Yet it had been the dream of her youth to love madly. She was royal in her nature, and was ready to give much and claim little. The women who pleased her in history and poetry were the Cleopatras, the Héloïses, the Gasparas. She had just made up her mind that this passion was never to come, when she met Paul Goldbeck.

The young artist looked at Miss Litchfield's pictures. He looked so long and talked so much that he did not finish in time to get away before dinner: so he remained. He was invited to attend a reception at the house the following day, and, after seeing Miss Litchfield in *tête-à-tête*, had an opportunity to see her with all New York bowing before her. She combined an ease, a majesty, a sort of royal good nature, with a certain scornful weariness of it all, which had its effect upon him. She was kinder to him than to these people. He need not envy the men who affected a sort of intimacy with her, who were, besides, elegant in look and habit, trained to the nicest observances and the most careful speech.

Paul's ambition was fired. "Suppose I were to marry Miss Litchfield," said he to Stern.

"Your modesty touches me."

"One might play for love as boldly as for other things."

"As you played for your dinner the other night, for instance."

"Exactly. After all, rich women have married men as poor as I am."

"Don't throw me over when you are a millionaire."

Paul was laughing a little to himself, and his eyes sparkled. He had just put on a new suit of dress-clothes his tailor had sent him that very day. He had sold two more pictures. He had plenty of money, and could afford to unfurl his sails and float along in this unreal, fictitious, elegant, almost ideal life which the Litchfields had opened to him. He found little time to paint nowadays, but Miss Litchfield told him a little social training would do him no harm, would give him instead of his imperfect notions of the world a sounder basis of knowledge on which to act.

Stern thought it was better not to meddle with wine while it was effervescing, so would not talk over Paul's relations to Miss Litchfield. The affair seemed to him promising, and he was frankly delighted at the youngster's good fortune. He was thankful that Sibyl had retired into the background and did not embarrass the plot with her Cinderella-like charms. The good friend had some *finesse*, and had learned to be on guard where Paul's imagination was concerned. Well enough he knew the freaks of that extravagant and poetic mind, and dreaded some sudden revulsion, some change of mind which should drive him back to the dangerous rocks where the little siren sat luring victims. So long as Paul's eyes were kept glued to the brilliant pageant unrolling before them, he was safe. With perpetual dinners of at least six courses, Miss Litchfield assisting in one sumptuous toilet after another, brilliant balls, the best bands playing waltzes, suppers by Pinard, realism was triumphant and idealism died a natural death.

Miss Litchfield and Stern unconsciously played the same game. The former knew how to interest Paul, how to

fascinate, puzzle, arouse him. She knew what he needed,—something between fiery stimulant and spoon-meat. And Paul throve on this manna. He felt at times the utmost piquancy in the situation. He knew that much Miss Litchfield said and did was a delicate bribe to his ardor, and often answered a word charged with strong feeling. The imagination he had hitherto spent on his work he gave now to his intercourse with her. Perhaps he knew his *rôle* a little too well, and the artist in him at times marred the lover. Even when he was conscious that no barrier existed to an absolute understanding between them, he played a little and pretended a dejection he did not feel. On her side Miss Litchfield held her own, and kept, as a rule, to an attitude of calm negation.

One evening late in January, Stern, true to his trust, escorted Paul to the door in Madison Avenue which now turned on its hinges with magical ease to the young fellow. Mr. Litchfield had asked him to dine and go to the opera and a ball with them afterward. Miss Litchfield did not descend until the meal was well advanced, and her magnificent toilet explained the delay. Her dress was of white satin sown with Roman pearls. She wore, besides, a superb necklace of pearls, while her round, perfect arms were bare from the shoulder, their delicious contour unspoiled even by a bracelet.

Paul almost held his breath as he looked at her. It was the first time she had absolutely dominated him. When he followed her into the parlor after dinner he leaned his arm on the mantel-piece and looked at her without saying a word.

"Is it not time we started?" Miss Litchfield said coolly.

"I don't want to go."

"Must we leave you behind us, then?"

"I want you to stay with me."

"Waste this toilet on the fireside?"

she asked, smiling at him tantalizingly.

"You look to me like—like—a *bride*."

Paul blushed as he spoke the word.

Miss Litchfield experienced a change of atmosphere. Everything in her life hitherto had been cold compared with

this. She cast down her eyes, and a little trembling appeared about her mouth; her lips moved, but she uttered no sound.

"Like a bride," continued Paul, stepping closer, "but like a king's bride. What folly, what audacity, what treason, almost, for a man like me to dream of winning a queen!"

She lifted her glance and looked at him. What he saw in her eyes Paul was not soon to forget. "A queen may hold out her hand for alms like a beggar," she said. Stress of emotion made her voice almost hoarse. Her father had come in, and had heard what she had said, but without understanding more than the literal meaning of the words.

"Come, my daughter," he said. "We shall be late. Here is Marie with your cloak."

Paul had no chance to speak again. They took up Mrs. Alger on the way,—a bright, chattering woman, who engrossed everybody's ears until they reached the opera-house. Paul's heart was beating heavily and irregularly, and he was burdened with a weight of something not unlike a painful presentiment. But of what, save the best fortune which had ever happened to him? Mr. Litchfield took his daughter on his arm, and left the young man to escort Mrs. Alger, who kept him waiting while she buttoned her gloves, which she had left unfastened. When they reached the box he found that Miss Litchfield already had one of her corps of regular admirers behind her chair, and he was almost relieved. He was seized with restlessness, and preferred to wander about.

The opera was "Mefistofele," and the music had a tantalizing rather than a soothing effect upon him. From time to time he looked at Miss Litchfield, and never without a certain agitation. He said to himself that the time had come: a powerful but beneficent fate had swept him on almost against his will. He could not understand why, in spite of his immense good fortune, his heart was so heavy. Miss Litchfield's generosity overpowered him, he told himself: he was keenly remorseful at the thought

that she had everything to give while he could offer nothing in return. Nothing? He said to himself that if he loved her he could offer her everything. And he did love her. He swore it to himself a dozen times over. He took various points of view from which to regard her. He felt a desire to see that veiled yet ardent glance again, the memory of which still vibrated through his heart and mind: as it was, she looked to him cold, statuesque, or even a little scornful. Her mouth was firmly closed: it was not a mouth to inspire dreams of kisses. One expected wise and witty things, but hardly tender ones, to issue from those well-folded lips. Sibyl's lips were made to curve and to quiver and to kiss. . . . Why did the thought of Sibyl Chermunsky strike across his present bliss? . . . There sat the woman who was to make his life. It occurred to him that her Christian name was Madeline. He had rarely heard her called by it, and now when he whispered it to himself it sounded stiff and unfamiliar. Without doubt, however, he should grow used to it. He found himself of late taking kindly to many things far beyond expectation. He began to wonder what sort of a career was before him as the husband of a rich woman; he wondered if it were in him to do good work without heavy pressure, the sting of necessity and ambition. With all his needs gratified, was he not likely to experience a mortal fatigue of the spirit? He felt tired now, depressed; all his lights seemed put out.

On the stage the mad revels of the Walpurgis Night were going on, and the demons and spirits of the festival in their wild riot were darting hither and thither, while lightnings flashed, angry stars glowed and darkled, and every sort of wavering apparition trembled through the air. The orchestra played music fit for an orgy of witches, which rose with increasing clamor until the incantation brings to Faust the vision of Marguerite against the wild outlines of the Brocken, —his sweet, fair Marguerite, with a red ring around her neck. Paul gave a violent start. To every man this spirit

wears the face of his beloved. Some one had passed just in front of Paul and looked up. He was conscious of an imperious necessity to turn: almost beside him, just vanishing from the door, he saw Sibyl Chermunsky. She was pale; her eyes were timid and beseeching. He made a step forward, but it was too late. The door shut in his face, and when he reached the lobby she was gone.

He could only tell that she was not alone,—that some man had been with her. It had lasted but a moment; one glimpse of the exquisite baby-face, and it had passed. Still it was as if her little arms had been stretched out to meet him but were too short. He felt half frantic with haste and longing to see her. Why was he stricken with this profound sensibility, as if to a cry from the depths of a suffering soul?

He met Stern smoking a cigar outside. "Have you seen Sibyl Chermunsky?" he asked.

Stern took his cigar from his lips with a deliberation which tortured and irritated Paul. "Yes: she passed me just now."

"Who was with her?"

"That young Frenchman,—what's his name? Tiennet? Yes, that's it,—Tiennet."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've seen him with her before."

"Where were they going?"

"Sibyl told me she was faint: she had to come out. Well, what are you worrying about?" Stern added, seeing agitation in Paul's face.

"Something in her look alarmed me," he answered. He was pale about the lips; his eyes burned. "I think I'll just step round there and see if she has gone home."

Stern shook his head.

"If—if anything were to go wrong with that child," cried Paul with vehemence, "I believe I should go mad."

"Look here," said Stern in a quiet, matter-of-fact way. "I understand your solicitude and share it. I will go and see about her. You are not free. Go

back to your ladies, and I'll bring you word in half an hour."

Paul nodded to Stern and went upstairs to the boxes. He had a choking sense of collision between a strong rush of feeling and the necessity for self-command. Miss Litchfield turned round, as he approached, with a smile, and he took the seat behind her.

She seemed to him, although so near, far off, indistinct, unreal. That momentary vision down-stairs had annihilated passion, warmth, delight, at a breath. His heart was steeled against this brilliant, fortunate woman. She did not need him: she was perfectly well qualified to contend with the world and to master it. And what was his need of her, save an apology for sloth and cowardice? Still—still—could he now turn back? Was not his power of choice forever gone? Stern came along the aisle presently and whispered to him that Sibyl and old Chermunsky were eating supper together at home. That cold touch of unspeakable dread crept off Paul's heart. He called himself a fool for his momentary agitation; but he still quivered with the effects of the inner tempest of strong feeling which Sibyl's look had stirred.

They went on to the ball after the opera. Paul had a feeling that he must settle matters with Miss Litchfield that night; but everything seemed to interpose impediments. It may be that Miss Litchfield felt that his mood had changed; perhaps she experienced some coquettish desire for a final flutter of her wings in girlish freedom. She outshone every woman present, she outflirted and outdanced the youngest and gayest "bud," and it was well advanced into the small morning hours before her father had a chance to take her home.

When Paul finally reached his bed, at four o'clock, he slept heavily and did not awaken until past noon. The thought of Sibyl had subtly colored all his dreams, and returned with obstinate reality the moment he opened his eyes. Stern was writing at his table. "How about Sibyl, Stern?" he asked instantly.

"She was all right. She said the

music worked her up so intensely, or the house was so warm, that all at once everything swam before her eyes."

"What did she say about Tiennet?"

"Nothing."

"I'll go round and see her as soon as I am dressed. I've neglected her of late. I'm anxious about this new acquaintance of hers."

Machiavelian Stern did not attempt to combat this resolution; but he had a favor to ask of Paul. He was compelled to write up the pictures just unpacked at ——'s rooms, and wanted an artist's opinion upon them. Stern had no wish to be Sibyl's enemy, but his first anxiety was to be Paul's friend. Paul had put his fancies into practice all his life, and his impulses were swifter guides than his discretion. He had a fund of chivalrous tenderness, which might prove a dangerous force, and Sibyl was bewitching, and was, moreover, in love with him. Stern had shrewdly guessed that it was the sight of him, long lost and suddenly restored, which had made her faint the night before. He adroitly absorbed every moment of Paul's time until he had to dress. He took him to the house in Fifty-seventh Street, where he was engaged to dine, reflecting that he should have an easier time when Paul had married his heiress.

From the dinner-party in Fifty-seventh Street the guests returned toward midnight to attend a ball at the Academy. Paul had sat opposite Miss Litchfield at dinner, and the position afforded him exceptional opportunities for admiring her. She looked well and talked admirably. Nevertheless, the dinner had seemed to Paul indefinitely prolonged.

"Shall I ever see you again alone?" he asked Miss Litchfield as he led her to the carriage.

"I have not had a moment to myself to-day. To-morrow I shall not be so busy."

"Ah, then, to-morrow!" He pressed the fingers he held.

"You are going to the ball?"

"Oh, yes."

"We shall meet then, no doubt."



"I sit upon thorns while you talk to other men."

This was all very clever of Paul, but then he was clever and had a lively feeling for a situation. When he reached the Academy he might easily have followed Miss Litchfield to her box and kept a place beside her, but he put it off and wandered about with a demon of unrest at his heart. His ceaseless, impetuous, impotent longing to see Sibyl was not yet quenched. If she were but here now! That thought stimulated his flagging imagination, and he suddenly felt a desire to dance. To dance with Sibyl was an unattainable dream. He rushed up-stairs and asked Miss Litchfield. She laughed at him. "Not but what I should like to dance to this music," she added.

"But it wouldn't do?"

"No, it wouldn't do."

"There are disadvantages in being hedged about with royalty," said Paul. "Now, I long to dance. It would be charming if you would only come down into a quiet corner."

"My father would never forgive me."

"It is dreadfully hard for me to be happy in this world," cried Paul, with a shrug; but he looked back at Miss Litchfield and smiled as he strode away.

Dance he could not, it seemed; but at least he would not stay cooped up in a box with a tiresome chaperon and three hideous old fossil beaux who cackled gossip and compliments. It was less stifling to wander about on the floor and watch the women who dared waltz to this enchanting music. They floated past him, in their rich, rare dresses, with a movement as if upborne and floated by the sweep of wings. One of them seemed to dart straight toward him, carried on in the rush of the waltz like a slender comet dragging a trail of tulle. The movement of this youthful sylphide attracted Paul. He wanted to see her face, which was half hidden by her partner's shoulder. Twice he shifted his position, in order to catch more than the side-contours.

All at once his heart gave a leap and his face grew pale. He determined not

to lose sight of the girl. There ran through him a fierce thrill. If this were Sibyl, as he believed it was, he could not bear it. There ran through his excited fancies one slender arabesque of intention: he would snatch Sibyl away,—no man on earth should have her save himself. The music stopped, and Paul went up to her. "I claim the next dance, Miss Chermunsky," said he in her ear.

She turned toward him with a swift fluttered movement, transferring her arm from her partner's to his with an indescribable gesture of delight and gratitude.

"Must I relinquish you?" gasped the young man with whom she had been dancing.

"This is Mr. Goldbeck, Mr. Tiennet," said she, dropping her eyes like a bashful child.

The two men bowed and regarded each other with a look which was not tender, and the Frenchman withdrew with a bow and a shrug.

"The next dance after this, mademoiselle," he said.

Paul looked down at her. His face was so white and stern that her breath came in pants. She trembled. "Why do you tremble?" he asked.

"Are you angry with me?" she asked in return.

"Yes."

Every trace of color left her face.

Paul stooped and whispered, "I am furious with you for caring for any man in the wide world save me."

Slowly she tried to raise her eyes to his, but failed. A little half-smile quivered about her lips.

"Let us dance," said he, and put his arm around her. But his object was no longer to enjoy the dance. He waltzed her turn and turn and step by step across the floor, outside the ball-room, into the chilly vestibule. "Have you got a cloak?" said he.

"It is in the carriage."

"Mr. Tiennet's carriage?"

"Yes."

He called the first hack which waited, and put her in it. "You will take cold," said he; "but no matter. Drive

like mad," he said to the man, and took his seat beside her.

They did not speak a word as they rattled along the streets. Old Chermunsky was asleep on the lounge when they went in.

"Poor grandpa!" said Sibyl.

"He takes no care of you," muttered Paul. "How dared he let you go out in that way?"

She breathed heavily; a few tears came. "I am so lonely, Paul."

He looked down at her. The little creature was perishing with that sweet, agonizing thirst of youth after happiness and life. And he could make her happy. His heart overflowed.

"You must never go anywhere without me again," he said.

The upward glance of a young girl when it expresses all the passionate self-surrender a woman can feel is magical. Paul stooped and pressed his lips to hers.

"It's no use," said he brokenly. "It's our fate. You must be my wife, Sibyl."

Next morning at breakfast Miss Litchfield received a letter from Paul. She had seen him dancing with Sibyl the night before, and this explanation merely filled up with flesh and color the skeleton of the idea which had haunted her all night, keeping sleep away, making her

moan and sob in the cold and darkness over her departing hope. Life had been sweet to her of late. This sweet, sudden fancy of hers had brought her to grief. This was Paul's letter, written at dawn:

"DEAR MISS LITCHFIELD,—I am to marry Sibyl Chermunsky at twelve o'clock to-day. It was to come, and I think it best to have it come soon. She is fearfully alone in the world, and my solicitude for her has taught me that I have no right, no duty, except by her side. Nothing could make me free. You will have a chance in future to say of me, 'He wasted his opportunities; he was born for better things. Like the base Judean, he threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe!' I have no illusions, I have no raptures. But Sibyl is my own little ewe-lamb. I cannot let her be taken from me. I know so thoroughly your superiority to any woman alive, I believe that you will understand, forgive, and pity me.

"Yours,

"PAUL GOLDBECK."

A wronged woman is often the truest. When Paul came down from the altar that day with his little bride on his arm, Miss Litchfield came up to them. She kissed Sibyl. "I am your friend always," she said to Paul.

## AMONG THE GWLEDIGION.

IN my rambles and studies among the blousards of old Paris\* I was often and strongly impressed by the zest with which they enjoyed those pleasures of life which their poor *sous* could command. In going about among the Gwledigion, the peasantry of Wales, I

have everywhere constantly encountered the same fact. The holidays which farm-servants can go to are few and far between; servants in the towns have a regular weekly half-holiday, but Shon and Shui who work on the farm do not share this privilege: not more than once or twice a year do they get free from their drudging lot, and it is one of the recompenses of their toilsome life that they enjoy themselves so thoroughly

\* See LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March, 1875, "Among the Blousards," and for June of the same year, "The Blousard in his Hours of Ease."

when they have the opportunity. Shakespeare, whom nothing seems to have missed, says that,—

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wished-for  
come.

The holiday which is perhaps most highly esteemed by the Gwledig of Glamorganshire is the annual show of the General Agricultural Society, which has been in existence for more than a century, and ranks only second to those greater societies, the Royal Agricultural Society and the Bath and West of England Society. Each year this show is held in a different town of Glamorganshire,—now in the mountains of the north, now in one of the great seaports of the county,—but triennially at Cowbridge, that quaintest and most old-fashioned of rural towns, twelve miles due west from Cardiff, over a road as level almost as a ball-room floor, and running its whole length through a scene of pastoral beauty and old-world charm the like of which it would be hard to discover outside this bowery land.

I find the smooth twelve miles a pleasant tramp to do this lovely summer morning, and by rising early and getting on the road before nine o'clock I can easily walk to Cowbridge in time for the mid-day luncheon, and have a spare half-hour *en route* to rest at Bonvilstone, where dwell my friends the Knights. Bonvilstone is about half-way between Cardiff and Cowbridge, and my friends live close under the shadow of the parish church, the only "gentry" of the village, in a fine old rambling stone house on the good old English plan,—antlers in the hall-way, a great blazing coal fire in the drawing-room fireplace, notwithstanding it is summer, a household of pretty children, barns, dairy, coach-house, stables, pig-pens, poultry-yard, and pastures behind the house, all filled with life, each in its way. In the pastures the ponies and donkeys are so tame they come voluntarily to their master to have their noses rubbed, and then turn to me in expectation of the same

friendly greeting. The cows and the sheep do not move out of our way, having no fear of rude treatment; the pigs come confidently to the front of the pen to get their backs scratched with our umbrella-tips. "And these *pay*," says my host, in a tone which as distinctly says, "The others don't,"—the cows, the sheep, the poultry, and the rest. The latter pay in comfort, even in a certain luxury, but they cost a little more to keep each year than they bring in. This is all right, of course: like so many gentlemen in Wales, my friend is not a farmer for profit, but for pleasure. His business is at the docks in Cardiff: thither he goes every morning, returning every night. He keeps a number of horses and carriages, and lives here in rural Bonvilstone in real elegance at a comparatively modest cost. "To live thus in Cardiff," he says to me, "would cost me three thousand a year" (meaning three thousand pounds, of course). Here, I venture to guess, three thousand dollars would meet the yearly bill; and from the little sixteen-acre farm comes every choice edible the table demands,—eggs warm from the nest, butter fresh from the dairy, milk fresh from the cow; not to speak of an air so pure that the children thrive on it like lusty wind-blown weeds.

The peasantry at Bonvilstone are possessed of a special alacrity in hat-touching. It appears that their tendencies to politeness are encouraged by my friend Knight, who, in response to the peasant's hat-touch, touches his own hat. "Is that English?" I once asked, in innocent pursuit of information. "Well, no, perhaps not," was the answer; "but I do it. I'm not going to be less civil than a peasant." Of course thereupon I could do no less than relate the well-known anecdote—at least to Americans well known—of Thomas Jefferson and the negro: "What!" said a visitor at Monticello, "do you take off your hat to a nigger?"—"Is a colored man to be more polite than I?" responded Jefferson. Thus history—or rather true gentlemanliness—repeats itself.

I tramp on my way to Cowbridge. Presently I am standing on a hill-top, in the road, looking down upon Cowbridge. The view is magnificent, including as it does a wide sweep of lovely landscape. Yonder, a castle on a summit lifts its dark towers against the blue sky, across which white clouds are driven. In every shade of richest green, far and wide stretch fields and hedgerows; rolling hills and dales are seen, dotted here and there with clusters of graceful trees; the course of the little river Ddaw is clearly marked by the line of thick-leaved alders which droop upon its marge, sometimes meeting overhead and mingling their branches in a green roof, beneath which the prattling waters run, deep in shadow; across-country yonder is another little village, almost hidden in its bowery leafage; on the northern horizon high hills rise to the sky, their fair sides one lawn of loveliness, tinted in various hues by the yellow corn, the green pasture-lands, the gold and purple furze and heather. It is a fair garden-land of farms.

No one need be told that it is cattle-show day in Cowbridge. The main street of the town—and Cowbridge has precisely two streets, this and another—is gayly bedecked with flags, and arches of ivy, and festoons of ivy-green ropes strung across the way from the house-tops, with "Welcome" on a gay banner. The flags are the flags of all nations, the two largest being the British and American ensigns: the stars and stripes are, in fact, the first to catch my gaze as I enter the town, so conspicuously are they hung on the high ground at the eastern end of the main street. The show is at the other end of the town: its circus-suggesting tents and breeze-blown flags are visible in the distance, over the house-tops. The town—that is to say, the street—is of stone, the houses seldom more than a story-and-a-half high, and of all quaintest shapes. Half the tradesmen of Cowbridge appear to be Williamses and Thomases, the remainder Llewellyns, Griffiths, and Owens, with an occasional Stibbs and Stubbs by way of variety. The inns are the "Ancient

Druid," the "Duke of Wellington," the "Bush," the "Pelican," and the "Bear,"—the latter rising to the dignity of hotel, at least in name, though it is much too quaint and olden of aspect for the modern title. Many of the houses seem simply masses of ivy, beneath which their stone walls are hidden as under a blanket. Broken sections of the old town wall are seen at intervals as you walk on,—crumbling masses of Norman masonry, many feet in thickness.

As I was walking down the street I came to the town-hall, and, seeing the doors open at the head of the short stone stairway, went up and looked in. There was nobody there at the moment, though evident preparations were going on for a grand concert to be given in the evening by a company of Welsh singers,—Williamses, Joneses, and Griffiths,—with a comic star (in larger letters) by the comic name of Hodge. And in the town-hall, over the singers' platform, I beheld the arms of Cowbridge,—to wit, a red cow *statant* on a gray bridge *dormant*; and, although the bridge was of three arches, the cow was larger than the bridge; the arms of Great Britain surmounting the local blazon.

After crossing the bridge beneath which flows the river Ddaw, a stream of diminutive proportions, I turned into the other street of Cowbridge, at the foot of which stands one of the ancient gates, by the side of a black and picturesque building called the grammar-school. Now, the word grammar-school gives no notion whatever of the quaint building here indicated, which is two centuries old, and looks it,—with its old black bell hanging rustily in a high belfry, open on all sides to the winds of heaven, its great tall chimneys crowding and pushing each other on the peaked roofs, and its iron-barred windows, thick with the grime of age, looking out gloomily on the narrow street. The old Norman gate had been standing some six hundred years when this school-house was built hard by. I passed through it, thinking of the mundane mutations it had looked upon, even

in this little country village: the Norman mounted knights who clattered under its arch in the days when St. George was chosen as the English Crusaders' patron saint; the generations which have grown and faded, one after another, through the long centuries; the flocks of school-boys who have successively rolled their hoops before it and successively mouldered into dust. I walked on, outside the wall, here standing for some rods: it is old and broken; the battlements remain only in bits here and there; but it makes a stronger wall for the gardens it now encloses than any that are built in these murally degenerate days. A goose-pond under its shelter—the green goose-pond of nursery story—is true to its name in being very green and very goosey. A dozen quacking geese are swimming and diving busily on its waters or waddling awkwardly on its shores. Upon the wall of eight centuries a board is nailed amidst the ivy,—an old board, too, though a thing of our own century,—warning me that depositing rubbish in or near this pond will be prosecuted by order of the corporation. And thus, thought I, does Welsh municipal law protect even the village goose-pond with its ægis. Candor compels me to add that there were heaps of unmistakable rubbish reposing unblushingly on the very borders of the Cowbridge goose-pond, which would indicate that the law had grown less vigilant of late, either through an irresistible sleepiness coessential with existence in Cowbridge, or in exemplification of the spirit of corruption which mars our time.

Returning to the High Street, I find I am close upon the show, which is being held in the Bear Hotel Field. The "Bear" is doing a thriving trade. It seems to be the recognized centre for the vehicles of the nobility and gentry, who to-day drive in from the surrounding country in honor of the Society. Carriages, carts and drags, phaetons and hunting-breaks, with postilions, and teams tandem, and shaggy ponies trotting sturdily with their manes about their eyes, roll up before the "Bear." Servants in

livery let down the steps; lords and ladies descend and stretch their legs; lavender-kidded gentlemen in knickerbockers assist white-gloved ladies in ulsters to alight. The quiet-looking gentleman who drives up with a light hand and descends with a nod to one and another is that well-known cattle-breeder, Lord Nozoo. The gentleman in heavy boots and a much-waxed moustache is Colonel the Honorable St. George Sumboddy; the carriage from which he alights is drawn by two fine horses, one of which is bestraddled by a gay postilion, white as to his legs, shiny as to his top-boots, bright red as to his jacket, and wearing a jockey's cap more heavily and richly embroidered with gold lace than the chapeau of an American brigadier-general. It is such "swells" as these (of course I mean neither the post-boy nor the brigadier-general) who bear off many of the prizes at British agricultural shows in modern times; but it is the peasantry who enjoy them most.

Outside the show-grounds are various booths, with canvas coverings or with none, where the rising generation is imperilled, morally and physically, with temptation to eat indigestible lollipops and cockles on the one hand, to gamble for nuts, trinkets, and halfpence on the other. You brave one of these perils on your own part, as a matter of experimental investigation, by eating cockles. They are served in a little plate about as large as your hand, with a little tin spoon to match, and you find that dashed with a spurt of vinegar from a black bottle they taste something like the clam of your native land. The temptations of the gaming-table you are able to investigate without personal peril, by looking on at the wickedness of young Wales in this regard. Assiduous is young Wales in thus squandering his halfpence, for which he never seems to get any returns. There are many ingenious forms of this temptation. One scheme is thus contrived: a number of cheap walking-sticks are stuck through holes bored in a bench; a row of open jack-knives are thrust into the wood in front of them; the player receives four steel rings, and,



standing two or three paces from the bench where bristle the knives and canes, pitches his rings at the same. If a ring lodges about a cane or a knife, this is the pitcher's prize. It was a very profitable bank for its manager.

The field in which the show was held comprised several acres, and was surrounded by sheds with canvas roofs, while on the grounds were a number of flimsy structures of like nature. "Three thousand feet of shedding, sir," a farmer said to me proudly, "and half a mile of wooden hoarding." In the centre of the ground was a smallish enclosure, called the horse-ring, having at one side a grand stand, divided, as everything British appears to be divided, into classes,—first class two shillings, second class one shilling. For the extra shilling you had the advantage of sitting with the nob, with a canvas roof over your head,—nothing further. Nevertheless, with all my experience in studying the peculiarities of human nature, I was unable to discover any difference in the quality of people thus labelled first-class and second-class. The truth is that the *Gwledigion*, the *oi polloi*, went into neither division of the stand, but stood up, in a dense crowd, all round the horse-ring,—third-class and gratis. Within the ring were being tested the jumping powers of ponies, hunting-horses, hacks, and cobs. A rude hedge of evergreens was erected in the form of a semicircle in the middle of the ring, and over this hedge the horses jumped. The contest was watched by the crowd with intense interest and in profound silence. The riders appeared to be all country gentlemen, kid-gloved and top-booted, and, as an evidence of the pronounced Welsh character of the participants, I noted with interest that the prizes were borne off by four gentlemen named as follows, videlicet: John Williams, of Llansannor Court; Gwilym Williams, of Miskin Manor; Llewellyn Thomas, of Llwynhelig; and Rhys Thomas, of St. Athan. The same Williamses took the first and second prizes in the open race, a rattling run over fields, hedges, and ditches in the immediate vicinity of the show-ground, in

which there were one or two "spills," which made a deal of sport for the spectators, while one horse got into the ditch but sent his rider spinning over on to the bank. Various other Williamses and Thomases bore off the prizes for cart-horses; and noble specimens of the kind of horse-flesh used in the husbandry of Wales were these strong-limbed, deep-chested, huge-necked, sleek-coated animals, with flanks whose movements suggested the action of a steam-engine, and slow, lumbering, powerful tread. With their tails tied up in bright blue and red ribbons with artistically devised fan-like wisps of straw in the knots, they suggested the horses of Rosa Bonheur.

A long row of canvas-topped sheds covered the pigs and sheep of the show; and such pigs and sheep!—but, above all, such sheep! broad-beamed as cows. You could play a game of checkers on the flat back of this prize yearling ram, were he but shorn of his crisp white wool. You prod the fat sides of this creature with your umbrella, and think of him in the light of mutton, and are sure you know his flavor, and then a guilty qualm possesses you as Sir Ram turns his slow head and looks at you with the eyes of sheepish reproach. You pat his gentle pate, whereon no horns have yet grown, but he turns wearily away from you, as if sick of the wickedness of mankind, and, reaching over the low partition, butts his gentle pate with anything but gentle force on the pate of his neighbor in the adjoining stall, who, having taken only the second prize, receives the butting meekly. Farther down the line you come upon an old ram with prodigious convoluted horns, which would have been honored at Jericho,—horns a full foot in length, rugged and twisted and sharp of tips, so that his being chained firmly to a post by his aggressive head seems no idle precaution. Still farther down, where the porkers lie grunting under the burden of their fat, you are regaled with the particulars of a frightful tragedy which took place last night on this scene,—how, at the witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and contagion is breathed from a

nameless region, the first and second prize boars got at each other and engaged in mortal combat; and when the morning dawned, lo! there was no first prize, because the second prize had cut short his proud career, thus in its zenith, as it were; and the badge of that unhappy boar's greatness, in hollow mockery of earthly glory, lay tangled among the bristles of the second prize's jawl.

The throng in the field grows denser as the day wanes. The hour between three and four in the afternoon sees more people on the ground than any previous time. It is the second and last day of the show, and you are struck by this contrast to the fact observed at American agricultural shows, which have lost all their savor by this hour, the exhibitors being busily engaged in packing up their wares and the farmer-folk mounting their wagons for home. One reason of the different custom in Wales is that the price of admission to the show is reduced, on the afternoon of this second day, to a very low figure. Another reason, though also a result, is that now, the serious work of the show being over, the mummers begin to make merry, and a wild jollity to prevail, the like of which we serious American pleasers know nothing of. Now the Gwledigion give free rein to their holiday mood. Now the petty gamblers and the sellers of lollipops grow noisier and busier. Now is the stream of people so dense that the little street near the entrance to the grounds is packed like Broadway of an autumn afternoon or the Parisian boulevards of a summer midnight. It is a throng eager to see and to hear and to be entertained, to hobnob with cronies, to chat, to make merry after the fashion of the hour and the place. The white-legged gymnast, whose spangled trunk has till now been hidden beneath a rusty brown overcoat, below which his cotton tights showed grotesquely, now strips off this vulgar envelope and appears in all the glory of glittering shirt and silken helmet, and, making a ring in the crowd, does wonders with himself, in the manner of gymnasts the world over. The Irish comedian, in a bob-tail coat and green

stockings, with a pipe in his hat-band and a shillalah under his arm, who has been talking solemnly with the proprietor of a shrimp-bazaar about the high price of provisions and the hardness of the times, now twirls his stick in his dexterous fingers, cracks his heels, leaps into the air, utters "Hurroo!" and invites some one to tread on the tail of his coat, — a manifest impossibility, unless he take it off for the purpose. He, too, makes a ring and sings a song, with the refrain, —

Oh, boys, but I'm proud I'm an Irishman born!

This cause of pride does not seem to be a specially admirable one to the Welshmen who listen. Much more successful is the blind man, with face bent upward to the sky, a figure that might have stepped right out of a frame of Hogarth. His huge shapeless mouth quivers and crawls sidewise as he sings, its long red lips reaching and stretching almost like a prehensile thing; his eyeless sockets are upturned; a picture of woe, he sings a song of cheer:

Try, then, to smile; never be sad,  
Whatever your station may be:  
If we'd all bear our sorrows and only be glad,  
What a wonderful world it would be!

Grotesque object though he is, the man's voice is a strong, sweet tenor, with a pathetic silver ring in its tone. He is not begging; he is selling penny ballads, a handful of which I take from his trembling grasp and leave a half-crown in their place.

The day wanes. Weary with being so long afoot (my pedometer registers sixteen miles of walking over), I enter a quiet-looking inn which stands at some distance from where the crowd is thickest, and, seating myself in the smoke-room, am promptly approached by the neatest and most respectful of maids, who asks if I rang. I order a glass of home-brewed ale, which being promptly brought and twopence tax collected for the same, I am left to observe my neighbors. A ponderous table occupies about half the space in the room, and on it stands a rack for pipes, with half a dozen long bowl-less stems lying in its tray, whose presence there is explained a mo-

ment afterward. A farmer who has been smoking rises, says good-day to his friends, and, taking from his mouth his "church-warden" pipe,—which is some two feet long,—breaks off all but four inches of the stem, puts the longer portion on the table, and departs with the shorter and more useful segment. There are not many persons in the room: only a knot of peasants sitting in one corner with pots of beer before them, gravely discussing the merits of the show in general and the beauties of a certain harvest-cart in particular. Across a narrow passage-way I see a crowded tap-room, where noisy converse is proceeding in loudly-uttered Welsh and Gower\* English. In one corner sits a gypsy-looking young woman with glossy black hair, with a market-basket in her lap and a mug of beer in her hand, engaged in vigorously chaffing a tipsy old man who stands before her and disputes her every assertion with stolid obstinacy. I cross the passage and enter the tap-room.

"Oi say 'Fairmer's Arms' be on roight han' goin' to Llandough," says the woman.

"Noa," asserts the old man, "that a beant; a be on left han'."

"Augh!" is the contemptuous response, "yo' be that droonk both sides o' road be loike one to ye."

"Noa," repeats the old man, "that a beant; a be on left han'."

"I've bested mony a ould soaker like you,—ay, and con agen; ay, and con agen."

"Noa," utters the old man once more, "that a beant; a be on left han'."

This persistent monotony of denial might have gone on forever, no doubt, had not a young farmer in a mackintosh come into the tap-room and settled the dispute by seizing the male contestant by the collar and laughingly dragging him out of doors. "Ould fool," he says, grinning broadly, "'Fairmer's Arms' be on left han' one way an' roight

han' t'other. Get along home now." Then, turning to me and chuckling loudly, he says, "Aw know'd t' way t' shoot oop ould chap, 'pon moi word. Haw, haw, haw!"

This incident proves the beginning of an amiable acquaintanceship between the young farmer in the mackintosh and myself. It is difficult to tell from his dialect (and I by no means pretend to give this dialect with accuracy) whether he is of Welsh or Flemish extraction; but he smacks strongly of the soil. We go into the smoke-room and sit down. There now arrives upon the scene a band of music, in the shape of a Welsh harper and a violinist. I am about to go, when my new acquaintance urges me to stay and see a bit of "real Welsh" life: the cattle-show comes but once a year, and I shan't often see so goodly a gathering of the Gwledigion.

When Dr. Arnold was at Calais, in 1839, he noted that "well-dressed men converse familiarly with persons who certainly belong to the lowest class," and the good doctor was in doubt as to the beneficent effect of this mixture of classes. M. Taine, on the other hand, was moved to surprise on hearing an Englishman forty years of age, a man of worth and position, saying "my lord" to a little boy of ten, a dunce and a fool, but the son of a marquis. The people of Wales approximate more nearly to the American character in this regard than either the French or the English: they seem to be able to retain their respect for their social superiors without descending to a certain servility of manner which is among most European peoples coexistent with respect. Although I was in this company the object of many curious glances and was spoken to by a number of those present, their manner toward me was consistently respectful. The room had gradually become filled with a throng of men and women of the peasant class, decorously seated about the room (occasionally one in another's lap), the men with beer and pipes before them, the women with soda-water or tea. My friend of the mackintosh, having assumed to himself the

\* Gower is a peninsula of Glamorganshire inhabited by a people originally Flemish and speaking a dialect similar to that of Somersetshire.

office of chairman of the meeting, bids the band strike up, and accompanies the music with demonstrative beating of time with a huge forefinger, after the manner of a musical conductor at an Eisteddfod. Accidentally knocking over an adjoining neighbor's beer-glass in the course of his industrious gesticulations, he takes no other notice of the catastrophe than to tap the bell, order the glass filled, and pay for it with reckless generosity, without missing a beat in his time-keeping. At the end of the tune he turns to me in friendly fashion and laughs in his stentorian voice, asserting, "That's the tune fer my money, meas-ter; haw, haw, haw!"

The dialect in which this young farmer speaks is so strange to my ears that I can with difficulty understand much that is said; and occasionally I find that my own speech is almost as unintelligible to those about me. I address many questions to my new acquaintances—for acquaintances multiply in this unconventional circle—which are not answered at all, or are answered wide of my meaning. A jovial farmer breaks into song. At the end of the song—not one word of which I can distinctly catch, though it is loudly bawled—I ask the singer if that was Welsh he sang.

"Welse?" he utters, looking at me in great surprise; "no indade! Duw gatwo pawb! You wass understan' Ingliss?"

"Oh, yes," I reply.

"You wass not look like Inglissman."

"I am from New York."

"Ah!"—by this utterance expressing complete mystification. It is clear he does not know what or where New York is, a fact I certainly should never have credited in any Welshman living, if I had not thus encountered it face to face. By way of further explanation, I add, "I am from America."

This time his utterance expresses relief: "Oh ay!" He knows of America. "I wass Welseman, sir, an' man of respectable family. Iss indade to goodness, if I haf no money at all in my pocket, sir, I could go an' borrow five pound!"

"Possible?" I say, but there is evi-

dently that in my tone which tells him I am not so profoundly impressed with this evidence of his respectability as he had anticipated.

"But there! you should see me dance a jig whatefer."

"E's a very good dahncer," said a person sitting on my right.

Ah! here, at last, was some one whose English was not so smothered in strange accents as to be almost beyond understanding. He was a natty-looking little man, in a check scarf and tight-fitting knee-breeches, and as I looked at him he lifted his mug of beer and offered it to me. I had observed this form of friendly civility among the people about me, and therefore knew it was meant as an overture of amity. I accordingly put his mug to my lips and drank, and we were bound in the bonds of fellowship. He poured out his soul to me, did this natty little man. He was by birth a Londoner, he said, but now in service with Lord So-and-so, at that nobleman's residence in Wales. "I saw you was a stranger, sir," he said, "and I made bold to haddress you. I 'eard you say you was a 'Merican. I 'ad a friend in Lon'on 'oo knew a 'Merican, from Patagonia, sir. An' 'ow d' you like these 'ere Welsh, sir?"

I said I liked them, so far as I knew them.

"Well, they're a deceitful people," he replied. "Honest, as you may say, but if you offend one of 'em, look hout! If you offend one you offend the lot, an' they'll take hany mean advantage o' you, sir."

"Yes," said I. "I have heard the Welsh are thorough-going enemies and thorough-going friends."

"Clannish, as you may say, sir," said the natty man. "Worse than the Scotchmen, sir, by far. They 'ates hus."

"You mean the English?"

"Yes'r."

"They don't hate the Americans, I think. Our quarrel with Great Britain is too recent to be in the blood. I fancy the Welsh, as a race, have an instinctive inherited animosity for the descendants of their ancient Saxon and Norman enemies."

The natty man's face seemed to indicate that I was getting beyond his depth. I changed the subject.

"So you are in service here?" said I.

"Not right 'ere, sir: habout sixteen miles from 'ere,—Lord So-and-so. I'm married, sir."

"Ah! Did you marry a Welsh girl?"

"Me marry a Welsh 'ooman! Ho, no, sir! I brought 'er down from Lon'on, an' kep' comp'ny with 'er four months, an' then I 'ad 'er. That's long enough 'twixt two persons in service, don't you think, sir?" I nodded acquiescence. "We 'as our own little 'ouse, sir, and heverythin' comfortable haround us,—fair wages, an' all the vegetables we want. Oh, plenty o' vegetables."

"And meat?"

"Meat, sir?"

"Yes; do you have meat often?"

I was going to rouse the demon of discontent in this natty person's bosom, by relating how his class in America have meat every day, or even at every meal; but he replied, with a burst of satisfaction, "Ho, we cares little for meat, sir; we 'as cheese, you know, and there's plenty o' vegetables!"

A man had risen to his feet, laid his hat decorously on the table, and was singing in a loud voice a song which ran nearly as follows:

Who'd lie in bed when the lark sings high  
Up in the clear and cloudless sky?  
Gay as the birds to the fields I go,  
Back I return in the sunset's glow.  
My dear little wife, as I cross the stile,  
Welcomes me home with a loving smile.  
Perhaps other women may fairer be,  
But she's my own, and she just suits me!

My natty neighbor remarks to me, in the midst of this song, "Weer's thy yarp gon?"

"What do you say?"

"I said the yarp, sir,—the yarp! I asked, if you please, sir, weer's th' yarp gon?"

Looking in the direction indicated by his eyes, I observe that the harper has left the room: he has gone after some supper, it appears, leaving the violin to continue the celebration alone for the moment. On discovering this fact, the harper's hunger moves my neighbor to

ask of me, "Oh, excuse me if I take too great a liberty, sir, but 'ave you tried the bread an' cheese 'ere?" I reply that I have not. "Oh, but they 'ave very good bread an' cheese 'ere, sir: you re'lly ought to try it. Might I take the liberty of horderin' you a bit, sir?—since you 'ave kindly been payin' fer my beer. I 'opes you'll hallow me?" And, calling the maid (who is constantly running in and out, obeying orders), he directs her to bring me some bread and cheese at his expense (twopence), and I fall to with a sincerity which does the little man's heart good. Who was that witty French lady who said that a man or woman who furnishes dinner without cheese is an unlettered barbarian? "*Le fromage est le complément d'un bon diner et le supplément d'un mauvais.*" To which might be added that good English cheese—say a prime old article of Cheshire from Orange County, New York—is a very fair substitute for dinner itself, when one is loafing and enjoying one's soul among the Gwledigion.

A little later my natty friend bids me good-by with much feeling, and vanishes out of my life, in all probability forever. I say good-by in my turn to my neighbor of the mackintosh, who still wears that garment, though the room is very warm, and is still beating time with his fat forefinger, and stroll out into the street.

It is seven o'clock, and still light, though the shadows of the hills are creeping over the little village. I saunter again down the long stony street, lingering here and there to look at the quaint scenes about me and watch the crowds who are now trooping homeward, afoot, a-horseback, and in various wheeled vehicles, from Whitechapel wains, gadabouts, and dog-carts to Parisian phaetons. There is a slight chill in the air, notwithstanding it is the first week in August, and, catching sight of a fire blazing within a cosey room, I enter the inn where it is burning, and look upon the quaintest sight of the sort I ever beheld, and one which I should strive in vain to picture adequately. Not in Italian cafes, nor in German



bierhäuser on the Rhine,—not when I have penetrated to the inner snuggerly of a costermonger's coffee-house in the oldest quarter of London, or hobnobbed with the blousard of Paris in the most malign *mastroquet* of la rue Vieille du Temple,—have I seen anything more quaintly fascinating than the little common-room of the nameless inn that nestles on the right of the way near the old stone bridge of Pont-y-Fôn. It is crowded with Gwledigion of every age, men, women, and children together, sitting on age-blackened, high-backed settles, behind coarse wooden tables, quietly conversing, smoking, and absorbing beer. The room is at once kitchen, coffee-room, and sitting-room; the fire blazing in an open fireplace keeps the kettle hot and singing. The ceiling is so low that I can lift my hand and touch it; near the fireplace hams and fitches of bacon swing from beams and joists, while inside the fireplace itself hang dry legs of mutton and pieces of roofed-beef above the kettles and andirons. In the chimney-corner an old grandfather sits smoking a long church-warden pipe, with a cat at his feet and knee-breeches on his shrunk

shanks,—the living picture of the ancient gentleman on the cover of the poor old dead-and-gone *Knickerbocker Magazine*. I seat myself, as if quite at home, by the side of a peasant who makes room for me; and a moment later comes up to the table a loutish lad of sixteen, who proffers his mug of freshly-drawn beer to my peasant neighbor, and then to me, as if fearing to hurt my feelings should he pass me by without that courtesy. I know not whether this is a custom throughout rural Great Britain, or only in Wales; but it is certainly a most friendly and kindly observance. Thackeray somewhere illustrates the fondness of a girl for her father by her taking tiny sips out of his glass of water: it is a proof how strongly this little touch of nature impressed me, when I read it twenty years ago, that here I am recalling the incident without being at all able to remember the parties to it. If I never see Cowbridge again (and this is more than probable), I shall always remember the humble souls there who gave the stranger to drink of their beer without one among them knowing so much as his name. WIRT SIKES.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### PUBLIC TOPICS.

#### The City Election.

PHILADELPHIA has good cause to congratulate itself on the result of the recent municipal election. To a foreign observer it might no doubt appear strange, and even amusing, that in a country where political power is lodged in the hands of the people it should be thought an astonishing and almost unparalleled feat to have rescued the government of a great city from the hands of robbers and plunderers. But those who have participated in the struggle which

had so long seemed wellnigh hopeless but has at last been crowned with success may be excused for regarding the achievement as an important and memorable one. The organization through which it was effected is undoubtedly entitled to the gratitude of all good citizens. But it is not so easy to chime in with those who ascribe the victory to a "popular rising" and hail it as a proof that the mass of the voters have thrown off their allegiance to party and embraced the cause of reform. The victory is a substantial one, but it was gained not by numbers but by strategy,—by enlisting

the support of Democrats against Republican candidates, and of Republicans against Democratic candidates, in cases where a regular nomination by one or the other of the two parties could not have been made with any hope of success. That in this way the party that had hitherto been the stronger was in so many instances defeated may be accepted as sufficient evidence that the Independent vote has largely increased, and that in order to produce an effect it is not obliged to support candidates with whose nomination it has had nothing to do for the purpose of defeating others who were only more obnoxious by reason of their previous success. In other words, the reformers are now able, within certain limits, to dictate as well as confirm nominations, and to secure the election of men who were not selected by the party leaders or bound by secret pledges. It is, however, a long remove from this to the power of electing candidates nominated simply as reformers, without combination or the aid of partisan votes. The men endorsed by the Committee of One Hundred and elected through its exertions may be expected to keep clear of the corruption and jobbery that have so long disgraced the city government, but there is no reason to suppose that they represent, at least in any adequate degree, the sentiment which has been outraged by the existing state of things, or that the mass of their supporters shared in this feeling. It is idle, therefore, to pretend that Philadelphia has suddenly thrown off its trammels, that the great body of the citizens has awakened to the sense of its duties and its rights, that a new epoch in municipal government has begun and the rule of "bosses" and "rings" is ended forever. That dazzling goal will not have been attained until at least one election has taken place in which the successful candidates were chosen solely on the ground of their special fitness for the duties they were to perform, and in which the majority of the voters deposited their ballots with the simple purpose of electing such men.

## PLACE AUX DAMES.

### Congratulations.

CAN any one tell me who invented the system of congratulating everybody for everything? Whoever he was (I say "he" advisedly, because I cannot imagine such an absurd custom emanating from a woman's brain), he deserves to be—congratulated.

People deal in congratulations wholesale, sowing them broadcast, without troubling themselves to think whether they may be agreeable to the recipient or the reverse. On the other hand, there are a few souls remaining in this world to whom it is a pain rather than a pleasure to have their most private and sacred feelings made the subject of public comment and of what are conventionally termed congratulations. But when one of the "over-sensitive" makes up her mind to accept an offer of marriage, and, declining to stand upon the house-top to announce it to the curious public, prefers to keep the information for the few with whom she holds intimate relationship, she is considered an oddity, an abnormal creature. According to the popular doctrine, on accepting the young man of her choice she should immediately run out and tell everybody, and thereupon should follow a round of congratulations. For what? For having, as nearly as one can make out, landed the fish for which she has been unsuccessfully angling for some time. Rather a bald way to put it; but it is impossible to see it in any other light.

Good wishes are one thing, congratulations are another. We have a friend starting on a new enterprise in a new country. We wish him well, but do we congratulate him upon being about to break off his old associations, to leave behind him all his landmarks? For what have we to congratulate him while his path is still untried? We can only congratulate for a success achieved. Is it, then, an *achievement* when a young lady receives a proposal of marriage?

In regard to congratulating parents upon the engagement or marriage of a child, the whole ground seems to be

covered by one lady, who, having been the subject of some such congratulations, replied with calm-eyed surprise, "Congratulate me? Upon what? That I shall soon lose my daughter? I do not consider it a subject for congratulation."

Pleased as a parent may be and must be to see a child happy, the parting must necessarily be accompanied by much that is bitter. Is it pleasant to see the child for whom one has toiled and striven from babyhood up desert the parent nest and start out in life with an alien just as soon as he or she has sufficiently matured to be really companionable?

It seems as if such a system would strongly tend to do away with all the sacredness which ought to pertain to a marriage engagement, but, alas! does not. The solemnity of such a contract is certainly much lessened where it is made a subject of fête-ing and festivity—and congratulation. E. C. H.

### ART MATTERS.

#### The Water-Color Exhibition in New York.

It is little to say that the fifteenth exhibition of the Water-Color Society has proved to be its best. Even those who saw much of excellence and more of promise in the two preceding ones, which were about on a par, have been surprised at the immense stride made during the past year by our aquarellists. Some of the most brilliant exhibitors of last season, such as Mr. Currier, did not contribute. Others, such as Mr. Homer, who then shared with Mr. Currier the honors of the day, produced this year but few and comparatively uninteresting examples. And yet the exhibition, as a whole, has been infinitely better in its collective quality. New names appeared, fresh from the art schools at home and abroad; promising students had developed into accomplished workmen; older men displayed unforeseen ability; and the average work of brushes which must be ranked below the best was more skilful and agreeable. Many observers,

artists and critics familiar with foreign exhibitions and hitherto inclined to look upon our own as somewhat tentative and provincial, have declared that it would be difficult to form, in any country, an equally large collection of current work that should be superior in quality to this. The New York Etching Club exhibited in connection with the main Society, and added greatly to the sum total of excellence. Its contributions, nearly three hundred in number, filled two of the smaller rooms, while the water-colors occupied the rest of the Academy with nearly eight hundred frames. This is not more than were hung last year, but the drawings were generally larger in size, and none were placed very high upon the wall. So the employment of the large South Gallery was necessary, and this gave the effect of a fuller exhibition. To overcome the appearance of coldness and bareness which strikes the spectator when walls usually covered with oil-paintings are occupied by smaller drawings more modestly framed and less striking in color, simple yet effective decorations were arranged in the rooms, the wall-space above the pictures being covered with dull-gold cloth, and the doors hung with light Japanese stuffs and crowned by groups of prettily-arranged objects of art. The rooms thus presented an unusually festal appearance, while the delicate beauty of their chief contents was not at all obscured. A few foreign drawings of great excellence, notably some landscapes by young and hitherto unknown Dutch artists, were admitted, and a few imported etchings were also to be seen, some by contemporary and some by much older hands. But altogether the foreign contributions necessitated but a small deduction from the catalogue aggregate, were but a very slight factor in the general excellence, and did not outshine the best things about them. The collection remained American in fact as well as in name.

It is less easy than it was last year to pick out a few names for honor and to describe their work as the best result of the season's efforts. One remembers the

exhibition, not as one where a few things stood out from a background of greatly inferior attempts, but as one of homogeneous effect and high general excellence. Selection had been much more rigorously practised than ever before, nearly a thousand drawings having been rejected by the committee. Scarcely any poor ones were admitted, except some by members of the Society itself,—some, therefore, which could hardly have been excluded. And even these were astonishingly few.

The figure-drawing was, as usual, less in quantity than the landscape-work, and perhaps not quite so good in its collective quality; but both in quantity and in quality it was far ahead of former years. Some of the very best things in the collection, indeed, were in this department. The most striking picture in the place was "The Sisters," by Mr. Abbey, who has long been known as a clever draughtsman in black and white, but whose reputation as an aquarellist was still to make. He has made it at one bound, however, this picture—a large one, showing two girls at the piano in an English rural interior—being of an artistic quality which the best British hands would find it difficult to surpass. In drawing, in composition, in sentiment, in the management of light, and in technical workmanship, it was most admirable. It may be noted, as an example of how our confidence in native work and our appreciation of water-color drawing have increased of recent years, that this picture was sold on the first exhibition day for two thousand dollars. The organizers of the Society in 1867 could hardly have predicted such a fact, or the rapid sale, at correspondingly high prices, of almost all the good things on the wall. Another beautiful figure, by Mr. Abbey, called "Autumn," was especially rich in color. Next among the younger figure-painters should be noted Mr. C. Y. Turner, a very recent graduate of the "Art Students' League," who has lately studied for a short time in Holland. He exhibited a half-life-size figure of a Dutch milkmaid, with her copper pails, which was very strong in drawing and in char-

acter, with which, indeed, one could find no fault, save, perhaps, as regarded the slightly pinkish color of the flesh. In another similar drawing this defect was less perceptible; and a "View near Dordrecht," by Mr. Turner, was, if possible, even better than his figures, comparing favorably with similar landscapes by accomplished Dutch artists.

It is needless to say that Mr. Eakins was strong, artistic, and individual in his two small drawings of "Delaware Fishermen." We have no better artist in the country than he, whatever the medium he may work in. And his capacity as a teacher is bearing fruit already, as was here proved by the drawings of some of his pupils, notably of Mr. Hahs, whose studies of negro types were original and good. Mr. Carroll Beckwith sent a large study of a woman's head, striking and accomplished, but a little wanting, as usual, in refinement. Mr. Reinhart signed a spirited composition called "Figaro," and Mr. Hugh Newell some good figures of rather large size. Always a clever workman, this young artist has of late attained to better color than was formerly in his power. Mr. Edward Moran was represented by some good figures, and Mr. Peter Moran by some Spanish-American subjects, very elaborate in composition and brilliant in color. And the younger members of the Moran family, Percy and Leon, sent work that was among the chief attractions of the place. Percy has the most accomplished tool as far as the rendering of textures goes, but his figures are less well done than his brother's, and the sentiment of his work is much less distinctive. That a boy of seventeen can paint such exquisite little things as those here shown by Leon Moran is a fact that surprises us, but a fact that need in no way affect our estimate of the things themselves, which might challenge admiration as the work of the most practised hand. Some scenes with French peasant-girls relieved against soft evening skies were exquisite in color and in sentiment, fresh and genuine and original in spite of hackneyed themes. A study of a French flower-

market, with a graceful seller behind her heaped-up wares, was equally good. Since he can make almost worn-out subjects so attractive, one may be excused for wishing that this young artist might now do something still better worth his while,—might turn his brush to the treatment of his own young countrywomen. His temperament seems well fitted to interpret the delicate, peculiar beauty of the well-bred American girl,—to whom justice has not yet been done in our art, and whose essentially pictorial qualities have appealed to but few sympathetic hands.

Mr. F. S. Church was represented by several of his fantastic, original creations; and among the other figure-painters whose works deserve a more extended mention I may cite especially Mr. Theodore Robinson and Mr. Muhrman, and also Messrs. Hovenden, G. Ferris, Freer, Dielman, Holmes, and Lippincott, and—as a representative of the best we could do in those years which are so close behind us but which seem almost lost in antiquity—Mr. Wood, the president of the Society. One of his large figures, that of a newspaper-reporter at work, was clever in character and conscientious, though somewhat hard and overdone in workmanship. Some good flower-drawings were to be noticed, chief among them three large studies, admirable in handling and very beautiful in color, by Miss Eleanor Greatorex.

In the department of landscape it is doubly difficult to make a selection among the many names of almost equal interest. Our familiar and always-welcome friends Messrs. Quartley, Swain, Gifford, Wyant, and others like them, were present in full force, while many of their elder brethren surprised even themselves, I imagine, by the degree of progress they had made after so many years of level achievement. Mr. Hopkinson Smith improves from year to year, and showed here a number of drawings that marked him both versatile and clever. Chief among them—in size at least—was a large view of the Brooklyn Bridge, seen from below, true to facts, but, in spite of its cleverly suggested detail, neither hard nor over-

elaborate. Mr. Alden Weir sent an exquisitely-painted little harbor-view; Mr. Twachtman, some views in Venice and in Holland, very strong and individual; Mr. Muhrman, some admirable studies; Mr. Bunker, some New-England coast scenes, remarkably nice in tone and handling; Mr. Bolton Jones, some delicate and genuine autumn landscapes; and Mr. Dewey, others of a very charming sort. Mr. Bruce Crane showed some of his fresh spring scenes, and some snowy landscapes touched with the lightest and cleverest hand. Mr. Mente, whose name is new, and who dates from Munich, contributed some clever "impressionist" studies. Mr. Tryon is rapidly taking his place among the best-equipped and most original of our artists. His landscape called "Daybreak at Cernay, France," was among the very best on the walls, and showed one of those individual temperaments which are especially welcome in a landscape-painter.

Mr. Lungren attracted much attention by his wonderfully clever studies of New York streets at night, with vivid effects wrought almost entirely in black, relieved by the yellow of the gas-lights. One with a long row of cabs seen in direct perspective was especially clever. Mr. Blum's name has been left to the last, though none upon the catalogue provoked more comment. No one denies that he is immensely clever, and to some of us he is immensely attractive. Others decide that he is wanting in originality, that he follows too closely now Rico, now Fortuny, and now Whistler. But, if so, he follows good men, and he follows them so nearly on a level that to quarrel with his work is sheer ingratitude. In this exhibition we missed what is perhaps the most valuable work he can do,—the strong and vivid figure-painting he has accomplished in other years. But his airy, brilliant, delicious little Venetian views, with their dainty color and their inch-high figures, so full of action, are none the less a joy forever.

There is left but little room to speak of the etchings, though they were well



worthy of detailed criticism. In no branch of art have we made more rapid and more unexpected progress than in this, and for none have our artists been so highly praised abroad. In the first rank among them stands Mrs. Moran, whose masculine, varied, and accomplished work is the delight of her brother artists. Mr. Parrish sent a large number of admirable plates, some of great size. Mr. Platt was also well represented; and the list included artistic and thoroughly well trained work from many others, chief among them, perhaps, Messrs. Farrer, Church, Harry Chase, and Gifford.

M. G. V. R.

#### ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

##### The Unæsthetic Window-Pane.

SQUIRE PIERPONT,—local pronunciation "Parpint,"—of the township of Podunk and State of Massachusetts, was a man of vigorously anti-æsthetic principles. It was a joy forever to hear him read aloud the latest news from "the front" to the crowd of village gossips who gathered at the store at mail-time. He would recite with emphatic unction those passages in the report of a battle which told how "at four P.M. the Nth Corps, Budlong's Division, consisting of the following regiments,—the Mth Illinois, Nth Pennsylvania, etc.,—General Armstrong in command, was advanced three-quarters of a mile toward the rebel position, and supported by the following batteries," etc. But when he came to the places where the eloquent correspondent announced, "At this point in the action the scene presented a true war-picture. Great masses of dun cloud, mingled with the rolling smoke of the giant batteries and seamed with the lurid lightning-flashes from the 'red artillery,' hovered like a pall over the engaging hosts; while far in the west the setting sun," etc., etc., the squire would pause, and murmuring impatiently, "Don't want so much flummery!" would skip the intervening verbiage and take up the narrative where facts and figures once more offered a solid footing

to the imagination. The squire owned, among other parcels of real estate, a little house and garden on the North Podunk pike, which were rented to an elderly widow and her somewhat less elderly maiden daughter. Mrs. Marsh—known invariably as "Mis' Mash"—and her daughter, Miss Sary Mash, were very "particular" ladies, and gave the squire no end of bother as tenants. They were always making small complaints and demanding little picayune repairs or alterations of one kind and another. With these demands the squire generally complied, after some grumbling.

At last one morning he received word that Mis' Mash would like to see him as soon as convenient, on a matter of pressing importance, and, getting into his buggy, he drove down the elm-shaded pike and drew up in front of the house. The gaunt forms of his tenantry presently appeared at the door. The squire declined an invitation to "hang his horse to the post and walk in," and the following dialogue passed between the doorstep and the buggy. It was overheard and reported by an amused passer-by:

*Squire Parpint.*—"Well, Mis' Mash, what can I do for you this morning?"

*Mis' Mash.*—"Well, Mr. Parpint, it ain't anythin' very pressin', perhaps you'll think, but I've been wantin' to see you about it for some time 'long back. You know that window-pane that was broke in our bedroom window about a month ago?"

*Squire.*—"Yes: hain't that been mended yet?"

*Mis' M.*—"Oh, yes, it was mended—with putty."

*Squire.*—"Well, it holds, don't it?"

*Mis' M.*—"Oh, yes, it holds. But it don't look nice."

*Squire.*—"Don't look nice? Oh, well, nobody sees it: back side the house."

*Mis' M.*—"No, nobody sees it 'ceptin' us. But then it looks so ugly when we lie abed mornin' and look at it."

*Squire.*—"Mustn't lie abed, then; mustn't lie abed. Git up! Git up, like other folks." And the squire, who rose summer and winter at five, chirruped cheerfully to his horse and drove off down the street.

H. A. B.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Making of England." By John Richard Green. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE period treated in this volume is not so clearly indicated by the title as to render superfluous the further description of it in the preface as "the age during which our fathers conquered and settled over the soil of Britain, and in which their political and social life took the form which it still retains." A still closer limit is drawn by the distinction between this period as "the age of national formation," completed by the "union of England" under Ecgbert, "the centuries of administrative organization which stretch from Ecgbert to Edward the First," and "the age of full national development which extends from Edward's day to our own." All such distinctions are, of course, in some degree arbitrary, "national formation" and "national development" not being processes that admit of any sharp division, and neither of them being liable to a suspended activity while the work of "administrative organization" is going on. It would, however, be captious to deny that the reign of Ecgbert marks an epoch in English history, though the union which he effected was only momentary, and the "national formation" cannot in any sense be considered as completed until the subsequent struggle for separate existence in Mid-Britain and the North, which Mr. Green admits to have been "long and bitter," was finally ended and a single rule had been accepted by the people as a fixed condition of their political existence. The inevitable tendency to national unity after Saxons, Jutes, and Engle had become finally seated side by side is evident enough in the retrospection; but when Mr. Green speaks of this as the "growth of natural consciousness" through centuries when each people was simply laboring to make good its own footing and resisting every impulse toward cohesion, he seems to us to overstate the moral causes, while omitting to mention the physical causes, by which the event was brought about. The sentiment of identity of race was infinitely stronger in Greece, from its earliest historical period, than it can have been in England at any time before the reign of Alfred, but, though strengthened

by an epic poetry which had for its theme a joint enterprise of the Hellenic communities, and later by a joint resistance against invasions by sea and land, it never inspired a thought or suggested a single effort in favor of national unity. It might even be said that this strong consciousness of a community of blood was a hindrance to the establishment of political unity, since it rendered it possible for early communities to subsist side by side, maintaining peaceful intercourse and friendly relations, while dispensing with any stronger bond. In early England the different bands of settlers were for a long period isolated from each other as well by forests and marshes as by the intervening Britons and Romans whom they were slowly displacing: when they came in contact it was as enemies encroaching on each other's conquered territory; and in the conflicts that ensued they had no scruples about receiving aid from their Celtic neighbors against their Teutonic kinsmen. The struggle, as in all similar cases, took the form of a contest for supremacy, which was finally determined by superior strength and skill, themselves the product of a greater advance in civilization. This supremacy once established and the inability to contend against it acknowledged, the "consciousness" of the natural ties that tend to bind together fractions of the human race as a single people was rapidly developed, and became, of course, the most important factor in perpetuating the political union which had been formed in a great measure without its aid.

But, whatever views may be entertained as to the precise nature and limits of Mr. Green's subject, there can be but one opinion in regard to the ability with which he has handled it. With so little to guide him in the way of written records, and this little of dubious authority, he might well have been excused if his work, however valuable for its suggestiveness, had been simply a contribution to antiquarian knowledge; and the statement that "archæological researches on the sites of villas and towns, or along the line of road or dike," had enabled him to avail himself largely of "some resources hitherto unduly neglected," would not

lead the reader to expect anything of a different nature. Yet, with this material and the aid of vivid powers of description and a style full of animation, Mr. Green has given us a narrative so clear and flowing, so free from discussion, and so lifelike in its details, that one might be tempted to doubt whether fancy had not had a large share in its production. It was, indeed, inevitable, especially in the earlier portion, that conjecture should supplement to some extent the scanty historical facts on which the story is based. But this instrument is sparingly employed, and we imagine there are very few points on which a close examination would lead to a rejection of the results thus obtained. By picturing the regions through which the conquerors advanced, marking the obstacles they had to encounter, and tracing the lines which they necessarily followed, Mr. Green is able not only to set before us the general character of the movement, but to indicate its successive steps, its pauses, and its alternate loss and increase of force and momentum. The physical features of the country "determined," as he remarks, "the bounds, and with the bounds the after-destinies, of the various peoples that parted the land between them." To the evidence of this kind must be added that which is derived from the relics of the Roman occupation of Britain, which attest not only the civilization that had once spread over the island but the ruthlessness of the destruction that followed. Such remains, as Mr. Green truly says, "often furnish us with evidence even more trustworthy than that of written chronicle; while the ground itself, where we can read the information it affords, is, whether in the history of the Conquest or of the Settlement of Britain, the fullest and most certain of documents." In depicting the institutions, beliefs, and way of life of the early English, Mr. Green follows chiefly such authorities as Professors Stubbs, Kemble, and Wright. No writer has ever shown greater skill in summarizing the results of other men's investigations and presenting them in an attractive form. In his present book he has comparatively little occasion to do this. The plan of the work is thoroughly original, the researches on which it is based were necessarily laborious and minute, and almost every page bears testimony as well to the close familiarity thus acquired with all the details as to the intelligence with which these have

been grasped and ordered, and the spirit with which they have been worked up and indued with freshness and vitality.

"Memories of Old Friends: Being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penjerriek, Cornwall, from 1835 to 1871." Edited by Horace N. Pym. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Our curiosity to know the details of the intimate life, table-talk, and daily habits of the famous and clever people whose works have delighted us and enlarged our experience finds at once a satisfaction and a stimulant in the constantly multiplying books of personal reminiscences, letters, and biography. If these journals of Caroline Fox had been a little more ample, with more local coloring, and suggestiveness of what must have been the peculiarly admirable home-life of the Foxes, the volume would take a very high rank among books of its class. As it is, it is both readable and enjoyable in a high degree, full of good things, wise, witty, and even brilliant. The editor may or may not have done wisely in leaving embalmed, like flies in amber, certain old stories long since dropped as lifeless. Everything was new once, and is untaught still to the coming generations. Some of the conversations concern questions and ideas which have been thoroughly sifted and in great part rejected, or have been so generally absorbed into the every-day thought of modern life as no longer to possess fragrance or originality. But by far the greater part of the book is fresh, and in many respects peculiarly timely. So much has already been told concerning the Carlyles, Sterlings, Coleridges, Mills, Bunsens, etc., that we desire the fullest illumination. And Caroline Fox, with the earnestness, sweetness, and sympathy of a high-bred and highly-cultured woman, tells us what they said and did, without any effort to do more than to report with appreciation and fidelity. It is evident that she was an admirable listener, and that her quick comprehension interpenetrated and quickened the consciousness of the men who talked to her. Her father's reputation as a man of science, besides his fine character and social gifts, attracted to them all the people who came into their neighborhood. They spent the winter months at Falmouth, and here, in 1840, began their intimacy with the Sterlings and Mills. Sterling and his *fidus Achates* Dr. Cal-

vert drop familiarly into the every-day life.

"February 22.—Took Clara Mill a nice blowing walk; joined by John Sterling, who declared himself a hero of romance, having just been robbed of his hat by Æolus, who forthwith drowned it in Swanpool." Hatless but undaunted Sterling begins at once to tell bulls,—how an Irishman, wanting to say something hospitably civil to a friend, said, "I hope whenever you come within ten miles of my house you'll stay there."

Enthusiastic talk goes on from first to last about every subject which was then provoking the interest of thoughtful men. Derwent and Hartley Coleridge appear and reappear. John Stuart Mill comes down to see his brother Henry, who is dying of consumption, and does a good share of the talking, which never has a chance to languish. It is a pleasant if not a fruitful time for all this group, which cannot be long united. Sterling's wife and charming friend Calvert are to go after the boy Henry, and Sterling's own beautiful, brilliant torch will soon burn out. Caroline's acquaintance with the Carlyles, at first promoted by the Sterlings and Mills, becomes later established on an intimate footing. Perhaps no picture has yet been given which so clearly portrays *espigüe* Mrs. Carlyle: "She plays all manner of tricks on her husband; telling wonderful stories of him in his presence, founded almost solely on her bright imagination; he, poor man! panting for an opportunity to stuff in a negative, but all to no purpose." Speaking of her husband as a lecturer, Mrs. Carlyle says, "It is so dreadful for him to try to unite the characters of the prophet and the mountebank: he has keenly felt it; and also he has been haunted by the wonder whether the people were not considering if they had had enough for their guinea." Sterling, and, in fact, all their circle, greatly admired Mrs. Carlyle, and thought that she and her husband, although admiring each other very much, did not thoroughly sympathize in all things,—that he did not understand the value of the little tendernesses and attentions on which a woman's comfort depends. "She laughs at him as a nurse," Caroline writes, on going to see Mrs. Carlyle while sick. "He peeps in, and looks frightened, and asks, 'How are ye now, Jeannie?' and vanishes as if well out of a scrape." Carlyle wanders in and out, "looking dusky and aggrieved at having to live in

such a generation," but loves his friends and gives them the best outcome of his moods. But the picture of the Carlyles is a trifle sombre, and it seems the more a pity that the little chair at which Carlyle used to look with hope and longing had not been filled and a brighter household spirit have taken possession of the quiet house in Cheyne Row. After the death of Mrs. Carlyle, Caroline sees the lonely old man at Lady Ashburton's villa at Mentone: "Found him alone reading Shakespeare, in a long dressing-gown, a drab comforter wrapped round and round his neck, and a dark-blue cap on, for he had a cold. He received us very kindly, but would untwist his comforter and take off his cap and comb his shaggy mane in honor of the occasion. He looks thin and aged, and sad as Jeremiah, though the red is still bright in his cheek and the blue in his eye, which seems to be set more deeply than ever: there is a grim expression in his face, which looks solemn enough. First he launched out, I think, on the horrors of the journey: 'I should never have come here but for Tyndal, who dragged me off by the hair of my head, so to speak, and flung me down here, and then went his way. He had better have left me alone with my misery. Pleasures of travelling! In that accursed train, with its devilish howls and yells driving one distracted.'—'But cannot you read in travelling?'—'Read? No; it is enough for me to reflect on my own misery: they ought to give you chloroform, as you are a living creature.'"

There are few of the interesting literary and social characters of the period which are left untouched in the book, which, besides being read with avidity, deserves to be cherished as a contribution to the literary history of our century.

"Ballads and Sonnets." By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WORDSWORTH, in his essay on poetry, has pointed out that it is impossible for passion to pass directly into verse, the turbulence of a feeling as it occurs rendering it unpliant to art. Hence he draws the definition that "the origin of poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity." Wordsworth aimed, nevertheless, to depict the emotion so as to make a direct impression upon the reader. Mr. Rossetti takes it one remove farther back, and allows it to enter his verse only by a sort of refraction. He does not give



us the simple utterance of a thought in metrical form, but a glowing substance of poetry into which thought, passion, and versification enter as equal constituent parts. Here is no personal or outside interest, nothing prosaic or inartistic. The very diction is in the fullest sense poetic. Mr. Rossetti does not content himself with giving a deeper significance to common words, though he can also do this: his verse is made up of words and compounds which belong only to poetry, such as "sun-dawn," "suit-service," "heart-shrined," "sun-colored," and many others. He uses alliteration, also, to an almost unheard-of extent. One peculiarity of his verse is the constant recurrence, particularly at the end of a sonnet, of a double alliteration, as in the lines,—

Will flush all ruddy, though the rose be gone,  
With ditties and with dirges manifold;

or in these,—

A thicket hung with masks of mockery  
And watered with the wasteful warmth of tears.

We speak of Mr. Rossetti's poetry as a whole, rather than of the present collection alone, because the volumes overlap each other, so to speak, the sonnets which form the bulk of the present one being largely reprinted from its predecessor. The book before us contains, however, one new poem, which perhaps surpasses anything which Mr. Rossetti had before written. "Rose Mary" is called a ballad, but it is not the ballad pure and simple, but a mediæval poem, which, in its passionate movement, the weird beauty of its conception, and its rich imagery, is very suggestive of Keats without being in any sense an imitation. Mr. Rossetti is above everything else a poet of passion. The extreme finish and carefulness of his art only seem to compress and to intensify it. "Rose Mary" is full of passion as concentrated as that of "The Last Confession," but its scope allows of more verbal beauties than would have accorded with the stark passion of that striking vendetta poem. We wish we could do justice to these beauties by quotation, could give some idea of the vivid images, the fulness of meaning gathered into a single line or word. Here is Rose Mary awakening from her swoon:

The dawn brake dim on Rose Mary's soul,  
No hill-crown'd heavenly aureole,  
But a wild gleam on a sunken shoal.

In the matter of charging with meaning every word we must turn to the great poets to find Mr. Rossetti's equal. Take, for instance, as a vignette, "The Wading Moon," or, in the following line from one of the sonnets, see how much is told in one word:

O night *desirous* as the nights of youth!

But there is nothing in any of his poems to suggest an infinite wealth of diction such as Keats possessed and sometimes employed too lavishly. With all the preciousness of Mr. Rossetti's poems, there is a certain sparsity, a tendency to move always in the same circles of thought, to save and make the most of a choice vocabulary. They are cabinet poems, to be studied and enjoyed by connoisseurs or by those who make poetry a study. His sonnets, which are always cited as the most perfect in form in the English language, are full of beauty and significance taken in this sense, but to the casual reader could yield, we imagine, but little pleasure beyond that which comes from melodiousness of sound. The art displayed in their construction is masterly in its way. Each sonnet is a complete structure, in which every line is cut to perfection, no one being out of proportion, while the symmetry of the whole is emphasized, not broken, by a gentle insistence on the last line both of the octave and sestet, which is the only approach made to a climax. When we examine the thought of these sonnets, we find it to be subtle, intellectual, and picturesque, but intensely morbid. We hesitate to use the word, because it is so indiscriminately applied nowadays, but it is impossible to avoid it in characterizing these poems. It is not the wilful morbidness of youth. They are the work of a mature mind and of a thorough artist, but they lack the movement and freshness, the breadth of sympathy, which in the works of some great poets purify the air and permit the most repulsive subjects to be touched in a healthful and innocent way. We cannot think that there is inspiration enough here to found a vital school; but there is beauty enough to delight for a long time to come all lovers of pure fantasy and those who take delight in original methods of art.